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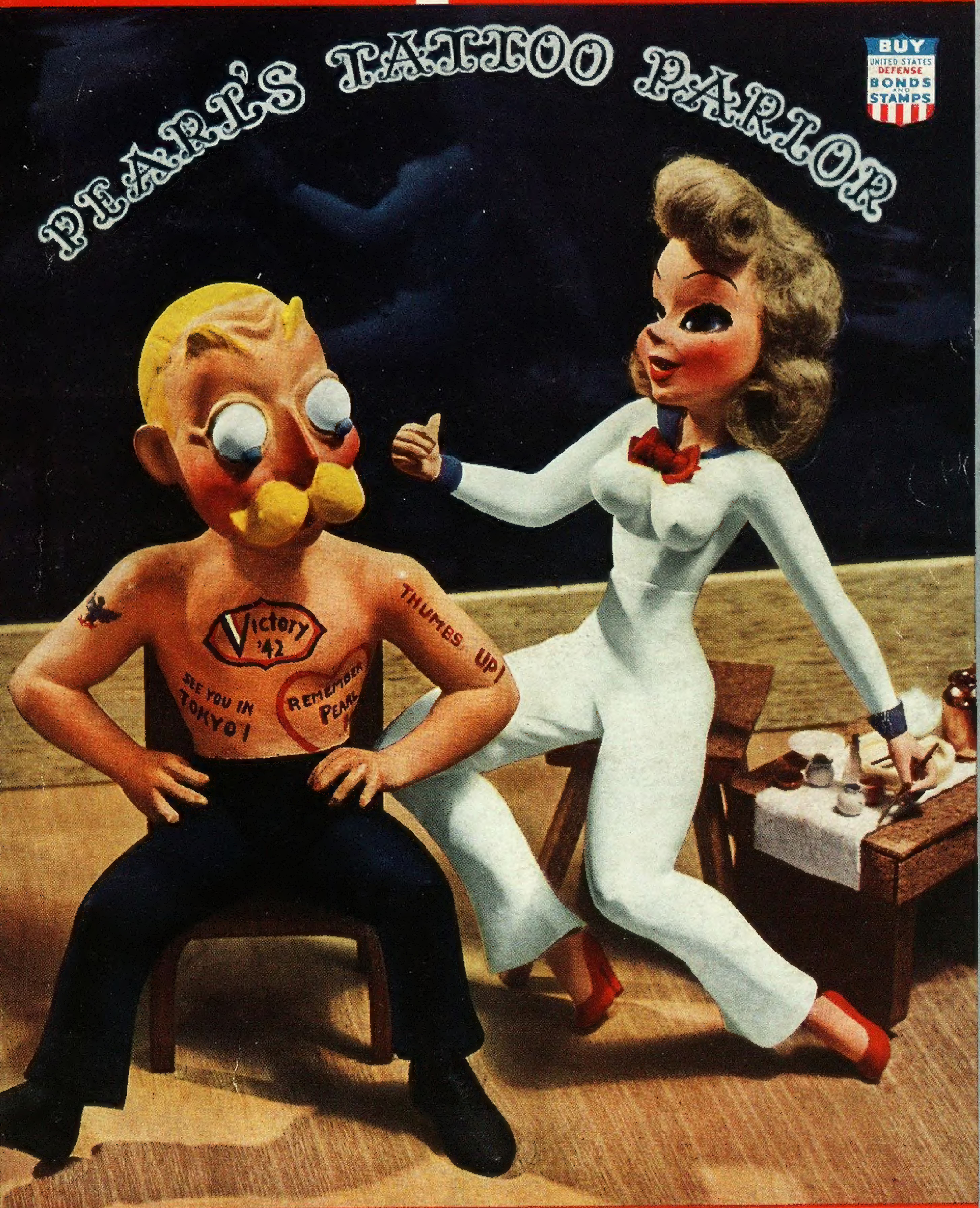

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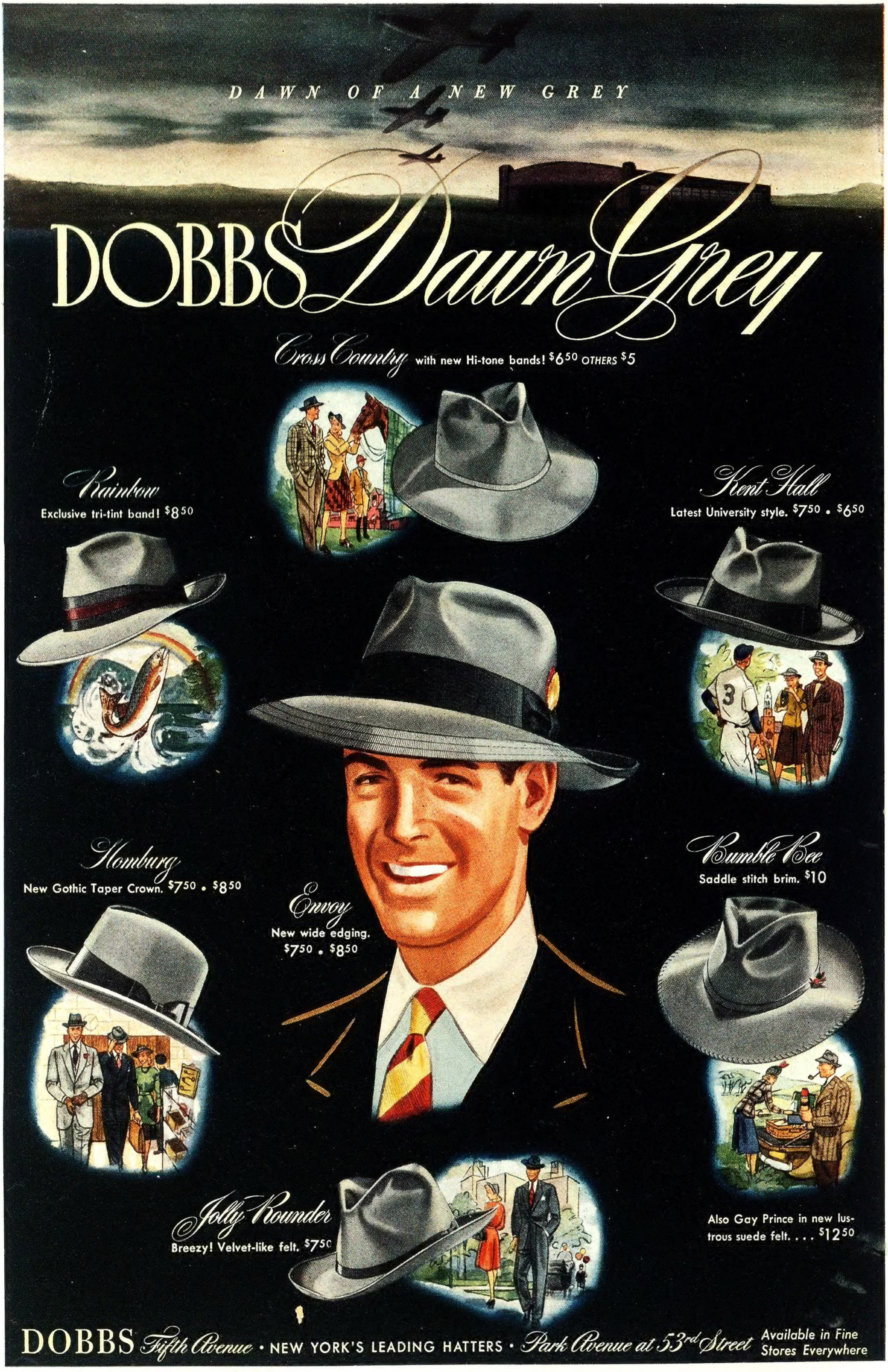

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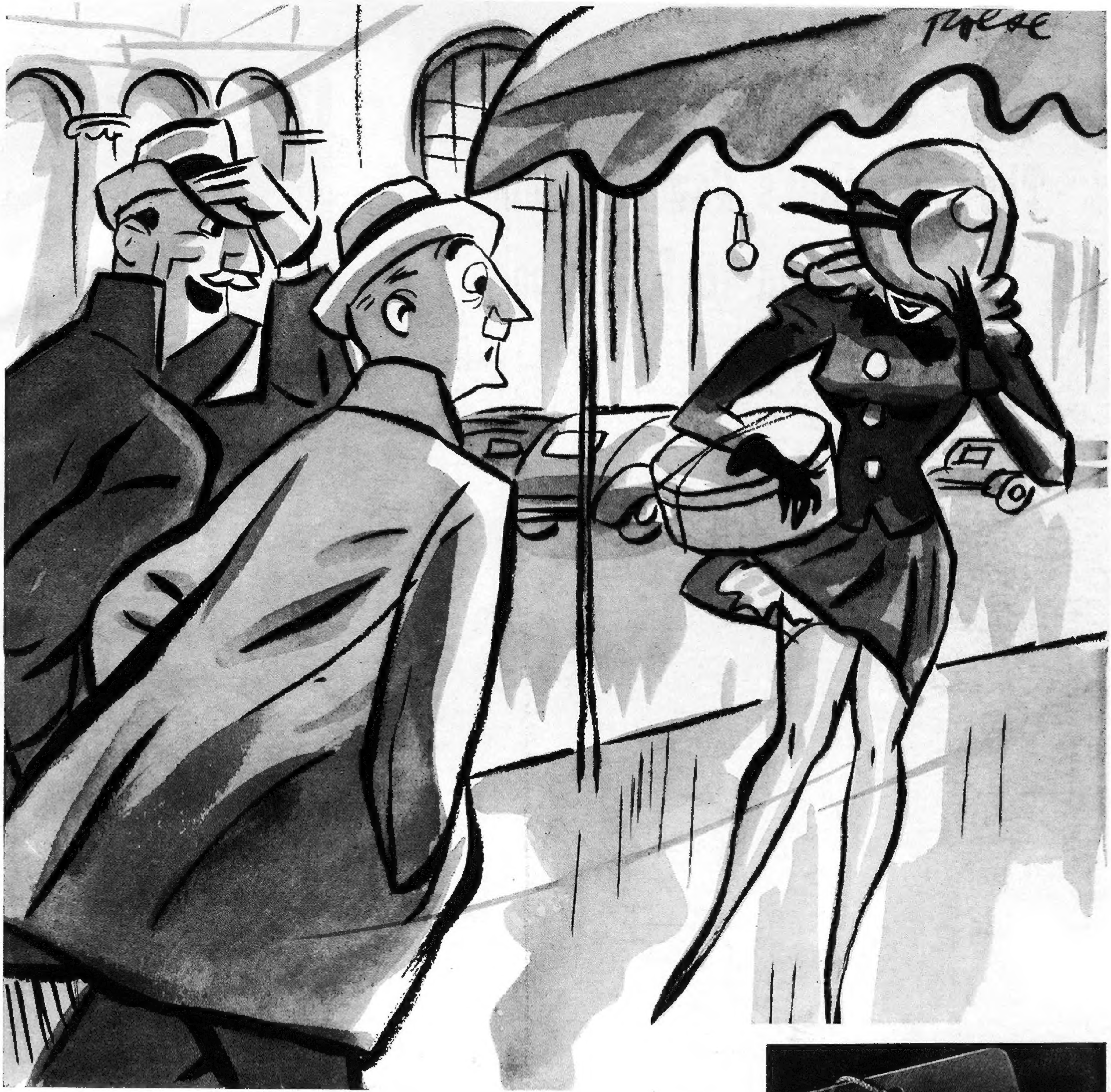

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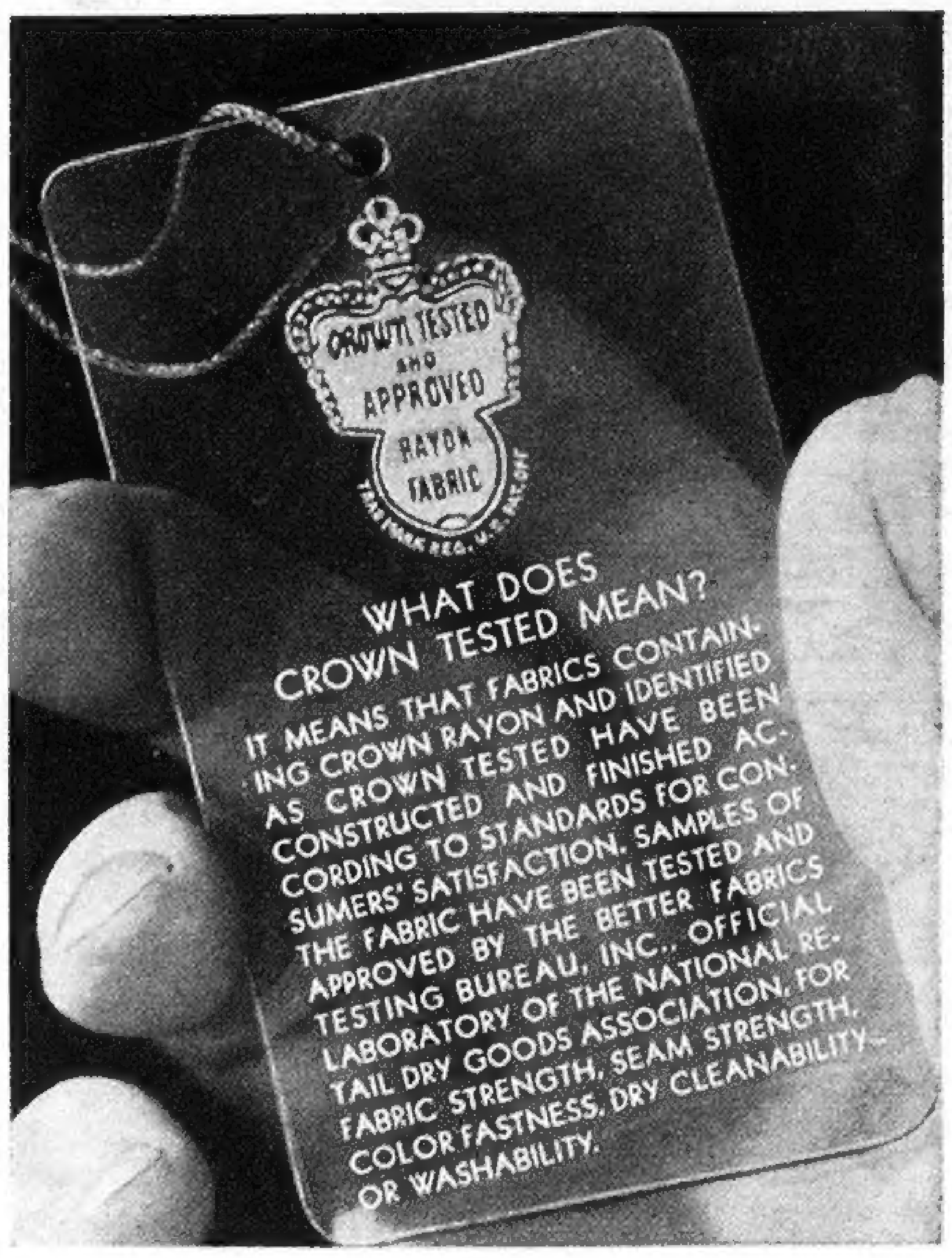

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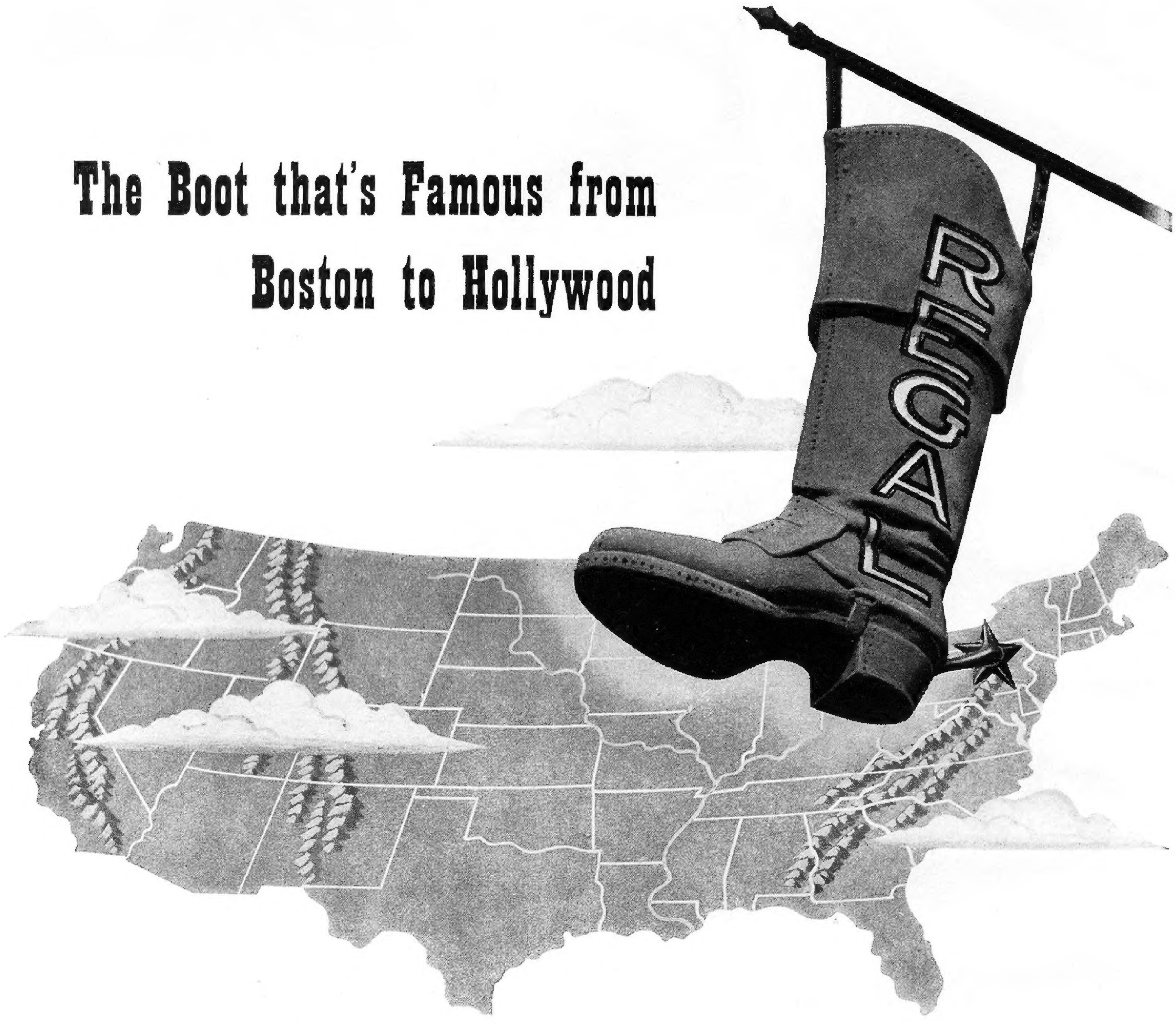

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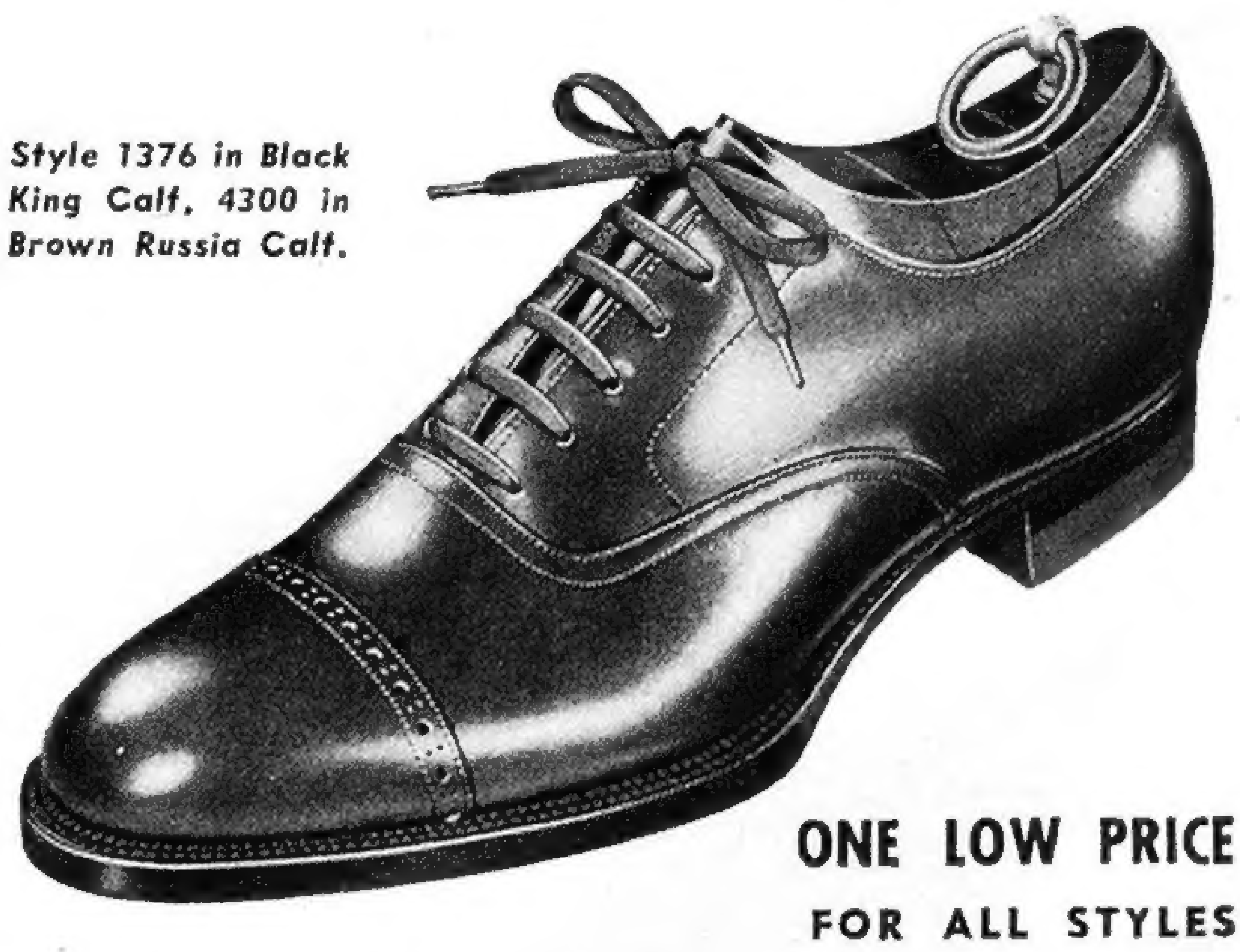

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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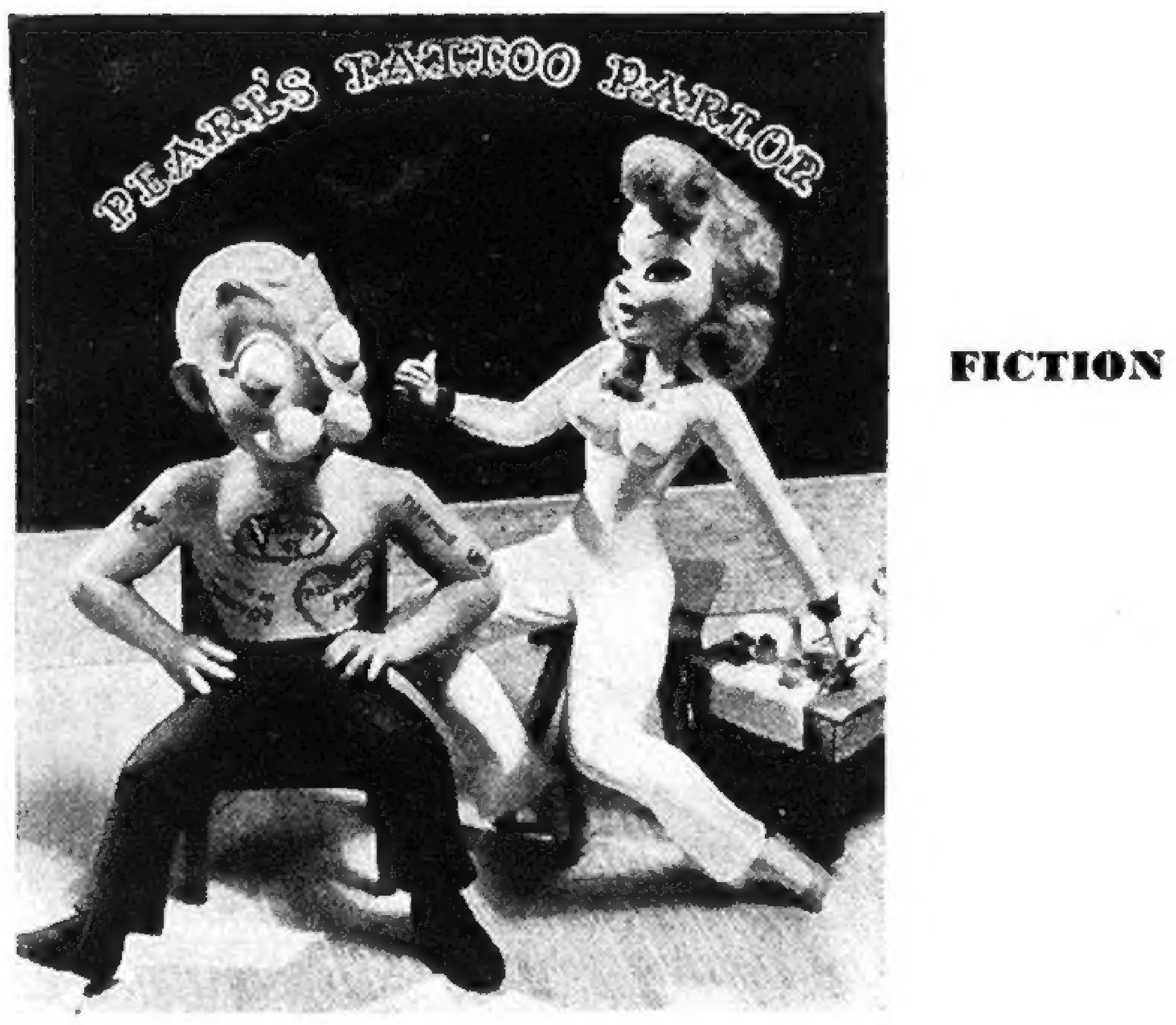

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EDITORIAL: Impudent exhibit of the spirit of Esquire

IT has been about six months since we published William Scott Stewart's article, *How to Beat the Lie Detector*. And about six times since then we have met people, usually at odd moments between five and seven, who have said to us across the pale curls of cigarette smoke and the faint fumes of mixed drinks in noisy mixed company: "Oh yes, Esquire—*say*, you published that article about beating the lie detector, didn't you? That was a mistake, my boy. That was a mistake." And each time, just as we leaned forward to hear more, somebody has always chosen that moment to ask such people whether or not they have ever met so and so, and as our luck would have it, they never have, so they always do, which has left us, every time, leaning like Pisa, and learning no more.

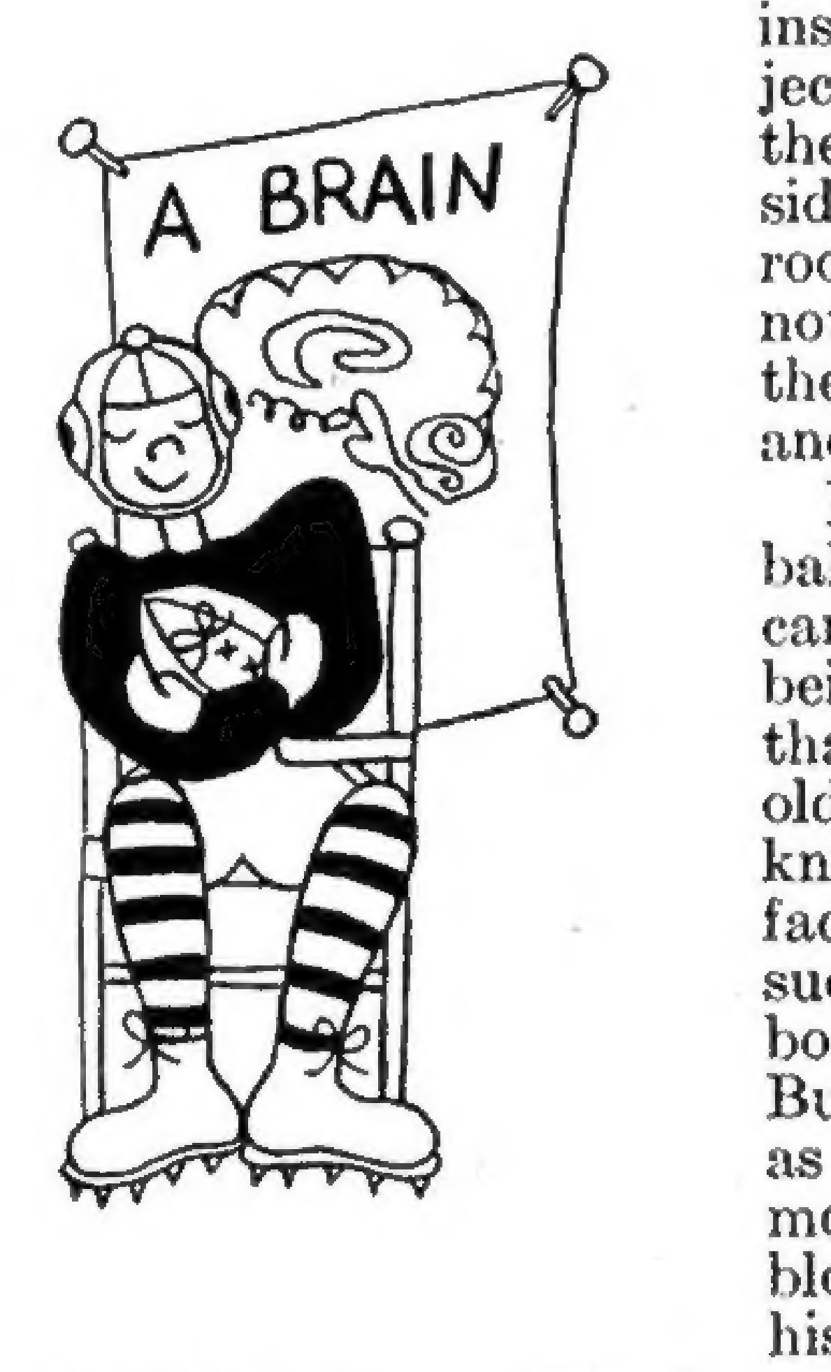
And meanwhile, some sixty times, letters have crossed our desk that wondered why we never printed an answer to that article on beating the lie detector, many of the letter writers offering to write answers themselves. To the first score or so of those letters, we said simply that we never feature the answer to a feature article, leaving it to *The Sound and the Fury* columns to dispense their own vigorous brand of justice. And we offered to run, in that corner for communications, a representative selection of the best answers received. This offer evoked very few answering letters. Still the clamor for the publication of an answer to the Stewart article continued, so we amended our offer to the point of saying that we would purchase and publish the best answering article received. This offer was taken up by Dr. Orlando Scott, whose article, *The Truth about Lie Detection*, appears in this issue, beginning on page 51.

But the thing we neglected to tell any of those many letter writers was the reason why we felt attracted to the William Scott Stewart article in the first place. And maybe now's as good a time as any to tell that.

We liked that Stewart piece before we even began to read it. We were predisposed to buy it from the moment we glimpsed its title, *How to Beat the Lie Detector*, because at that moment, seeing that title, we were reminded of an incident out of our own college days, eighteen years before, an incident that we had long since forgotten.

* * *

It was during summer school, back in 1924, that we first encountered the notion of Lie Detection. Not the machine or device popularly called the Lie Detector, for that was not yet known, but the then favored *theory* of a scientific basis for detecting truth or falsehood, guilt or innocence.



This was presented to us, very dramatically, one beautiful July morning, in the form of a "laboratory experiment" in an advanced course in psychology. The course was called, if we recall correctly, the *Psychology of Memory and Imagination*.

Normally that course was given by the department head, a now sainted professor who was at that time moderately famous, a bearded man who looked then very much the way Roger Babson looks now. But this was summer school, and the famous professor was away somewhere, and the course was being given by an assistant not so much older than the students taking it.

The class contained an inordinately high proportion of football players, cramming through summer school in an earnest effort to get eligible to play in the fall. Word had got around that this particular psychology course, coming as a chaser after the regular *Psych I and II*, was a comparative pipe, so the athletes flocked to it. It wasn't an out and out pipe, like *Precious Stones*, where all you had to do was look at gems, or *Creative Listening*, where all you had to do (honest) was listen to phonograph records. But in the Science Group of studies in which it carried credit it was a lot less arduous than other subjects where you either had to mess around in a smock doing actual work in a laboratory or endure forced marches in the form of field trips.

That was the summer when the campus uniform comprised yellow saddle strap shoes with crepe soles, loud plaid golf stockings and dark plain pullovers and white knickers (which, if you can remember back that far, gave a guy the air of having forgotten his pants) and a less scholarly looking bunch than the students who sprawled in the one armed chairs of that classroom that summer you would never find in any country club, let alone college. The young assistant looked more discouraged every day as he lectured loud and long, morning after morning, on the *Psychology of Memory and Imagination* (if that was it) to the semi-recumbent and not too perceptibly conscious forms before him.

One bright morning, apparently determined to do something about the loud silence with which his students sat staring at him at the conclusion of each of his previous lectures, he announced his intention to vary the presentation of some of the material in the course, to try to make it more interesting and more dramatic, by *embodying* it in the form of occasional "laboratory experiments" instead of *embalming* it, as he feared he had been doing (here an attempt at a cross between a simper and snicker, eliciting no flicker of relaxation whatsoever in the dead pans of his stolid students).

VERITAS VOS LIBERATIS
BB

And then, with no further warning, he began to dramatize the stuff, but good.

"The law, gentlemen," he shouted, "is an ass!"

The effect of that suddenly shouted word was that of a depth bomb on a school of fish. A nodding All-American tackle in the back row sat up straight and looked attentive for the first time that summer. Gee, maybe this was going to be good.

"The law," the young assistant went on, "is not only an ass" (here a famous triple-threat man woke up) "But the law is blind—blind to the achievements of science."

Then he went on to complain that the experiment he was going to conduct, and the proof he was going to adduce from it, would not be accepted in a court of law, but that just showed you what a dope the law was, for refusing to recognize psychology as an exact science. For there was a way, and he was going to show it, by which psychology could establish guilt or innocence beyond all shadow of reasonable doubt. And now, if the two gentlemen seated nearest him in the front row would oblige by serving as suspects, the rest of the class could constitute the jury, and he himself would be the scientific prosecutor.

He whispered instructions to the two selected suspects, telling them that they were to go over to his office in a building across the campus, and that there one of them was to go inside, and inspect carefully the only object that he would find on the desk, while the other was simply to hang around outside. They were to come back to the classroom together, so that he himself might not have any inkling as to which one of them had actually gone into the office and inspected the object on the desk.

Neither of the two suspects was a football player, and both were known around campus, and hence rather disliked, as being "literary," which was the word that served to designate, in those good old days, what would later have been known as intellectuals. As a matter of fact, both afterwards wrote about equally successful novels, not monster sellers, but books that were not utterly overlooked. But otherwise, they were utterly unlike as types. One was dark and lean, quick moving and fast talking. The other was blond and squat, slow and deliberate in his actions and speech.

The "prosecutor" gave them each a terrific grilling, shooting leading questions at them until both had been asked and had answered the same number of questions into which had been loaded, like horseshoes into boxing gloves, the same number of damning key words. They were the thing that was to do the business, those key words, all related directly or indirectly to the object that had been placed on the assistant's desk.

After he asked each question, the "prosecutor" timed the answer with a stop watch. The dark man gave hair-trigger answers to all the questions, never hesitating, never stumbling, never pausing to reflect, nor seeking to change or in any way modify his answers, once he had snapped them out. The other seemed to be in hot water from the start. He was slow in answering all the questions, but unconscionably slow in answering some of them. He seemed to be seeking the exact word, and he would somehow amend or revise almost every other answer he gave.

Behind the two men's backs, where they couldn't see it themselves but where the class could watch it like a scoreboard, the assistant listed the time of each man's response to each question asked him, and soon it was very apparent that Blackie was putting himself more and more decisively in the clear as the list lengthened behind him, while Blondy was getting in deeper every time he opened his mouth.

The class hung on every word, and watched the scoring as attentively as they would have watched a Dempsey fight.

The prosecutor beamed. The experiment was a magnificent success. He wouldn't have had to say more than a word—just ask the jury for its verdict and they would have responded as loudly and unanimously as if he were their cheer leader. There was no doubt about it, the theory worked, and they had seen it work itself out while they watched—one guy was just as obviously guilty as the other was innocent. Nothing could have been more completely and conclusively open and shut.

But the young assistant, so pleased at seeing his class for once according him their undivided and rapt attention, couldn't resist the opportunity to build up his own part in this box-office riot.

Sticking to his role of the scientific prosecutor he made a rousing speech to the jury. They would be justified, he shouted at them, in hanging this man while letting this other one off scot free. This was no guess work, this was no hearsay, this was no mere circumstantial evidence, this was scientific. This was as exact as algebra, as conclusive as calculus, as—oh, he ran right through a whole alphabet of scientific similes, but they all added up to spell "Hang him."

The class was almost keyed up to the point of obeying his exhortation literally. There was, as he then said, almost no necessity to ask the guilty man whether he was indeed guilty, since his almost every word had already told them that he was, but, simply as a formality, they would now exact confirmation of the findings from the suspect's own lips.

But to prolong the drama and his own enjoyment of his sudden stardom, the young assistant decided first to dispose of the innocent man before cornering the convict.

"It is obvious," he said, "that you, Mr. Dark, did not go into my office. You didn't, did you?"

"No, I just hung around outside and smoked a cigarette."

"Very good, you are a free man and you may step down."

Then, squeezing the drama like a dishrag, "As for you, Mr. Light, are you ready to confess that at the beginning of this class period you did purposively enter my office and did deliberately and in full knowledge of the consequences examine the contents of the candy box that I had placed, heh-heh, as a trap for you on my desk?"

"Why, uh, no, that is I didn't—I didn't go into your office at all. I just hung around outside and smoked a cigarette, too. You see, we wondered what would happen to this scientific method if both suspects happened to be innocent."

The young assistant practically had to be revived, whereupon he booted both Light and Dark out of the course for an "unscientific attitude." As for the rest of the class, when it could be shouted back into its seats from its contortions in the aisles, it was denied the privilege of any more "laboratory experiments" that summer.

SCIENTIA
SCRAM

But next year's class, if memory still serves, was denied more than that. It was denied the services of the young assistant.

* * *

So that's why we were—and remain—a sucker for an article—any article—on the possibility of beating any experts. It's the spirit of the thing that gets us, every time.

"Lady Luck took me by the hand...
Said, 'Welcome, pal, to the Promised Land'

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Regular size bottles at Drug Stores everywhere. Send for complete gift application of GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE and the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically sealed bottles, by COUPON only! Useful booklet, Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

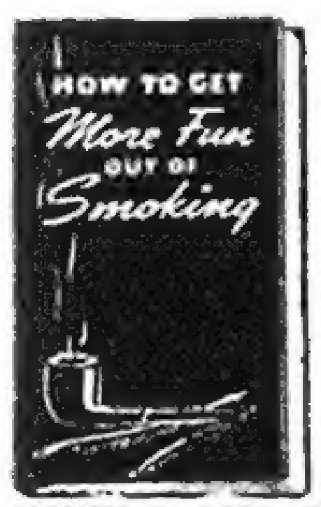
GLOVER'S Imperial SARCOPTIC MANGE MEDICINE and Hair Application

MAIL COUPON TODAY! A GIFT! TWO GIFT BOTTLES—one complete application GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE and extra sample of GLO-VER SHAMPOO!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GLOVER'S

GLOVER'S, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 814, New York
Send *Gift* samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new Shampoo. I enclose 10c to cover packaging and postage.
Name
Address


THE SMOKER'S BIBLE
The real truth about tobaccos, pipes, cigars, entertainingly presented—inside facts, secrets that will double smoking pleasure, save you hundreds of dollars. Tells how to judge pipes and cigars, how to blend your own tobacco, many private formulae, hundreds of smoking hints. Beautifully bound library edition. Send only $1. Money instantly refunded if you are not delighted.
SIDNEY P. RAM, 59 W. Monroe St., Dept. 124, Chicago, Illinois

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME IMPRESSIVELY TALLER
WRITE FOR THIS *Free Booklet** AND NAME OF THE NEAREST STORE THAT FEATURES
"ELEVATORS"
The QUALITY Shoe that Makes Men TALLER . . . Instantly, "Confidentially"
The heels are no higher; the height-increasing feature is built-in, concealed. Your height is increased "confidentially"—your posture improved. Fulfill your lifelong wish for added height instantly . . . with Elevators.
$12.95 Slightly Higher West
* Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc., Dept. EA, Brockton, Mass. Gentlemen: Kindly send me Free Booklet and name of nearest "Elevator" dealer.
Name
Address
City State
Exclusive Manufacturers of "Elevators"

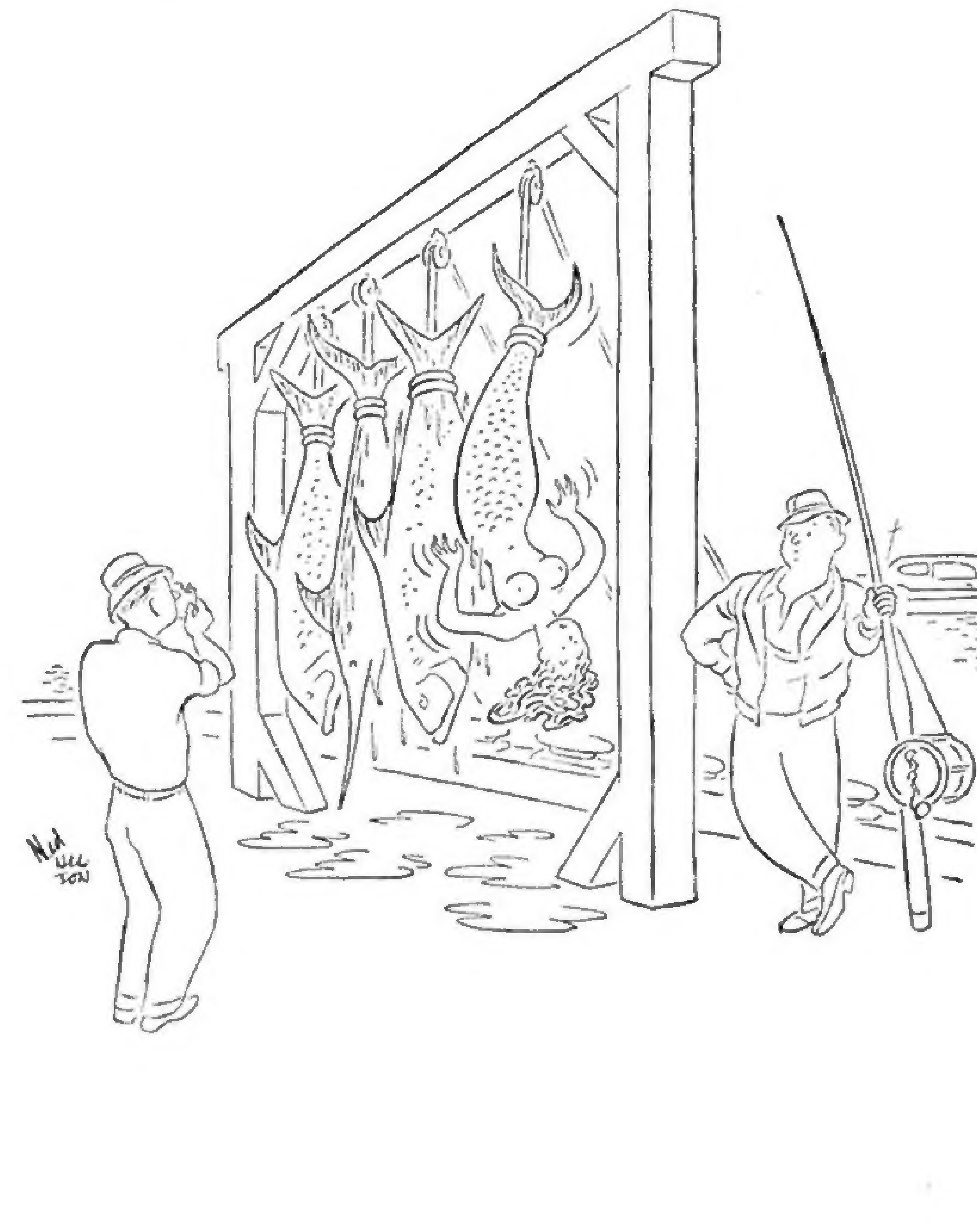
Talking Shop with Esquire

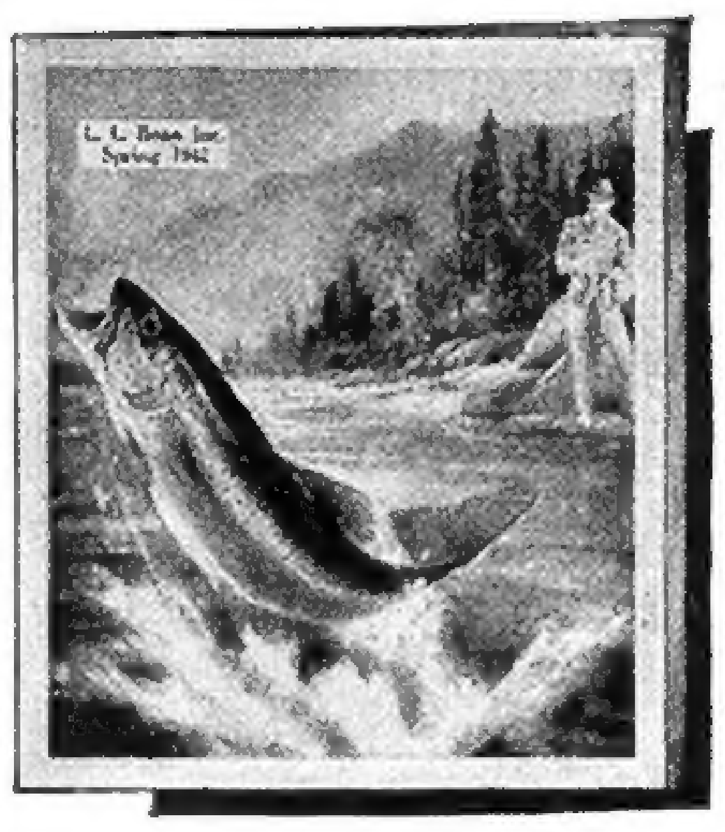
TWO-WAY SAFETY. Of particular interest to the sailor or marine is a "safety bag" for emergencies that is both a container for valuables, food, and dry clothing, and also a means of keeping afloat until the wearer reaches dry land or is rescued. The bag is to be kept filled with emergency equipment and slung from the shoulder by means of a strap. When the time comes to put it to really practical use, a kapok-filled loop goes over the head and the shoulder strap fastens around the waist. The bag provides buoyancy which may be increased by blowing air into it. A watertight rubber slide fastener keeps contents of the bag absolutely dry.

COSMETIC ROUND-UP. Perenially popular Easter gifts are perfumes and cosmetics. We have scouted around for possibilities that might help you out when you find yourself up against the no-man's land of the cosmetic counter. Here they are. *Schiaparelli*—Her "Suit Yourself" offering contains three one-dram bottles of Shocking, Sleeping, and Salut perfumes. The box, covered with printed rayon satin, is attractive enough to be used later for jewelry. *Lucien Lelong*—A new product, in their distinctive long-necked bottle. It's Cream Cologne, two beauty requisites at once; a nicely-textured all-purpose skin lotion, also a new way of applying scent. The cologne fragrance can be Balalaika, Opening Night, or Tailspin. Lelong's Solid Cologne is also worth looking into; scents are Balalaika, Tailspin, and Whisper. The stick is big and long-lasting; gals who travel find it especially convenient. *Elizabeth Arden*—It's You perfume, three bottle sizes, all differently designed. A bouquet of shell flowers adorns the smallest one, the medium size is square-cut glass, the largest is held by a sentimental Victorian hand on a velvet pedestal, covered by a glass dome. *Lenthéric*—A special bunny package, with three one-dram bottles of Tweed, Confetti, and A Bientôt, is appropriately and effectively Easterish. *Gourielli*—She'd be impressed by the unmistakable exclusiveness of any Gourielli product in the crested apothecary bottle. Also gift-worthy is the sterling silver tube with a lipstick at one end and Moonlight Mist perfume stick at the other. *Mary Dunhill*—Her Personalized Cologne is especially packaged for Easter in a lavender and white carton. The bottle itself is individualized with "her" initials in gold letters down the front of the bottle. Scents are White Hyacinth, Gardenia, Flowers of Devonshire, and Bewitching.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.




FREE CATALOG
JUST OFF THE PRESS
Fully illustrated, showing special footwear and clothing for fishermen and campers, also special fishing tackle.
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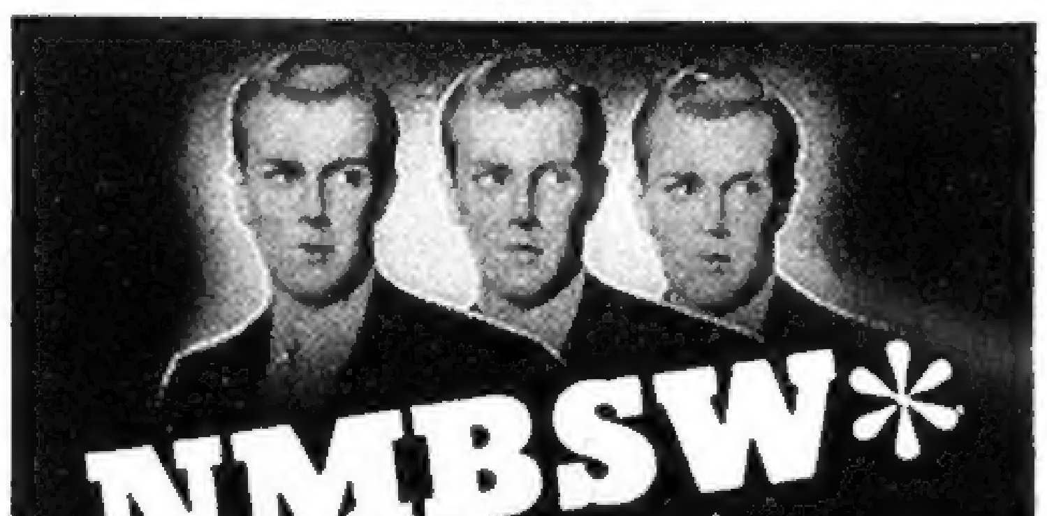
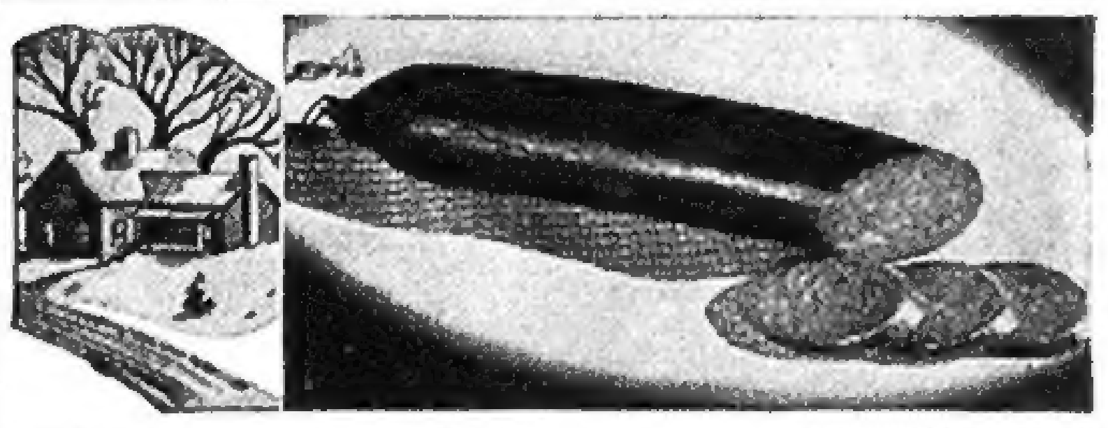
Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties


NMBSW*
(From Mar. 21 to 28)
* Not a new Federal agency—it's National Middishade Blue Suit Week! Showing all America why Blue is your wisest wartime hue. It's versatile—almost a wardrobe in itself! Invest in a "Registered & Guaranteed" Middishade! See your dealer now! The Middishade Co., Phila., Pa.
Middishade
BLUE SUITS—$45
(War conditions may make it impossible to maintain current low price long.)

WAKE UP YOUR *Scalp*
THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR
Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp, see the difference, *feel* the results. Let the new electric driven VITABRUSH answer your worries. 5000 vitalizing strokes per minute. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Recommended by scalp authorities. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now for full information and money-back offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 105 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago.


FARM HOME Summer SAUSAGE
A delicious blend of selected choice meats—tastefully seasoned. Leisurely smoked—over smoldering, fragrant, genuine hickory logs. A year 'round country treat. Needs no refrigeration. One large sausage to carton $1.00 postpaid in U. S. A.
FARM HOME FOODS, Dept. E, Watertown, Wis.

For CRIPPLED CHILDREN 1942

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC
Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 256 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 50 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.
NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

For that moment when you all feel like singing !

A **FREE** COPY...TO NEW MEMBERS
OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

A TREASURY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN

Edited by Deems Taylor • Arrangements by Albert Sirmay • Illustrations by Lucille Corcos

HERE is the current "book-dividend" being distributed free among the Club's members (see below). It will also be given to new members who subscribe at once. In it Deems Taylor tells the story of the beloved operettas in such a way that they become in themselves a biography of Gilbert and Sullivan. The color and vivacity of the theatre is brought to the reader by Lucille Corcos' many full-page illustrations in full color, and more than 100 delightful black-and-white drawings. And finally the music! Dr. Albert Sirmay, musical editor and adviser to almost an entire generation of younger American composers, has arranged the imperishable songs for piano and voice. Here are the songs that have become classics and at the same time eternally popular—the gay songs and the sad songs, the songs "sung to the knell of a churchyard bell," the songs "with a sigh and a tear in the eye"—songs that have made Gilbert and Sullivan as much a part of culture as Alice in Wonderland and Sherlock Holmes.

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB INVOLVES:

OVER 500,000 families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

As a Club member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not (on a blank always provided) you can specify some other book you may want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

More often than not our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

These books can be given because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers. During 1941 over $5,000,000 worth of free books (figured at retail value) were given to the Club's members—given, not sold!

Your obligation as a member is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. The subscription period is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you receive them — the regular retail price (frequently less) plus 10¢ to cover postage and other mailing charges.

A824

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, 385 Madison Ave., New York

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of A TREASURY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member; and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

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Please Print Plainly

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Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club, (Canada) Limited

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

STRICTLY PRIVATE LEE MAKES A PUBLIC OFFER

Just read the letter from the Staff Sergeant in the Canal Zone, who is writing to 171 girls; that is a bit selfish when out here in the Nevada desert there are many fellows in our outfit that would like to write to just ONE American girl.

We are stationed in the desert in the shadows of Boulder Dam, and until such a time as we are sent over to tap a little sap from the Japs, we would like to write to some of the girls around the country. I have been here over six months and have only seen three women, and two of them were on a mule headed the other way. All this talk about the gay divorcees in Las Vegas is the bunk. Anyway Vegas is 23 miles away and out of bounds for our passes.

If you will print this most urgent appeal for correspondence, I assure you the letters will not only be answered, but we will send the girls candy and other little things to occupy their time on rainy nights while the 1-A boys are away. On their birthdays we will send them gifts, for we understand it is just too big a job for the 1-B, 2-C and 3-D boys to do. Hoping you have space in your next issue for this note, I speak for the boys in the outfit to give us a break, and you will increase your circulation in Nevada at least 200 copies.

Best wishes for continued success, I remain,

STRICTLY PRIVATE GUY LEE
Hdqts. Detachment,
Camp Sibert, Boulder City, Nev.

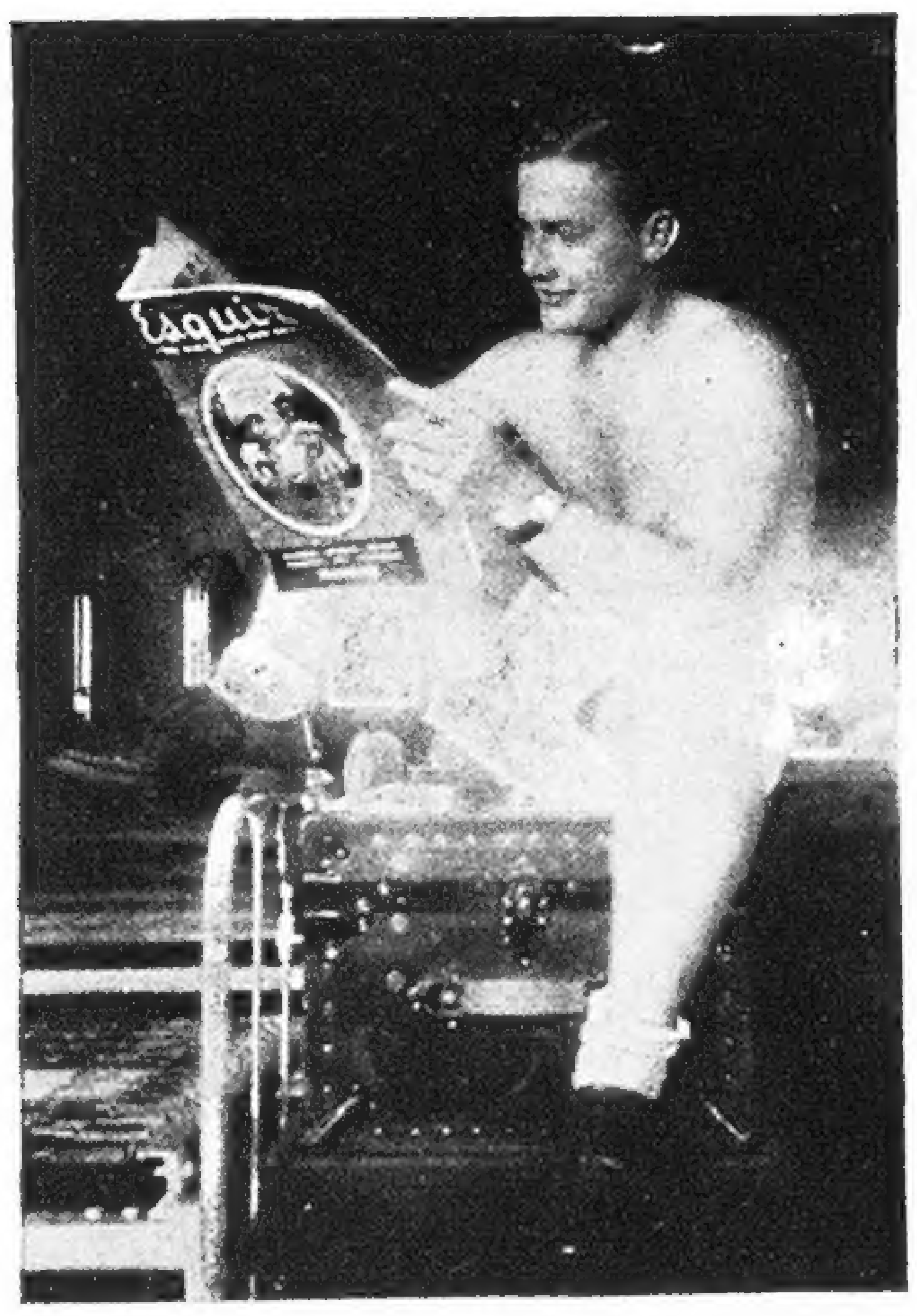
TROPICAL READING

Enclosed find a snapshot of a soldier stationed in Panama.

As you see, he is dressed at the moment for typical Panama weather.

At any rate both the soldier and ESQUIRE 'get around'.

We would appreciate it if ESQUIRE would recognize this snapshot in your next issue of ESQUIRE.



The soldier is Private Ralph Hamilton, Rio Hato, R. de P., Albrook Field, C. Z.

Thank you,
Baltimore, Ohio MRS. IDA GEORGE

VOTE FOR RESTORATION WITHOUT ROTATION

I have read the article *Rotate the Center-Jump* by Dr. Allen, in the February Esquire.

I agree with Dr. Allen that the center-jump should be restored, but I believe that the previous method of jumping the ball at center was satisfactory, and that it is not essential to rotate the men who jump.

I am satisfied that there is a great deal in what Dr. Allen says about the harmful effect of the game, although it is very difficult to obtain statistics to show this.

The article is very interesting and very constructive.

Sincerely yours,
Syracuse, N. Y. L. P. ANDREAS

DEFENSE OF CHARLESTON

In your issue of the February number of ESQUIRE there is an article by a Mr. Mark Ashley, entitled, *White Mountains and Purple Cities*.

Charleston, the place and her people, holds first place in that article. Mr. Ashley writes:

Some years ago, a man from New York, a Mr. Twigg, wrote Charleston up for the "Forum" magazine of New York.

Both Mr. Twigg and Mr. Ashley know about as much about the city of the writer's birth and home as a razor back hog here in Dixie knows about the bright lights of Broadway, New York, and yet, ESQUIRE has the nerve to publish such a stupid article, full of "sound and fury." It signifies nothing. Charleston is so well known in America, from the snow-capped mountains on the West Coast to the sunny skies of the South, that Mr. Ashley is just wasting his time and throwing his fanciful imagination "out of plumb," in trying to give a true picture of Charleston.

You must live here and enjoy her charm, as so many people from the North, East and West do; people learn to love Charleston after staying with us a while. They soon forget her faults, and treasure her real and beautiful qualities, so different from other cities.

"When people write of other cities they have found,
It must make old Charleston wonder if there can be really any other town.
What does Charleston care for what other cities are?
For she has a magic story, and at night the twinkling buoy—inside the Harbor Bar."

JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS
Charleston, South Carolina

O.B.'S AMEN FROM ABROAD

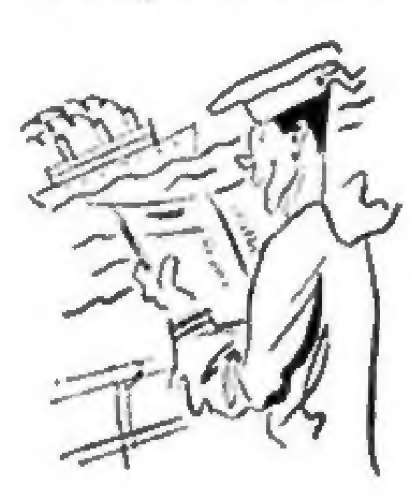
I quite agree with O. B. Keeler's very interesting article on Bobby Jones. I enclose a cutting from the *Star*. If Bobby wished to come back I believe he would get bang in the front line in a year. I saw all his play in Britain. I have seen all the American stars who have been over. Except when Sarazen was at Princes, the courses have never been as hard, unyielding, skatey, as St. Andrews was when Bobby was there. In our championships, in the last ten years, they have not eclipsed our boys, once they had overcome their nervous tension after being out of competitive golf for five years in the first great war. In O. B.'s picturesque and comprehensive phrase they were, up to 1939, "tournament tough." When the Allies have buried Hitlerism in a bunker, our boys will once again go through a long period when an American golfer will win our open. But we will come back.

With kind regards, and hopes that this year will see the end.

Yours very truly,
ANTHONY SPACOINE
Ashford, Middlesex, Eng.

HONEST BID FOR AID TO BRITAIN

The best things in life are so very scarce, on board to take our mind off the more serious aspect of the present times we Merchant Navy men have recourse to reading, all kinds of reading matter of course but "Esky" is a universal favorite with the lads also with the many thousands of troops we convey to the various theatres of war, but "Esky" on board is "Scarcey." Knocking about in odd corners of the world, after purchasing the most up-to-date copy we wander around the second-hand book shops where we find we can pick up back numbers of "Esky," for prices varying from one and sixpence to half a crown but whatever we pay it is always well worth it, and we pass them on to the troops.



Could you through your great magazine appeal to the many thousands of readers of "Esky" in America, to forward on their copies when finished with to the Merchant Navy lads?

Any forwarded to me I can assure you would be gratefully accepted, and each copy would be distributed and in turn passed on to several thousands of equally grateful Merchant Seamen and troops.

The only address I may give owing to war time restrictions is H. Sansum, *S. S. Orontes*, care of G. P. O., London.

Trusting I have not bored you with this letter, and wishing "Esky" even greater success in the future:

Yours faithfully,
London, England H. SANSUM

CURRENT APPLAUSE AND PAST MEMORY

Just consider this an applause card, for Gilbert Seldes' smooth, sound, knowing, and extremely well-written article, *What Cooks with Slang*.

Please, ESQUIRE, make with the money, so that Mr. Seldes will give out with more research along the same line, or so that Mr. Seldes will give, period.

Satisfied reader,
Hartford, Conn. GUILFORD SCOTT

P. S.—Too bad there'll be no more Pat Hobby stories. They were good, too!

OR WHEN IS STRATEGY SIMPLY NOT STRATEGIC?

I would be much more interested in an article on Winston Churchill's strategy which would get down to actual cases. For instance, how strategic was the starting of the Libyan campaign in the midst of the Hull-Kurusu talks? Secondly, how strategic is the sacrifice of the West Pacific in return for some of the desert sands of Libya and just what is the balance of strategy between Soviet victories and American British defeats.

The time is slowly but surely coming when Americans will realize that they are in a war which involves America dominantly on the Pacific. Perhaps we shall produce some American leader who is capable of making an American strategy. If not, perhaps we shall get the overseas pants licked off of us.

Sincerely yours,
San Francisco, Calif. UPTON CLOSE

THE BUGS IN THE VANDEBURG BOATS

I think Mr. Clyde Vandeburg could have obtained a little technical data before he drew up his plan. His idea is not at all new as the Navy Dept. has considered vessels of that type and similar to the end-loading whaling vessels.

The only "fly-in-the-ointment" is that these P-1 boats have no protection for keel, shaft, wheel, rudder, etc., and in anything but a dead calm, it would be impractical to load them on any kind of a cradle or other handling device. The boats are not built to stand lifting by crane, but even so, it would be an extremely hazardous operation to take the boats from the water and launch them again.

While the application as outlined is impractical, it was an interesting story covering an idea.

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. JOHN H. WELLS

FRESH EVIDENCE THAT ESQ GETS AROUND

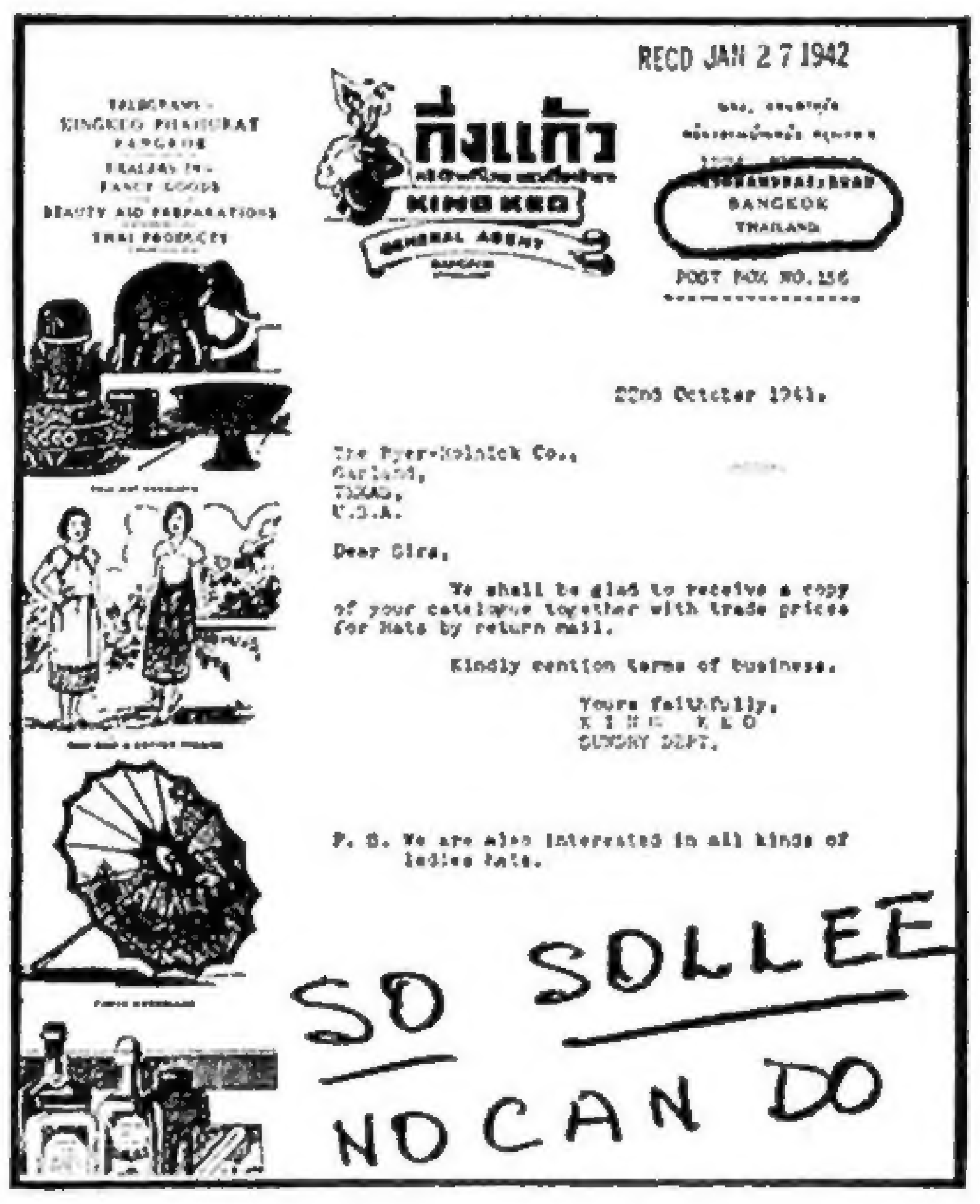
It is said that war provides more comedy than peace. There is such a grim comedy in the envelope we received from the Midway Islands, stamped December 4th; evidently, the last mail to come from there.

Enclosed in this envelope was our "Manpower" ad which appeared in the October issue of Esquire. No other writing or information was enclosed.

VIA AIR MAIL

We are wondering now whether the mailer wanted to order a hat, and forgot to enclose shipping instructions and money, or had he done so, where would we have shipped the hat or returned the funds.

Also apparently in response to our ad in that same issue was the enclosed from Thailand, of all places!



RECD JAN 27 1942

TELEGRAMS - KINGKEO PHAHURAT BANGKOK
DEALERS IN FANCY GOODS
BEAUTY AID PREPARATIONS
THAI PRODUCTS

กิ่งแก้ว
KING KEO
GENERAL AGENT

BANGKOK
THAILAND
POST BOX NO. 156

22nd October 1941.

The Byer-Rolnick Co.,
Garland,
TEXAS,
U.S.A.

Dear Sirs,

We shall be glad to receive a copy of your catalogue together with trade prices for Hats by return mail.

Kindly mention terms of business.

Yours faithfully,
K I N G K E O
SUNDRY DEPT.

P. S. We are also interested in all kinds of ladies hats.

SO SOLLEE
NO CAN DO

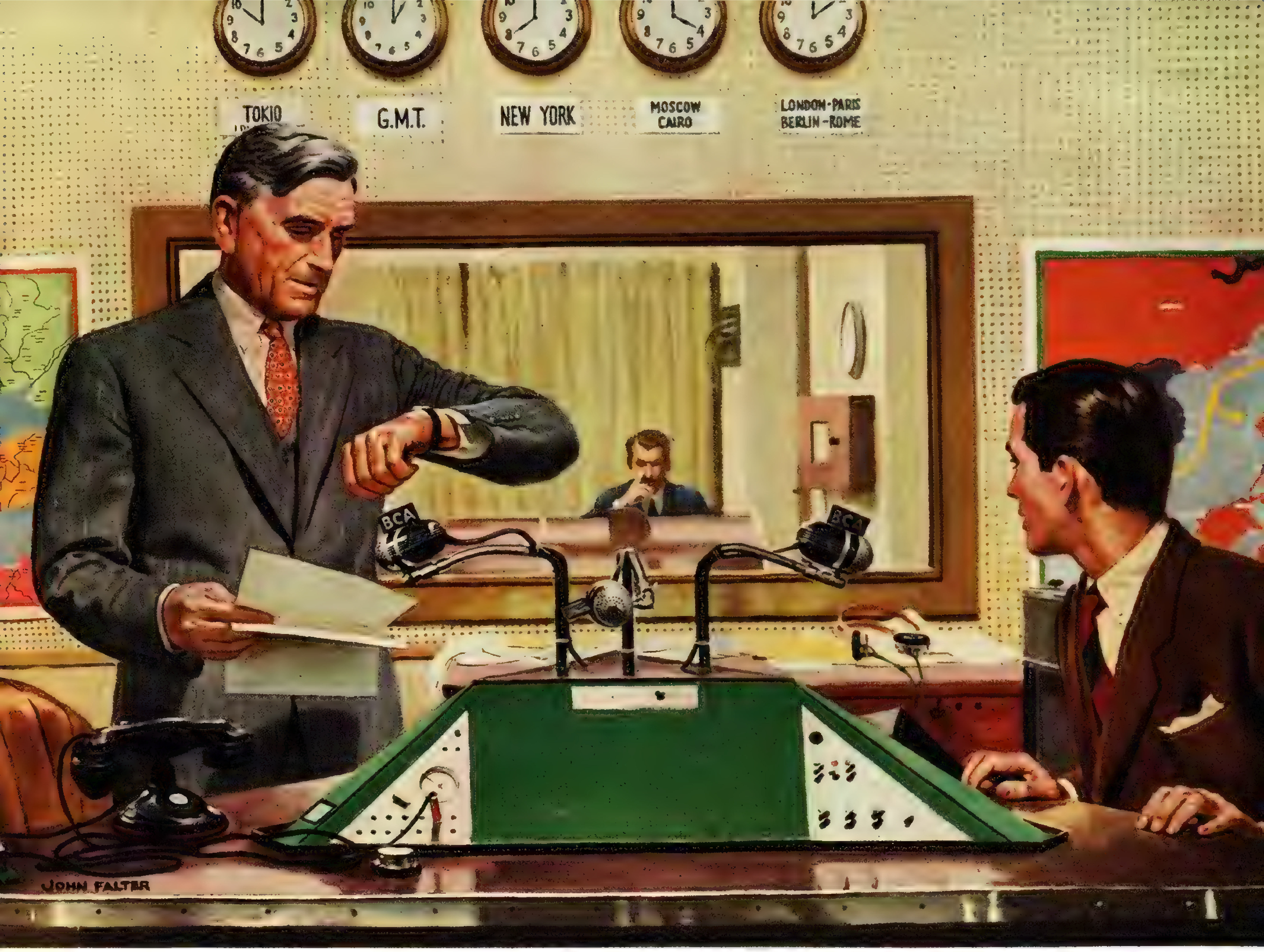
Sincerely yours,
BYER-ROLNICK COMPANY
Garland, Texas IRVING PIERCE

TESTIMONIAL TO A TORPEDO BOAT

I have read with a great deal of interest your last issue of Esquire containing the article by Mr. Clyde Vandeburg on Motor Torpedo Boats. This is particularly interesting to us, inasmuch as the boats referred to are built by us and as they are now all in service in foreign waters.

It might also be of interest to you to know that Lieut. Bulkeley's boat, which was recently prominently mentioned in the papers, was also built by Elco.

Very truly yours,
Electric Boat Company
Elco Naval Division
Bayonne, N. J. PRESTON L. SUTPHEN



You couldn't have timed it better!

MAN: You mean the way I finished my broadcast right on the dot?

US: No, we mean this is the best time you could possibly pick to join us over a highball. You see, we have a question we'd like to ask.

MAN: Sounds like a two-man quiz program. Is the highball a reward for answering the question?

US: Yes—in a way. But we won't keep you in suspense any longer. Here's the question: Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: To be perfectly honest, I've been meaning to, but haven't . . . yet.

US: Then you're about to make a wonderful discovery! Because marvelous things have happened to today's Four Roses. Meeting up with a whiskey like this—so rich and mellow and flavorful—is an experience you won't forget for a good long time!

MAN: You seem to think rather highly of this whiskey of yours.

US: You'll see why, when you try it. Honest, this de luxe edition of Four Roses is just too good to miss!

MAN: Well, what are we waiting for? If today's Four Roses is all you claim for it, why should we waste time *talking* about it! Let's be off, my friend—let's be off!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

A really smart gift
Forstner
INITIAL KEY TAG
Choice of leathers
Any two initials
$1.50
ES

Just the thing for luggage, auto or personal keys

Rhodium finish. Choice of black, brown, red, green or blue *genuine* leather or natural pigskin. Packaged in attractive gift box. At department stores and better shops. If your favorite store can't supply you, write direct.

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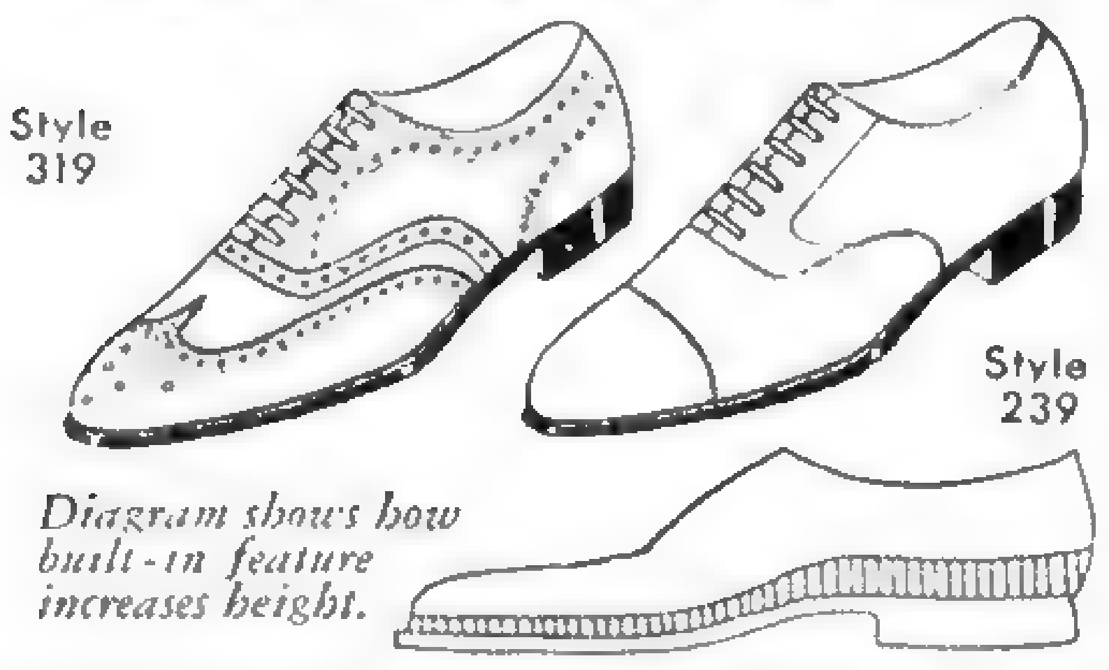
Dept. 131, Irvington, New Jersey

Enclosed is..............for..............Initial Key Tags
Color of leather....................Initials:................
Name________________________
Address________________________

OTIS
SHIRTS
and
BRIEFS
or
MID THIGH SHORTS
for Health & Support
Trade Mark

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth Street, New York

BE TALLER


Style 319
Style 239
Diagram shows how built-in feature increases height.

Increase your height with STATURAID Shoes any desired amount up to 2¼ in. Custom made, from $14.50, more than 50 styles. Styles illustrated in black, brown or tan, with 1" build-up, $14.50. Buy direct from maker.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
Joseph Burger 2067 Third Avenue
(near 113 St.) Dept. 89, New York City

Name________________________
Address________________________

Talking Shop with Esquire

WORLDS THAT WERE. It's hard to think, these days, of looking at maps as a means of escape. When a map is three or four hundred years old, however, its relationship to current events is strictly a long-range, and hence painless, proposition. But even if it hurt, an extremely interesting collection of fine old maps, in this country only a short time, would be well worth your investigation. This collection, formerly the prized stock of an old map shop in Paris, consists of maps dating from the late 1500's to the early 1700's. They represent the work of cartographers whose names now are legend — Ortelius, Mercator, Rondius, and many others. There are maps of old cities, Europe, the Orient, and America (with California depicted as an island); marine charts and astronomical charts are also represented.

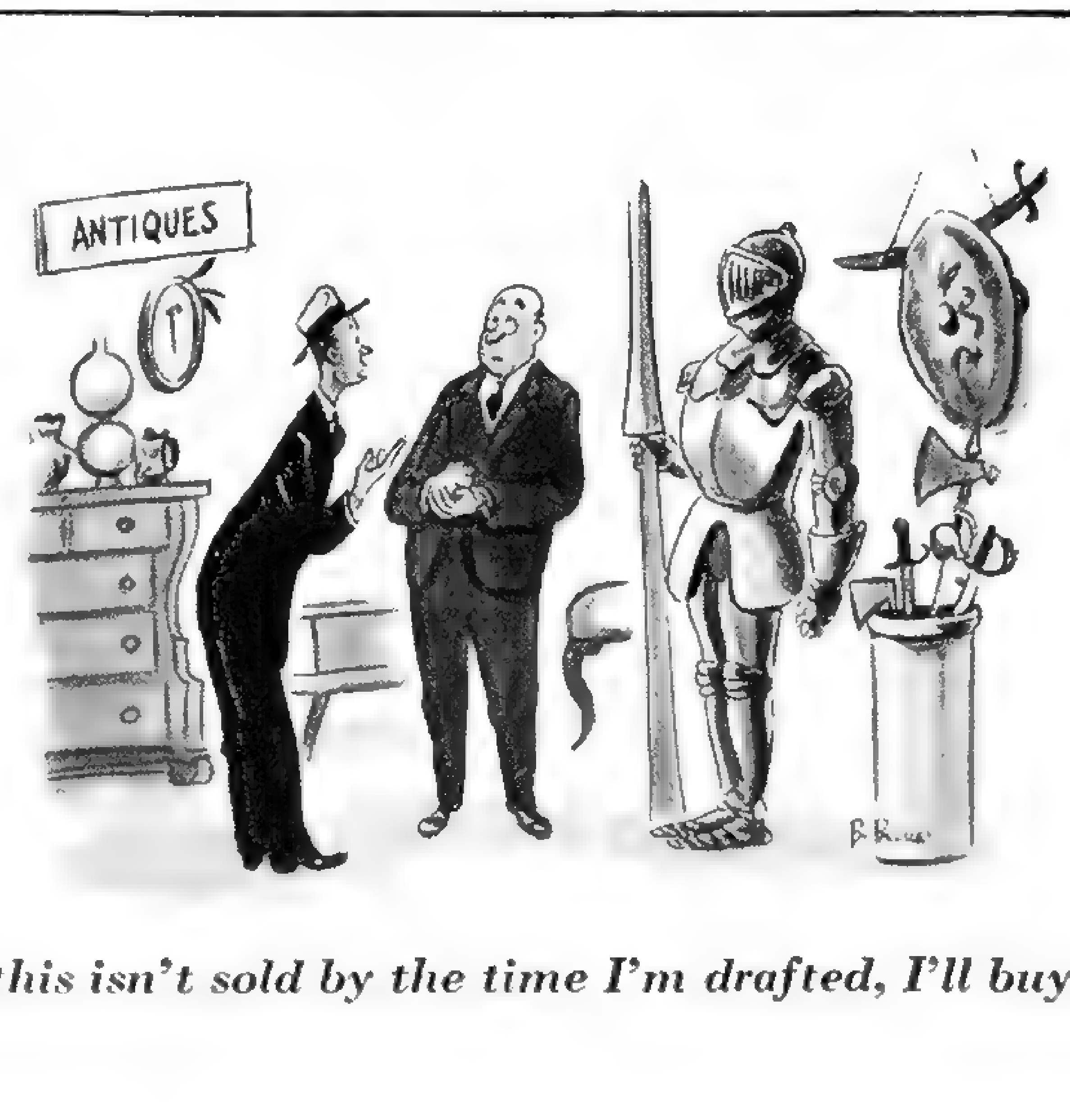
ON THE RECORD. Add to your list of equipment you want for your office a new kind of recording machine. It has endlessly useful possibilities; can be used for dictation (and you can pace the floor while it picks up your words of wisdom); entire conferences can be recorded on it. It is also an excellent means of picking up important broadcasts over the air or keeping records of interviews. The ingenuity of the machine extends to the records themselves, which measure only seven inches across yet take fifteen minutes of continuous verbiage. They are highly flexible and practically indestructible. Recording is done with a diamond needle; a sapphire needle is used for transcription.

ASTROLOGICAL EASTER. You'll show double thoughtfulness if you remember her birthdate even if the occasion isn't her birthday. At Easter, for instance, she should be more than ordinarily pleased to sport a matched set of jewelry — bracelet, pin, and earrings—embellished with her own sign of the Zodiac. The personalized aspect is aided and abetted by fine workmanship, since they are hand-wrought and etched, with astrological symbols nicely interpreted in sterling silver.

STOCKING CONSERVATION. An impending shortage of silk and nylon stockings has doubtless put the fear of *le bon Dieu* into your favorite woman. The situation is improved somewhat with the knowledge that it's possible to prolong the life of her present stock of hosiery. This would, and does, consist of a bottled liquid that keeps the spark going by warding off runs, holes, and snags. The lady adds a small dropperful of the colorless, odorless solution to water and douses her stockings in it after the regulation washing and rinsing. This serves to bring back their pristine elasticity, which is an important factor in keeping hosiery runproof.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"If this isn't sold by the time I'm drafted, I'll buy it"

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR CURES
PIPE SMOKING TROUBLES

TRY THIS
MILDER, RICHER BLEND!

DOES away with pleasure-killing bite, irritation and heat. Has exceptionally mild, full-bodied flavor and fragrant aroma. Burns evenly, smokes cool.

(If your dealer doesn't have it yet, write Philip Morris & Co., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., New York.)

Country Doctor
Pipe Mixture
JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED
No Bite
No Parch 25¢
No Sourness

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

THIS MEANS
A BETTER TIE

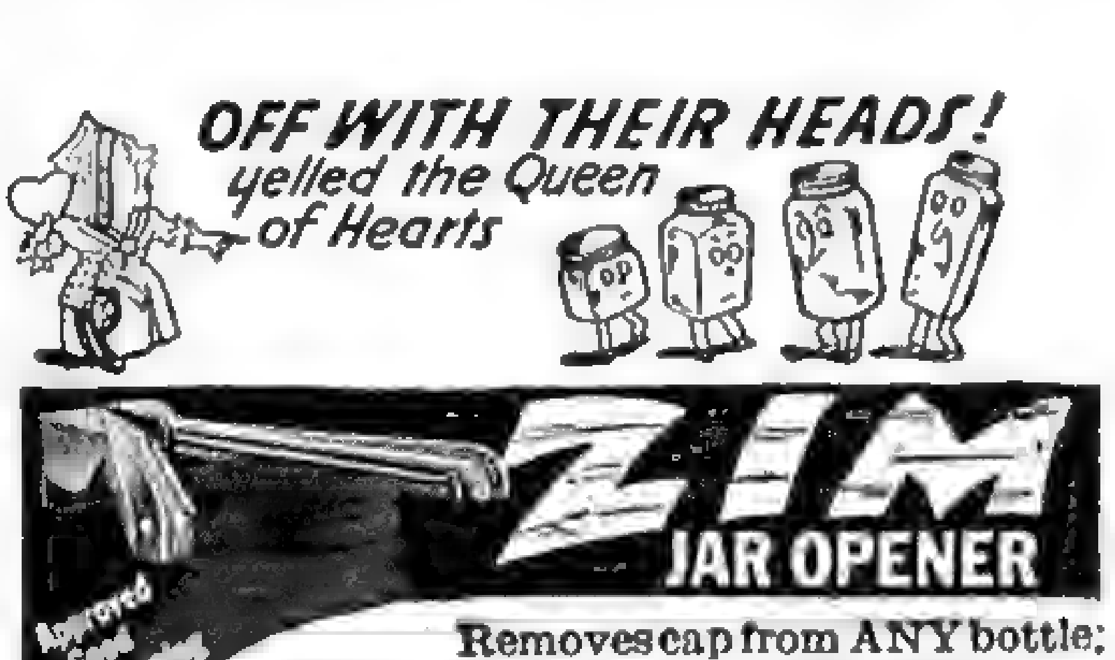
LONGER WEAR AT THE KNOT AREA

... because it's
PARTRIDGE CLOTH

BETTER because PARTRIDGE CLOTH gives you longer wear at the crucial "knot area" . . . PLUS remarkable resistance to wrinkles. Authentic social register patterns. It's in a class by itself.

$1

PARTRIDGE
58 WEST 40th STREET, N. Y. C.


OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! yelled the Queen of Hearts
ZIM
JAR OPENER
Approved by Good Housekeeping

Removes cap from ANY bottle; glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime.

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Have your shoes *customized* by your shoe dealer, with Hollywood Antique Paste—gives them that *hand-rubbed finish* found on $22.50 shoes. Richly colored autumn shade. On sale at Flagg Bros., John Ward, other leading stores, 30c to $1 sizes. If your dealer does not have Hollywood Antique, have him write us, or send $1 direct for large can. *Satisfaction guaranteed* or your money refunded.

Frenchee Chemical Co., Richmond Hill, N.Y.
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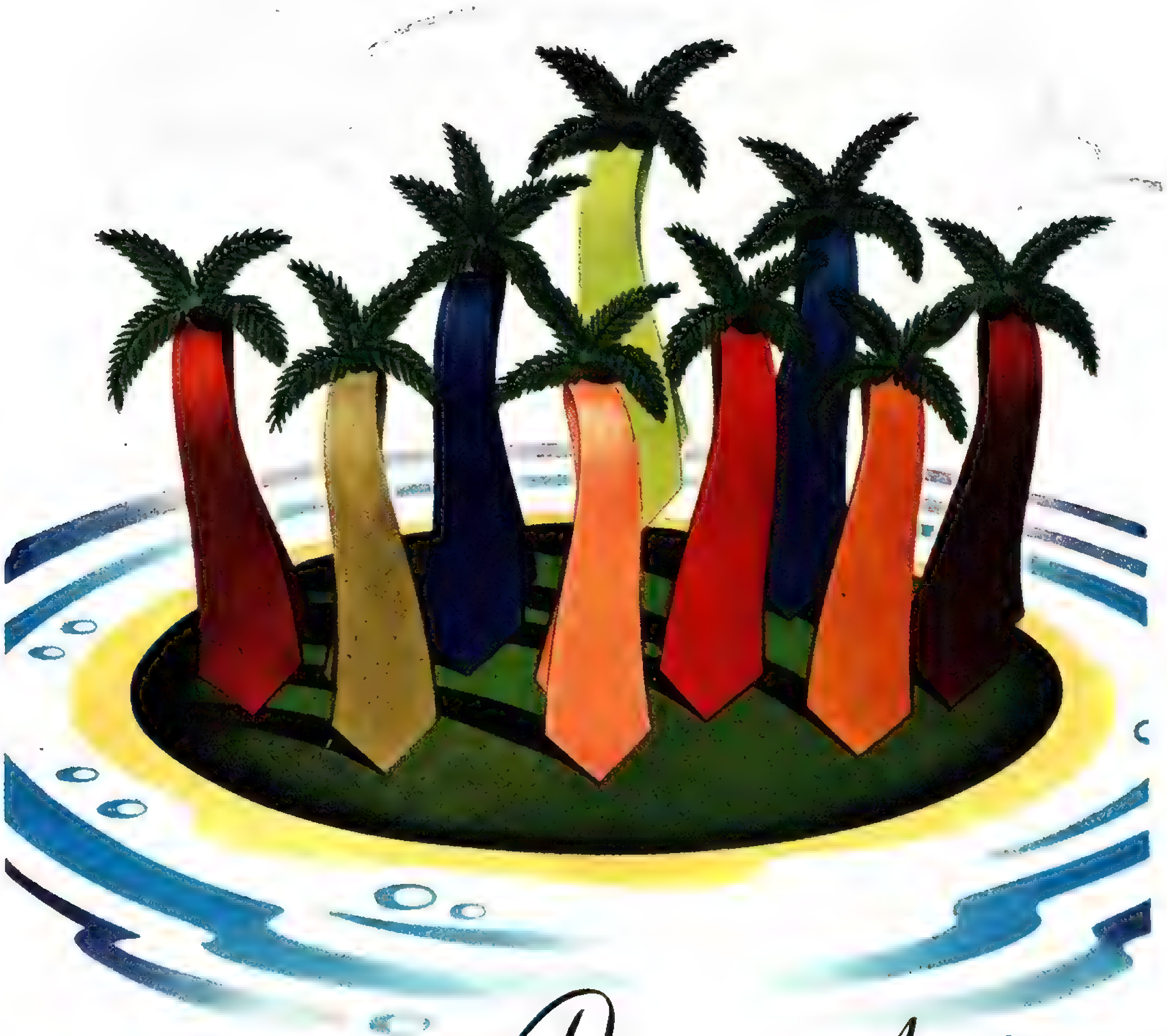
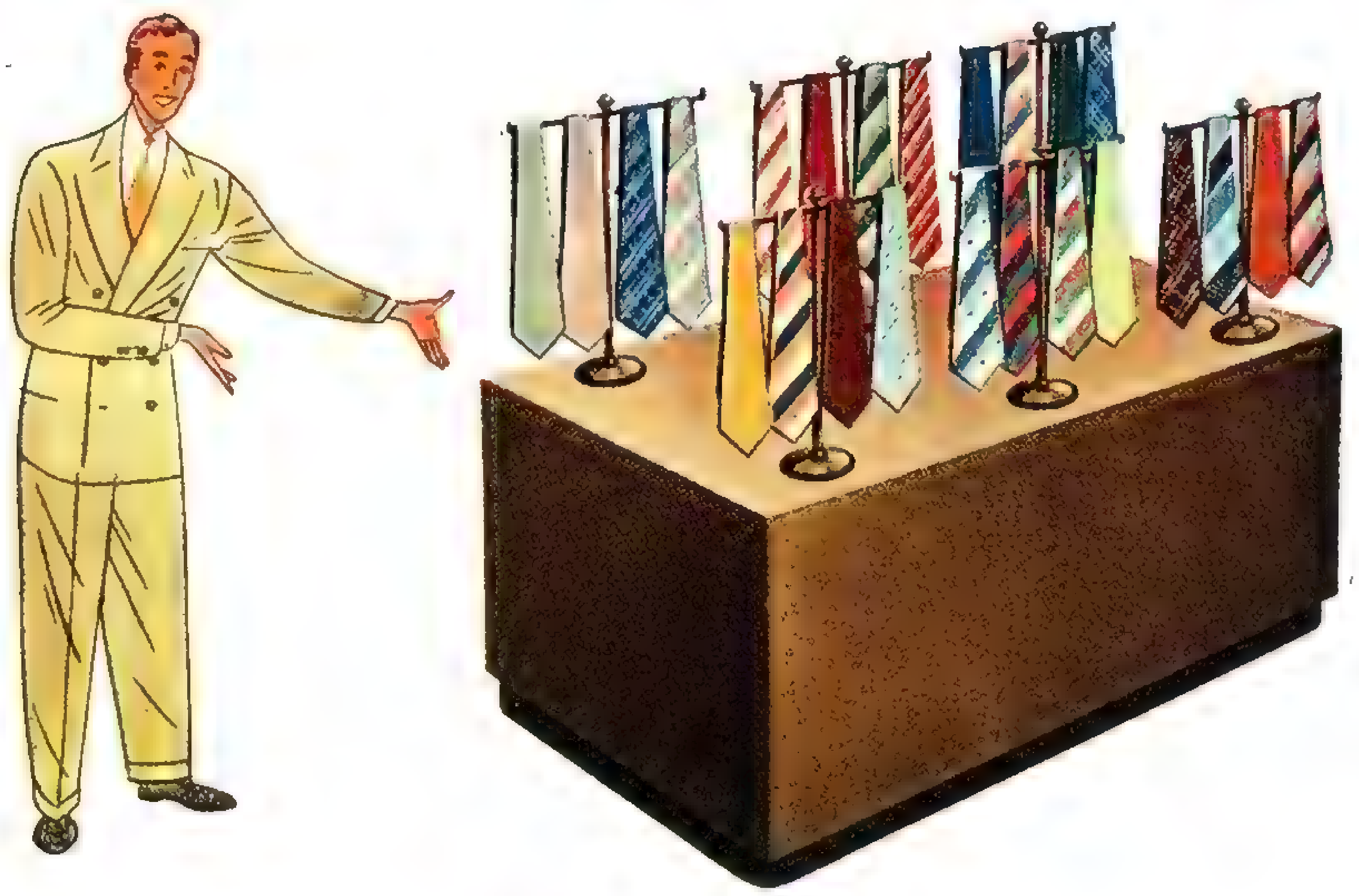


A pleasure to choose

The tempting colors of far-away
islands are all on
Wembley Pleasure Aisle . . .
at your favorite store.
Choose Bali Bronze, Nassau Blue,
Hawaii Tan, or many another . . .
the right hues for newest grey,
tan and blue
suits and shirts.
With a Wembley Tie,
your Easter attire
will quietly say,
"Here's good taste in clothes."

For Easter! Visit *Pleasure Aisle* of Wembley Nor-East Ties



A pleasure to wear . . . and wear

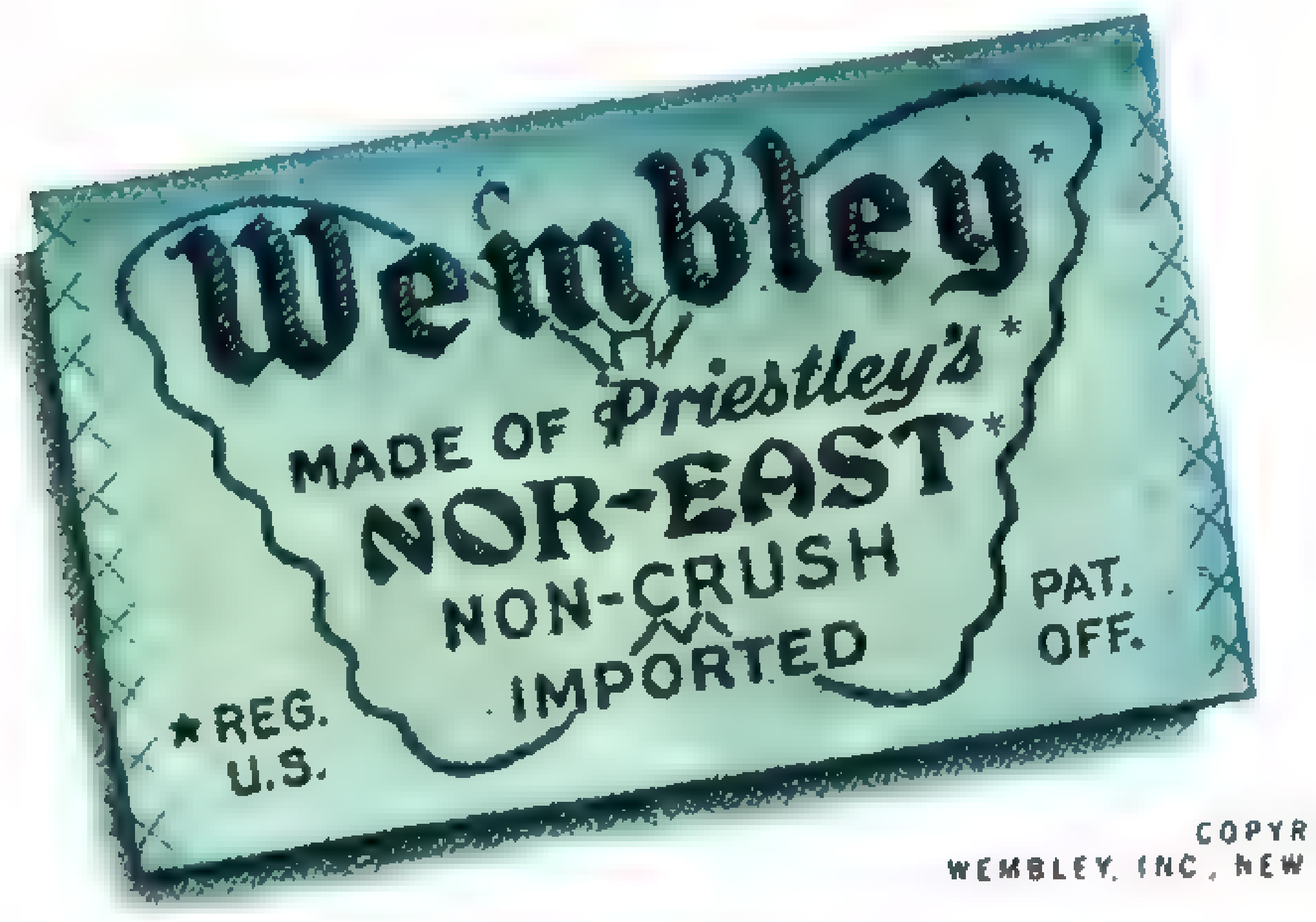
You'll see "Spring"
in the Nor-East Tie fabric, too.
It's the original Non-Crush . . .
still the "champ" as fighter
of wrinkles. Your Wembley Tie
makes a trim, smart knot,
and repeats that
star performance
time after time.
No wonder it's America's
fastest selling dollar neckwear.

Shown on the Pleasure Aisle at top of page are 9 of the more and more popular Rich-tone Solid-Colors, created by Wembley.

Write for free folder . . . *New folder shows 24 Solid-Color ties in full color so you can order, by mail or phone, from your dealer.*

WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

To be sure it's a genuine Non-Crush Tie, look for the Wembley Nor-East label All \$1



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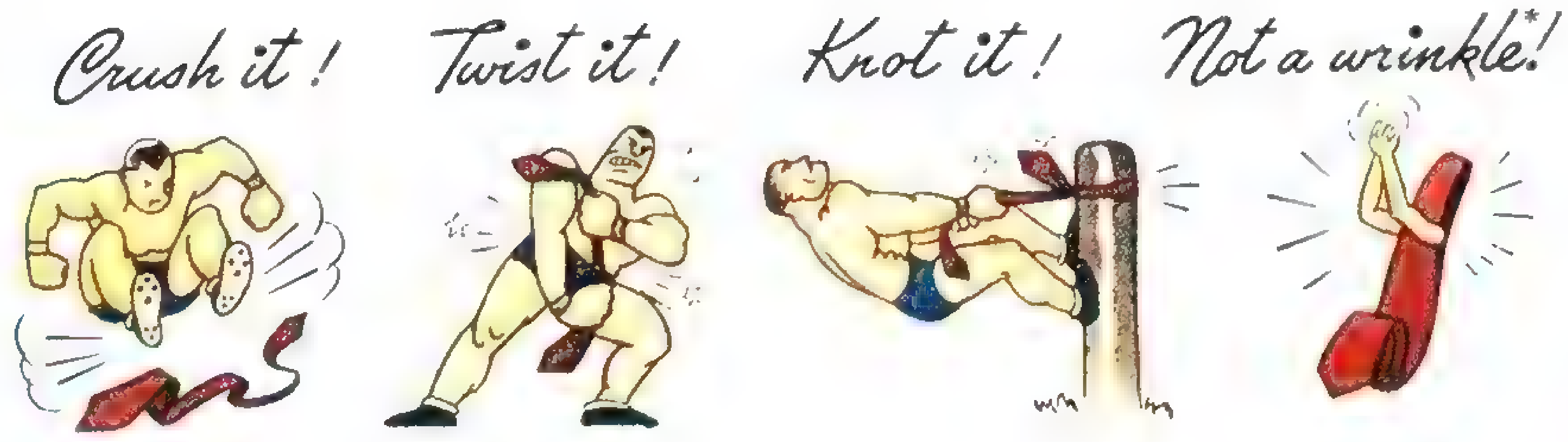
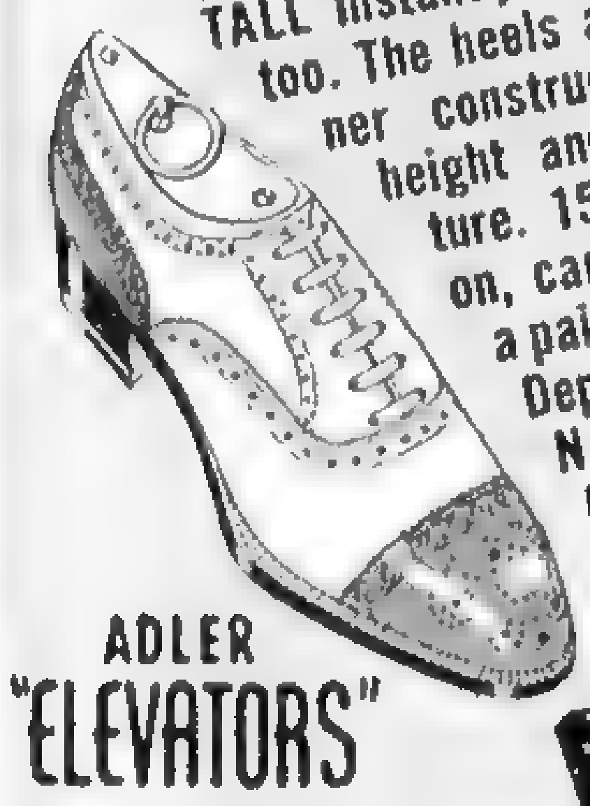
WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS


Crush it!
Twist it!
Knot it!
Not a wrinkle!*



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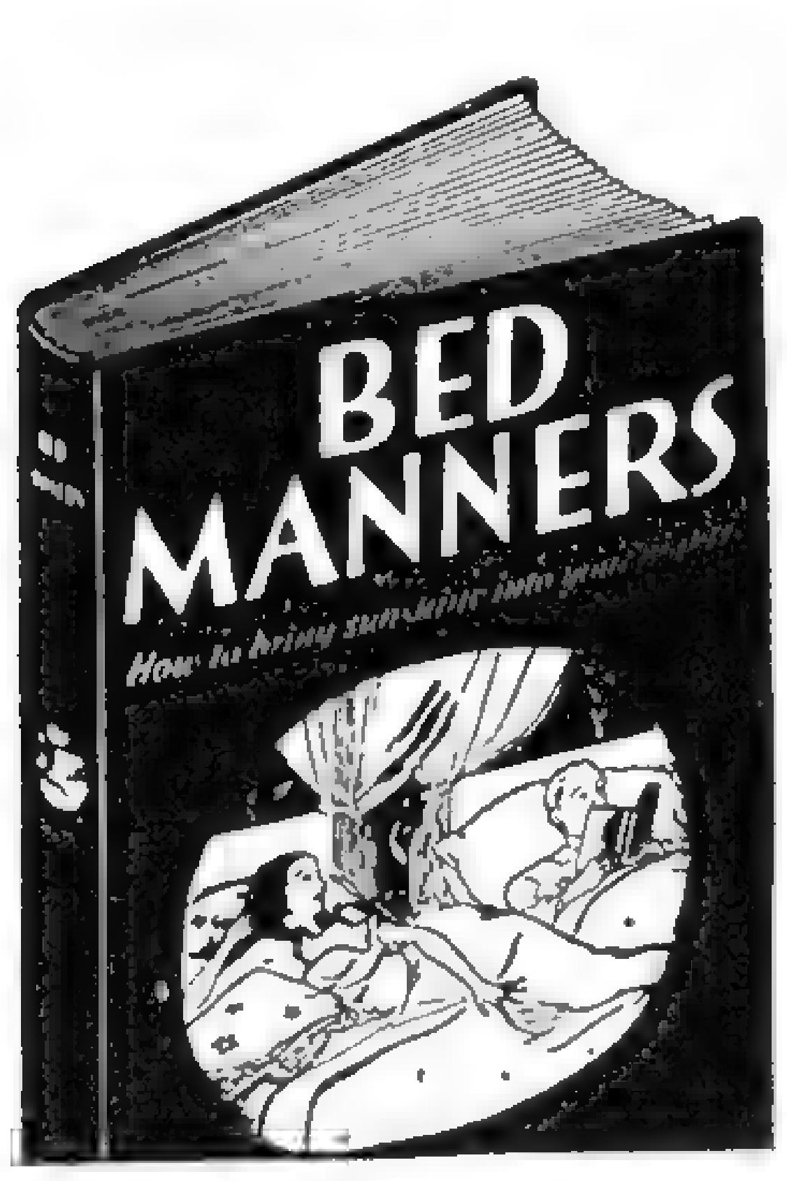
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How to bring sunshine into your nights

Bed Manners

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With many amusing illustrations

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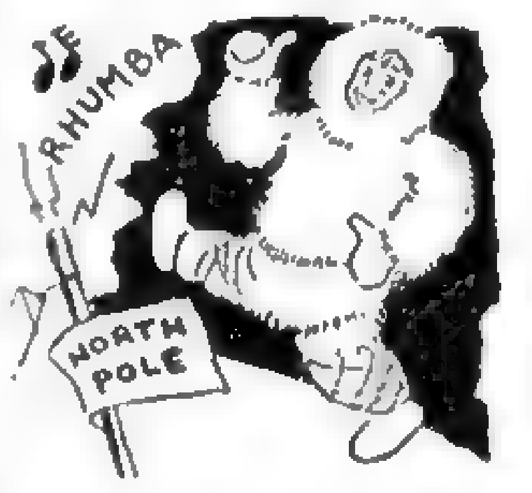
Talking Shop with Esquire

SHORT RAVE. That new short-wave portable radio is already making conversation as an international listening post. Tuning in on Europe, South America, Asia, is as simple as Charlie McCarthy; London comes in with the regularity of your favorite soap opera. In reverse, should you be off in the wilds, out of reach of coast-to-coast facilities, this portable's powerful short wave brings you regular broadcasts just as if you were in your own home. The experience of Commander Donald B. MacMillan, the Arctic explorer, bears this out. He had a set with him last summer up at the cold top of the world, and was able to keep in touch with Europe and both the Americas twenty-four hours a day.

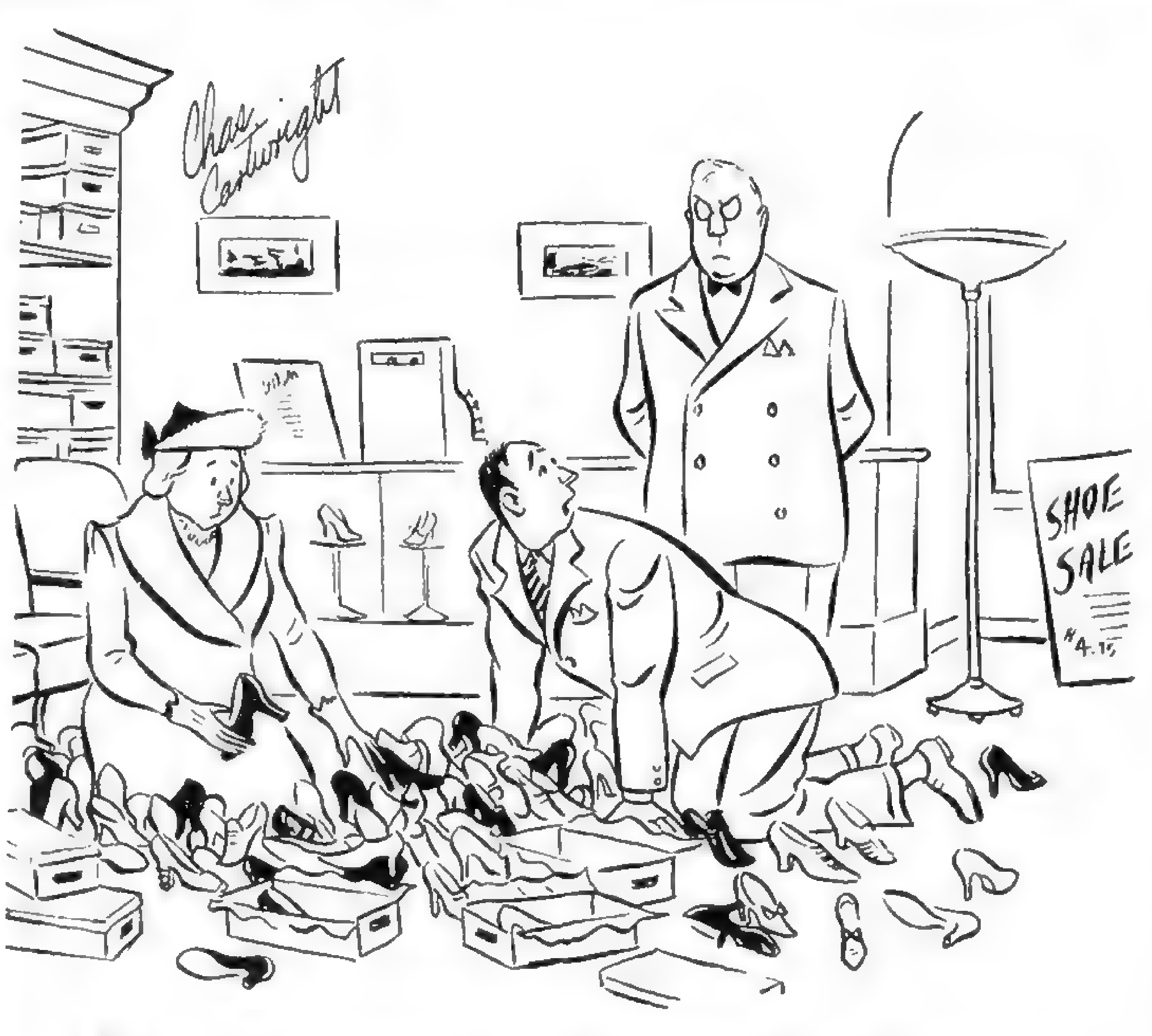


AMBER FOR EASTER. In your Easter gift-giving, you might note the possibilities of amber jewelry. This most versatile of the semi-precious varieties shows signs of a fashion revival, and there are a great many new designs to enchance forthcoming feminine fashions. Amber is no longer limited in scope to the familiar brownish string of round beads. It takes the shape of leaves and flowers in spray pins, irregularly shaped nuggets in necklaces, and the colors run the gamut from pale, cloudy yellow to a definite black. In between there are a variety of glowing brown and reddish shades, some faceted to sparkle, some revealing in their depths perfectly preserved insects that have been there since the amber first took shape sixty million years ago. One of these is sure to make conversation, and to be appreciated as a gift.

SPRINGTIME HARVEST. Definitely for the Easter parade, but due for a long life after that, is a deadly rival of the popular charm bracelet. Instead of a bracelet, it's a shoulder pin—a sterling silver "tree" from whose branches dangle silver and enamel charms. You can select charms for the pin from a collection of some twenty-two especially designed to go with it, though there is no reason why the lady can't use the ones she already has. The effect is that of a smart spray-type pin, animated. Can be had in gold plated sterling, too.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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Now any man can tie a perfect knot Blindfolded

. . . providing the tie is made with Drapestitch . . . a remarkable new, *patented* Inner Construction. Ties made the Drapestitch way cost no more!

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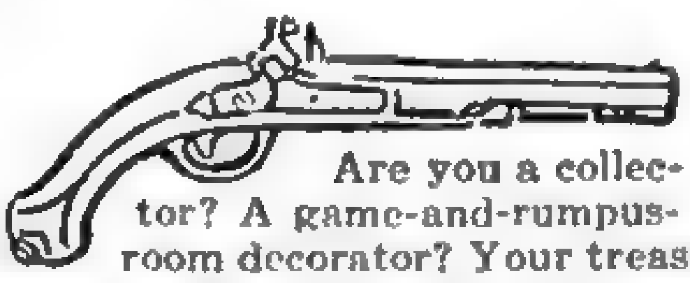

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May cause fatal infection

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NEW INVENTION

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Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

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Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

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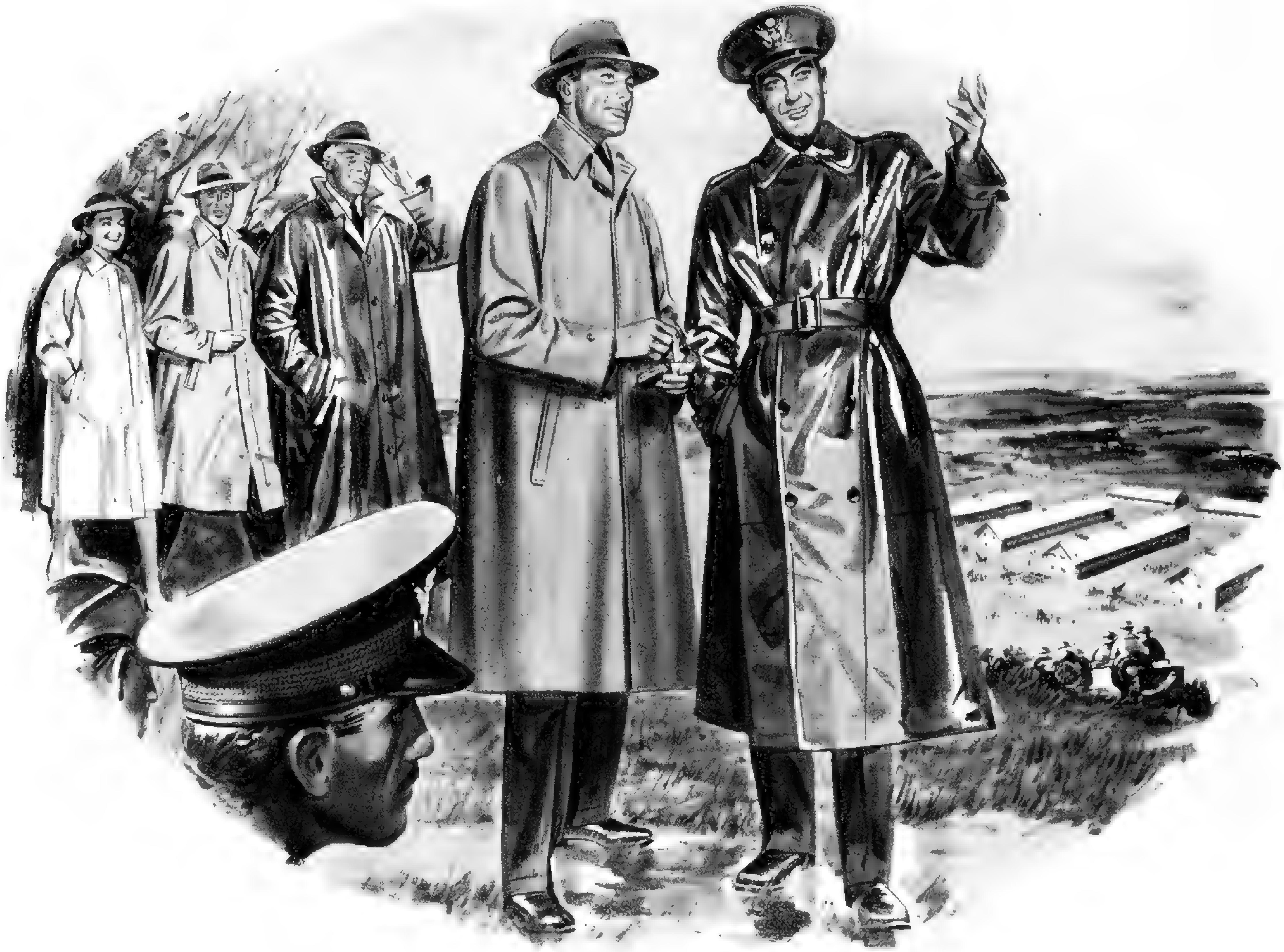

ALLIGATOR COMBINES AUTHENTIC STYLE WITH DEPENDABLE PROTECTION . . . If you were to ask a number of people what raincoat they would like most to own, the invariable answer would be—ALLIGATOR! And, fortunately, the range of prices is so broad that almost everyone *can* possess an Alligator ★ The superb styling of Alligator raincoats and the dependable protection which they give, definitely set them apart from ordinary rainwear. Your Alligator, either guaranteed waterproof or all-weather water repellent, will enhance your rainy-day appearance and at the same time keep your suit new-looking.

★ Look for the Alligator label—"the best name in rainwear." THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • Saint Louis • New York • Los Angeles.

*Illustrated (right to left) OFFICER'S GUARANTEED WATERPROOF, $10 up; Water Repellent, $13.50 up—GOLD LABEL, $31.50. Also in Weatherstyle cloth at $25.75; Surain Cloth, $21.75 . . . FAMOUS No. 311 GUARANTEED WATERPROOF, $8.50 . . . STORMWIND $11.50 . . . WOMEN'S COATS, $11.50 up . . . See the Complete Line of Men's Coats at Better Dealers Everywhere,* **$\$6^{50}$ to $\$31^{50}$**

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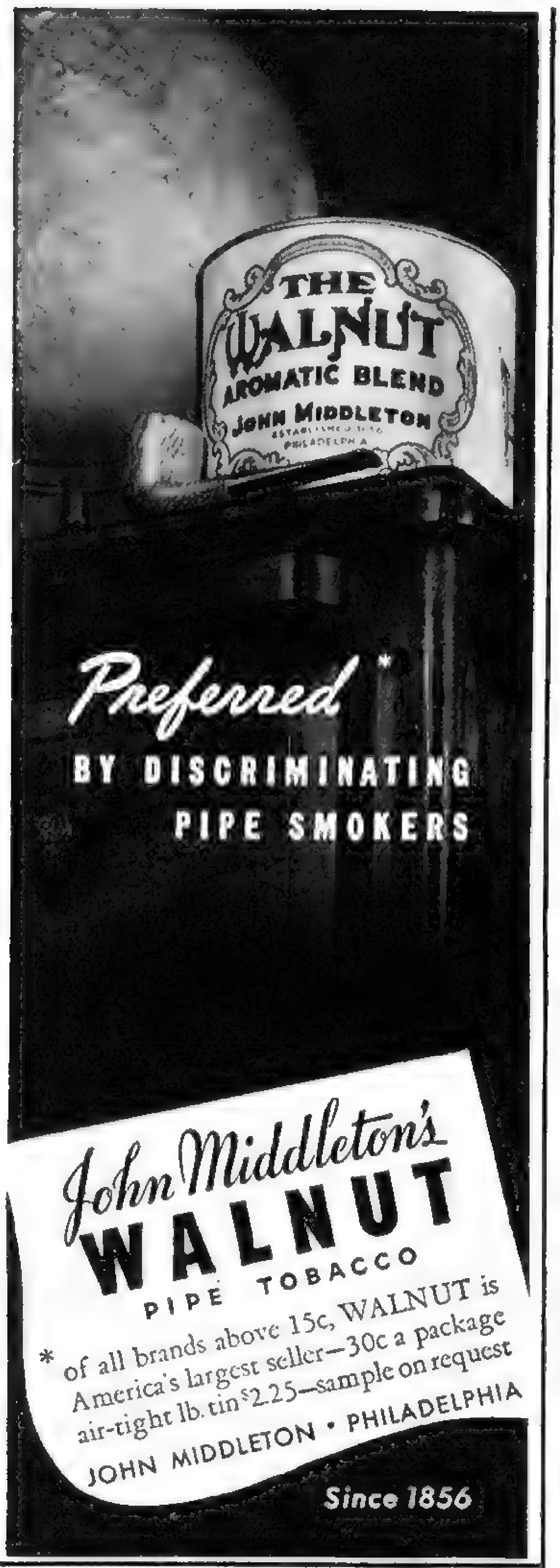
Raincoats · Galecoats · Sportswear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



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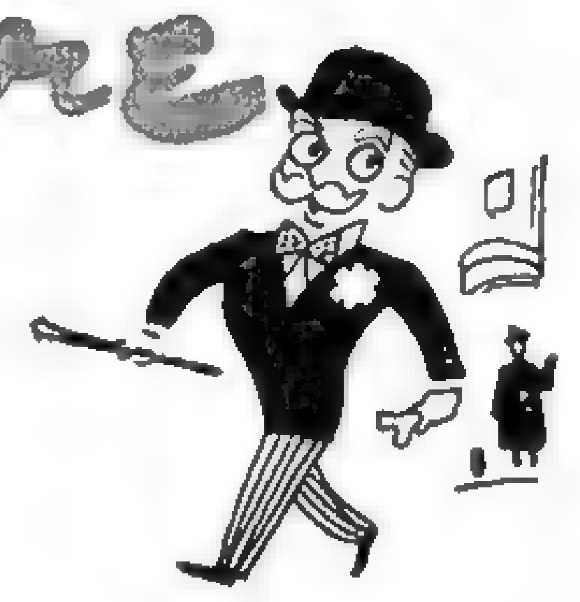
Painting the Town with Esquire

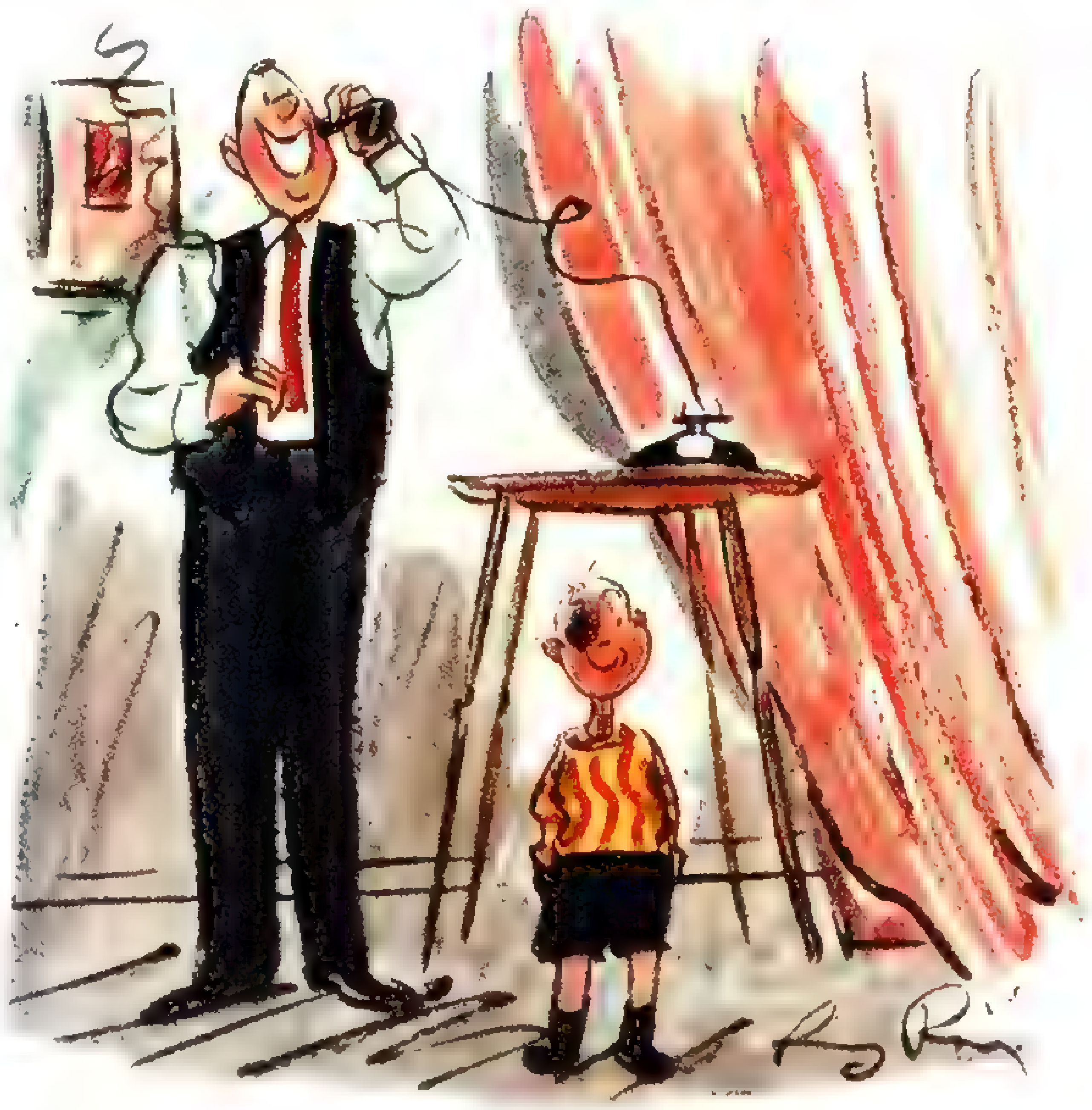


THOSE RED CIRCLES around the date Mar. 20 on social calendars are evening earmarkers caused by the impending return of piquante mockingbird Hildegarde to her classic coop, the Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza where John Hoysradt hasn't been doing badly either. Ernie Holst and Harold Cooke are already there with their orchestras on the chance you may care to dance.

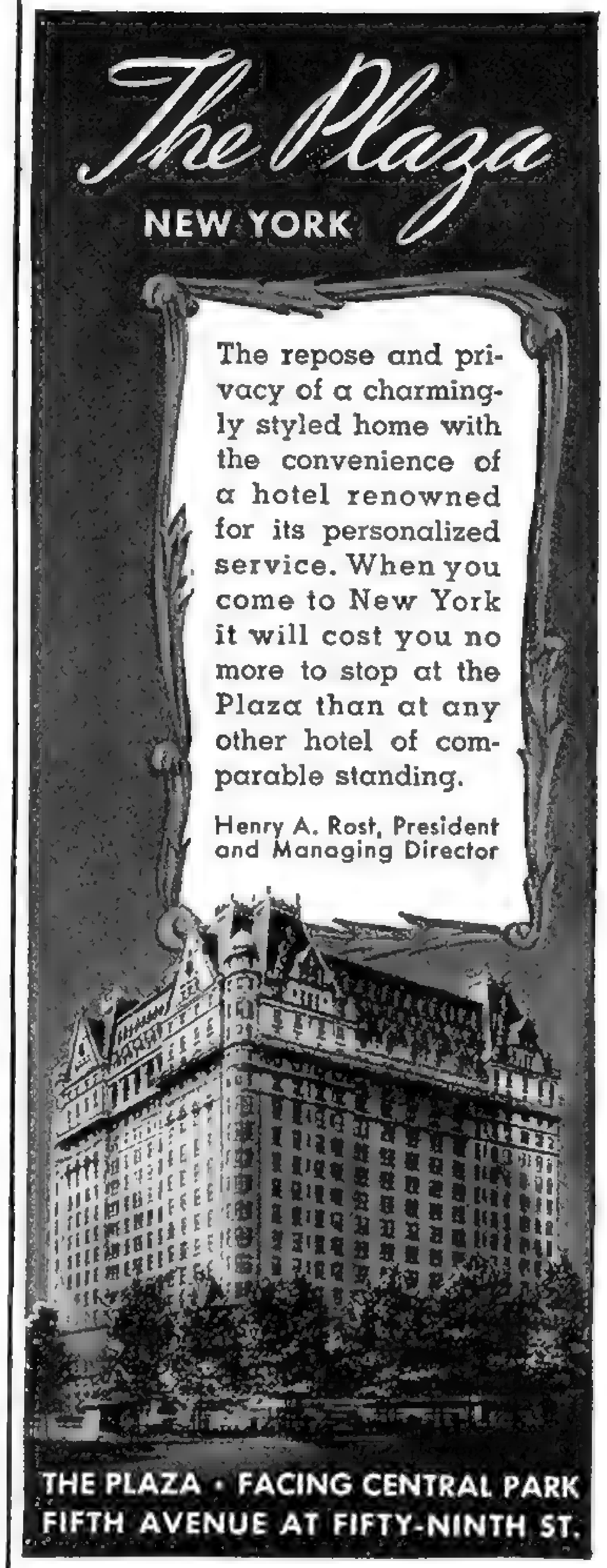
CONVINCED that your eye muscles deserve exercise as well as your ankles, the messrs. Dario and Vernon of La Martinique (57 West 57) are offering (and is it being received!) a Spring Circus Revue which, paced by Nat Karson, goes all-out for comeliness and color. Eight guaranteed gander-getters, entitled Martiniqueens, do a lot of daily varied donning and doffing as they frivol through their routines. Songstress Rosita Rios gives the mike a goodneighborly workout. Mirthful, girthful Romo Vincent carols and quivers in new numbers, plus some of the standbys which his fans howl for. Dance satirists Mata and Hari do the deftly droll. All music is made on the premises—Val Olman and his orchestra alternating with Herbert Curbelo's rhumba clickers.

FLORENTINE-LAMPED Leone's (239 West 48th), where cookery is a flavor carnival, has at last faced the problem of those strange people who want to get something to eat and get the hell out—as though dinner at Leone's weren't a complete evening. To segregate them, a section of the trout-streamed garden has been roofed over into a special salle de hurry-hurry, and here they can bolt as they please. (Gastric havoc dueto haste is remedied with white crême de menthe frappée topped with Fernet Branca.) Safe from their demoralizing influence, the main room is, as ever, the scene of real Leone enjoyment, every casserole's cargo, every platter's array drawing rave notices from partakers' palates, with wine bouquets chiming in. Speaking of which, the vaunted cellar, hitherto a hoard of rare imported, now also features fine American wines of all types.

OLD NEW YORKERS who sigh for the Broadway that flourished in the days when Old King Cole reigned supreme in the Hotel Knickerbocker's Bar, manage to gather considerable consolation under the same Maxfield Parrish painting in the present King Cole Bar of the St. Regis. Family entrance on Fifth Avenue . . . From years of nightclubbing, Wall Streeter Clarence Whitaker got ideas of what a spot ought to be. He's opened his own Club Whitaker (142 East 53rd) with downtown restaurateur Albert Fusco assisting professionally. Food is good, personable Maxine sings, and Alex Botkin's orchestra dishes neat dance rhythms.



"I think he's going to like school—he spent the first day getting acquainted"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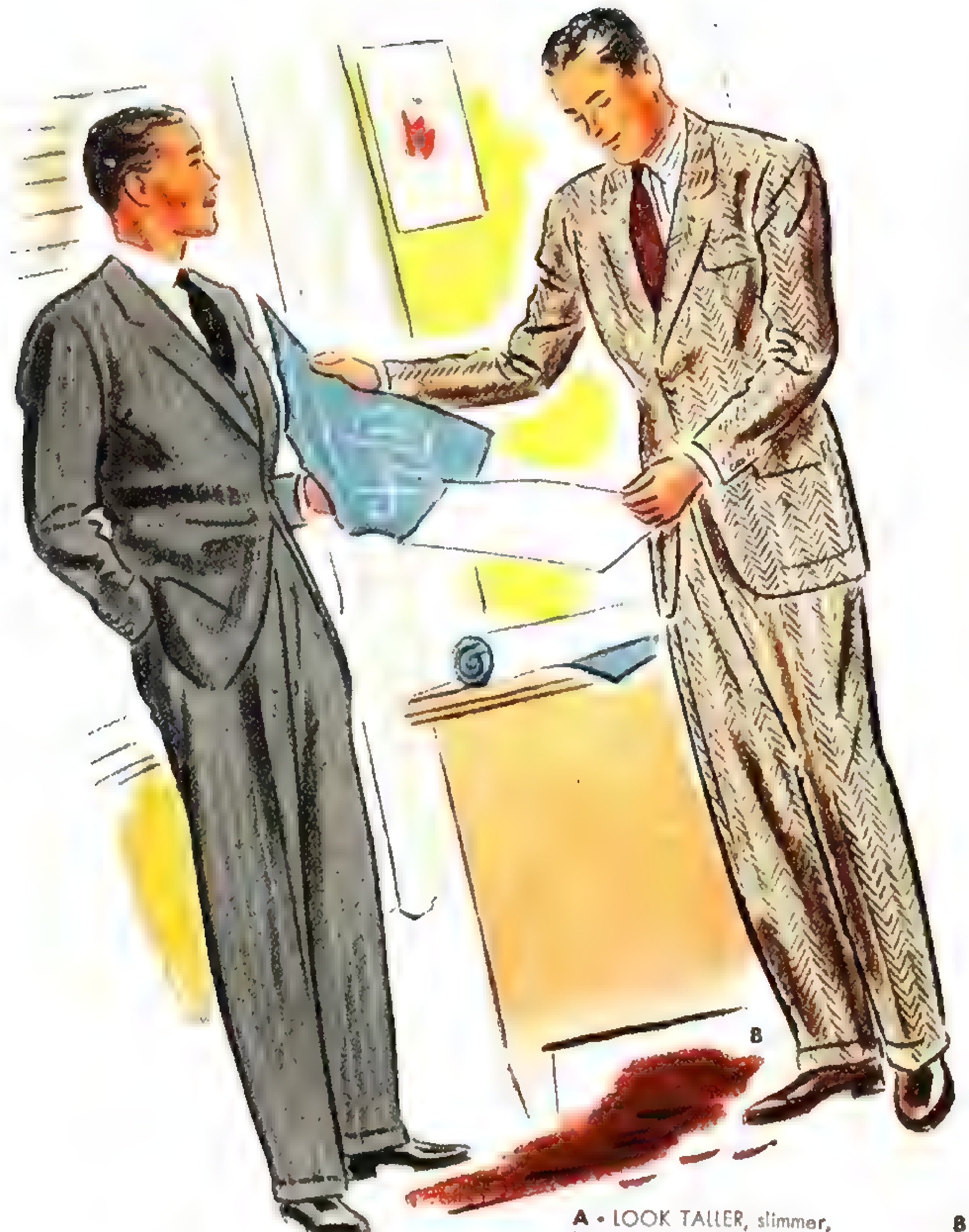
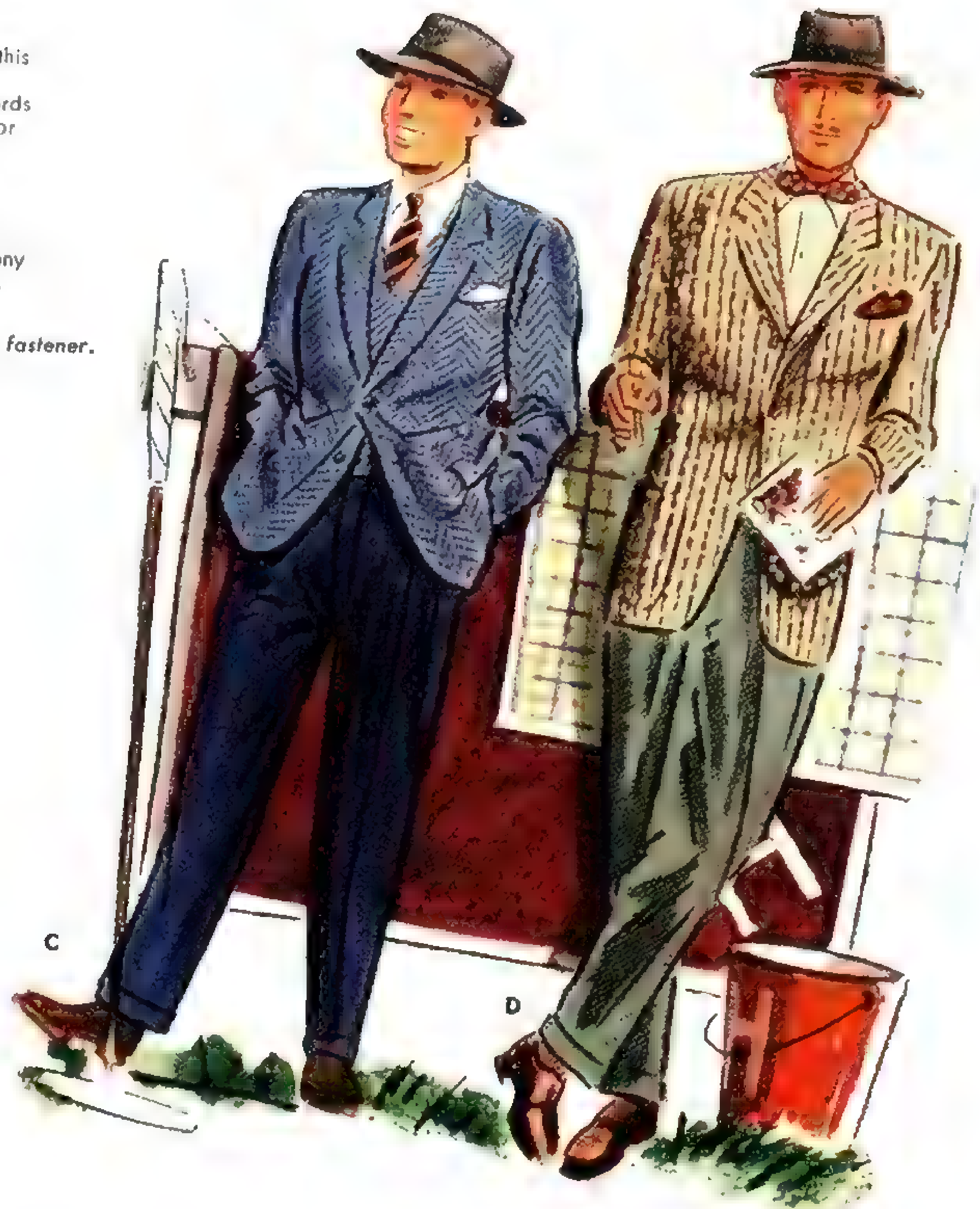
**Average fabric shrinkage 1% or less*



C • MIX 'N' MATCH with this 4-piece student suit by **"10 Way Levinsohn."** Affords 10 different combinations for dress, school, sportswear. Complete $30.

D • ORIGINAL STYLE in **"Rumson Tweed."** 3-button jacket, patch pockets. In many colors and patterns. $27.50.

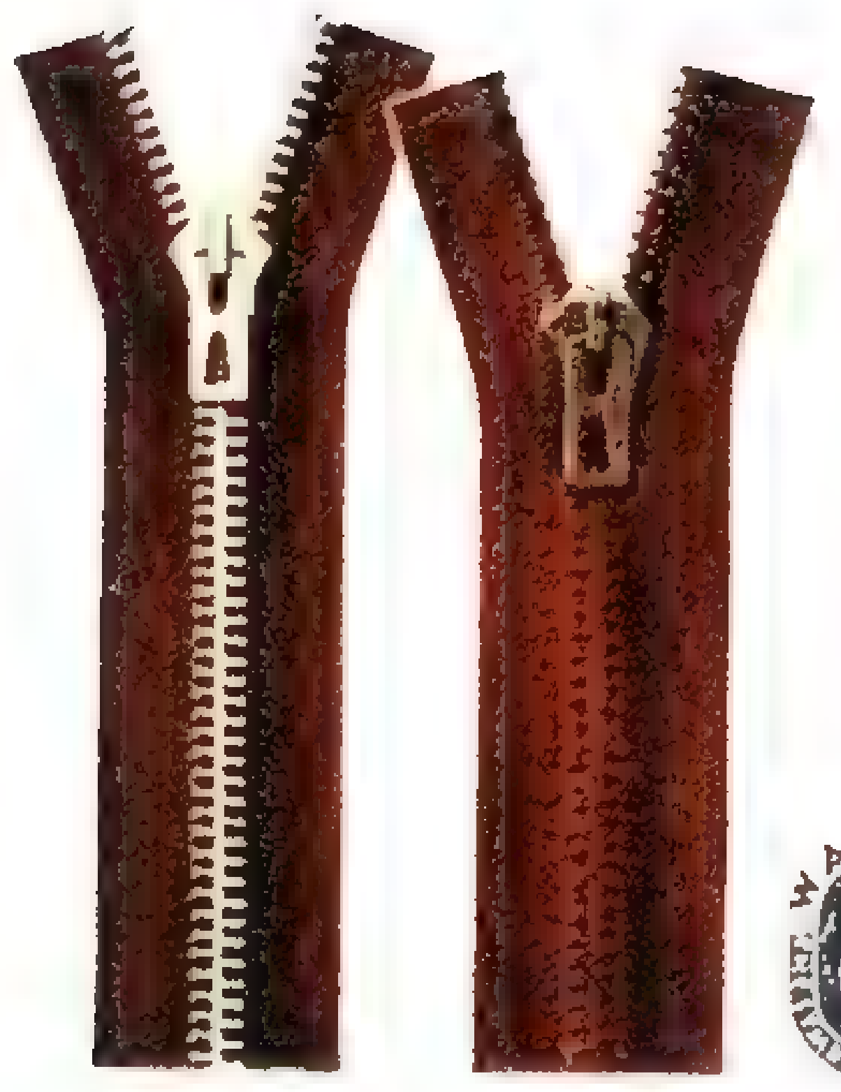
★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*



A • LOOK TALLER, slimmer, full-chested in this famous British lounge model from **The House of Worsted-Tex.** $38.50, $43.50, $48.50

B • LONG, LOW, smart effect in the new **Campus Togs.** 3-piece student model in striped shetland. Jacket 31½ inches long. Slims, adds height. $30.

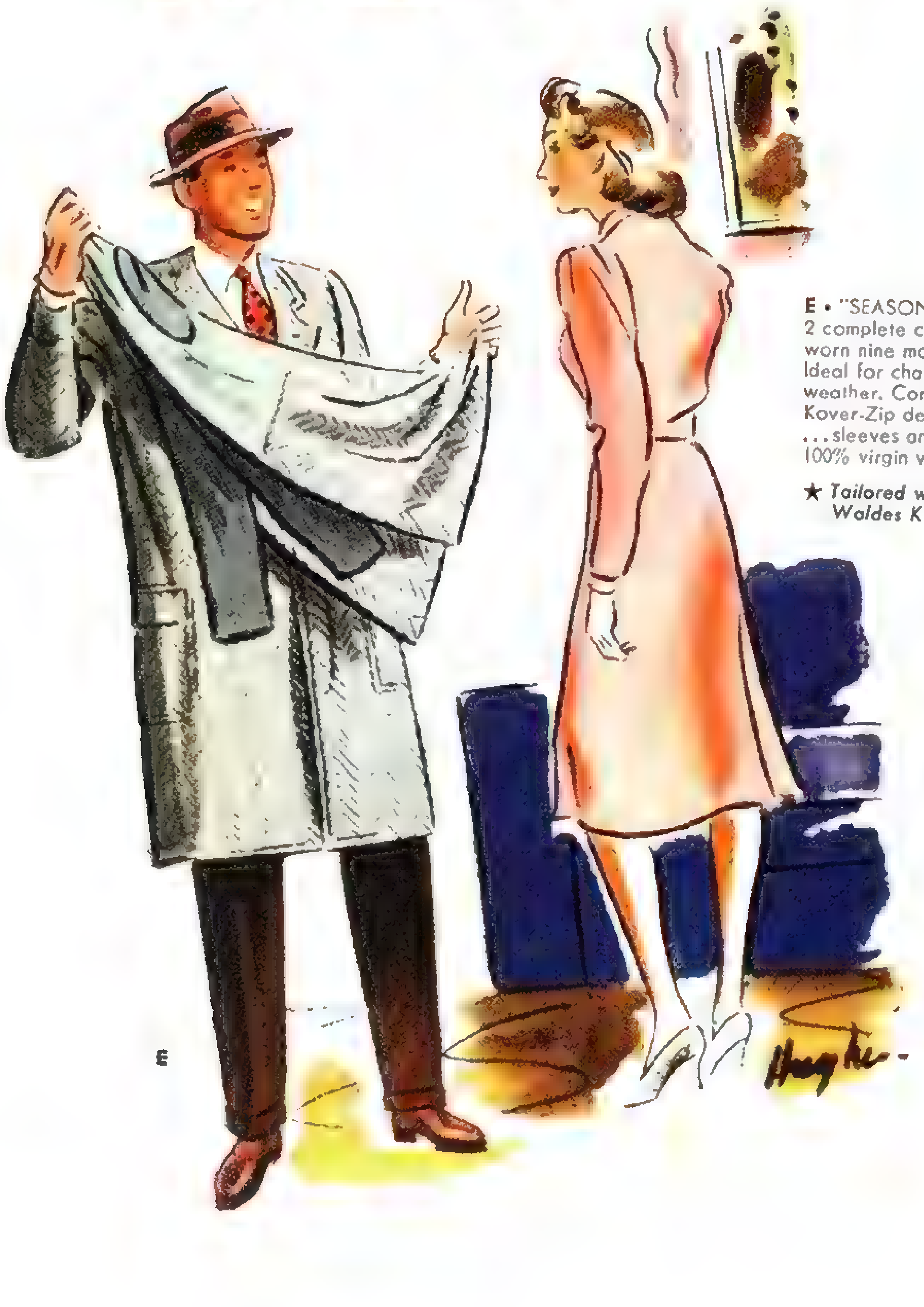
★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*



Ordinary zippers have exposed metal "teeth" that can't be completely hidden.

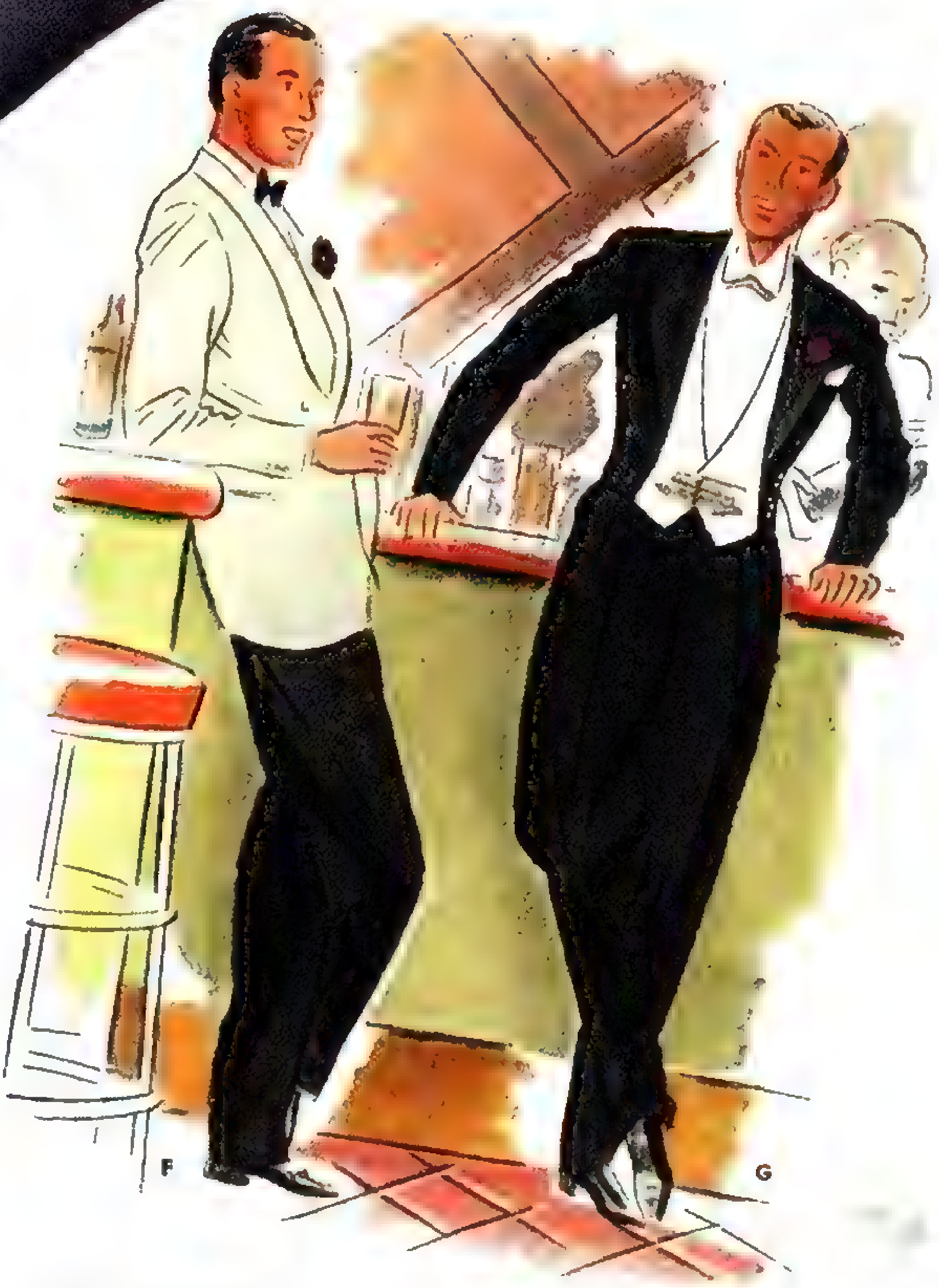
Waldes Kover-Zip is the only fabric-covered zipper that gives you a seam-line invisible fly closure.

fashion highlights



E • "SEASON SKIPPER"—2 complete coats in 1. Can be worn nine months of the year. Ideal for changeable Spring weather. Continuous Waldes Kover-Zip detaches wool lining . . . sleeves and all! Classic styles, 100% virgin wool. From $45.

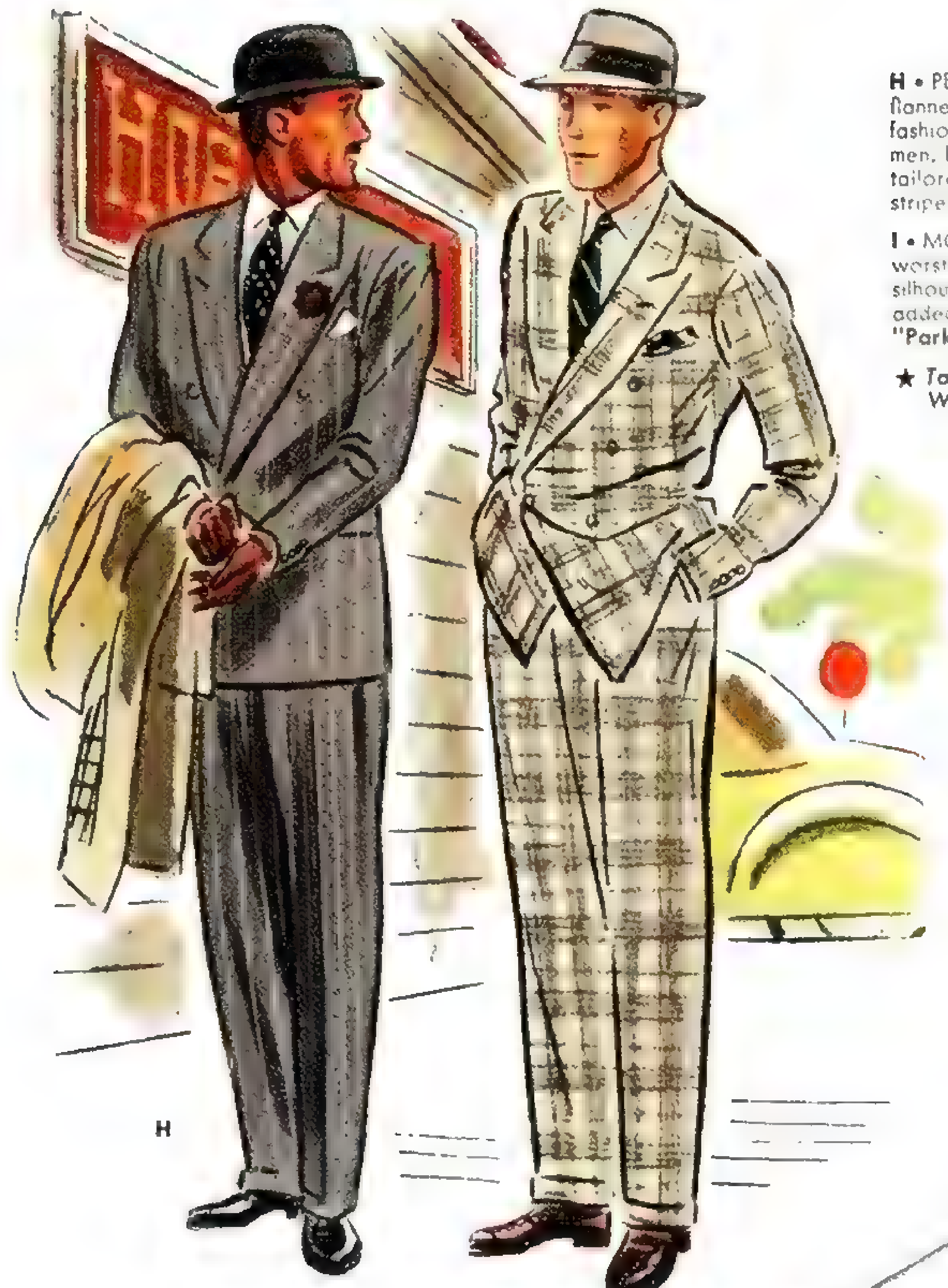
★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*



F • SPRING FORMALS call for this **"Town House"** ensemble. Jacket in white, blue or eggshell. Hand-tailored. $25. Pleated front, all worsted trousers. $8.50.

G • CANDID, CONSERVATIVE—a **"Chatfield Formal"** cut and sewn by hand. Finished or unfinished worsteds and cheviots. Full Skinner lined. From $95.

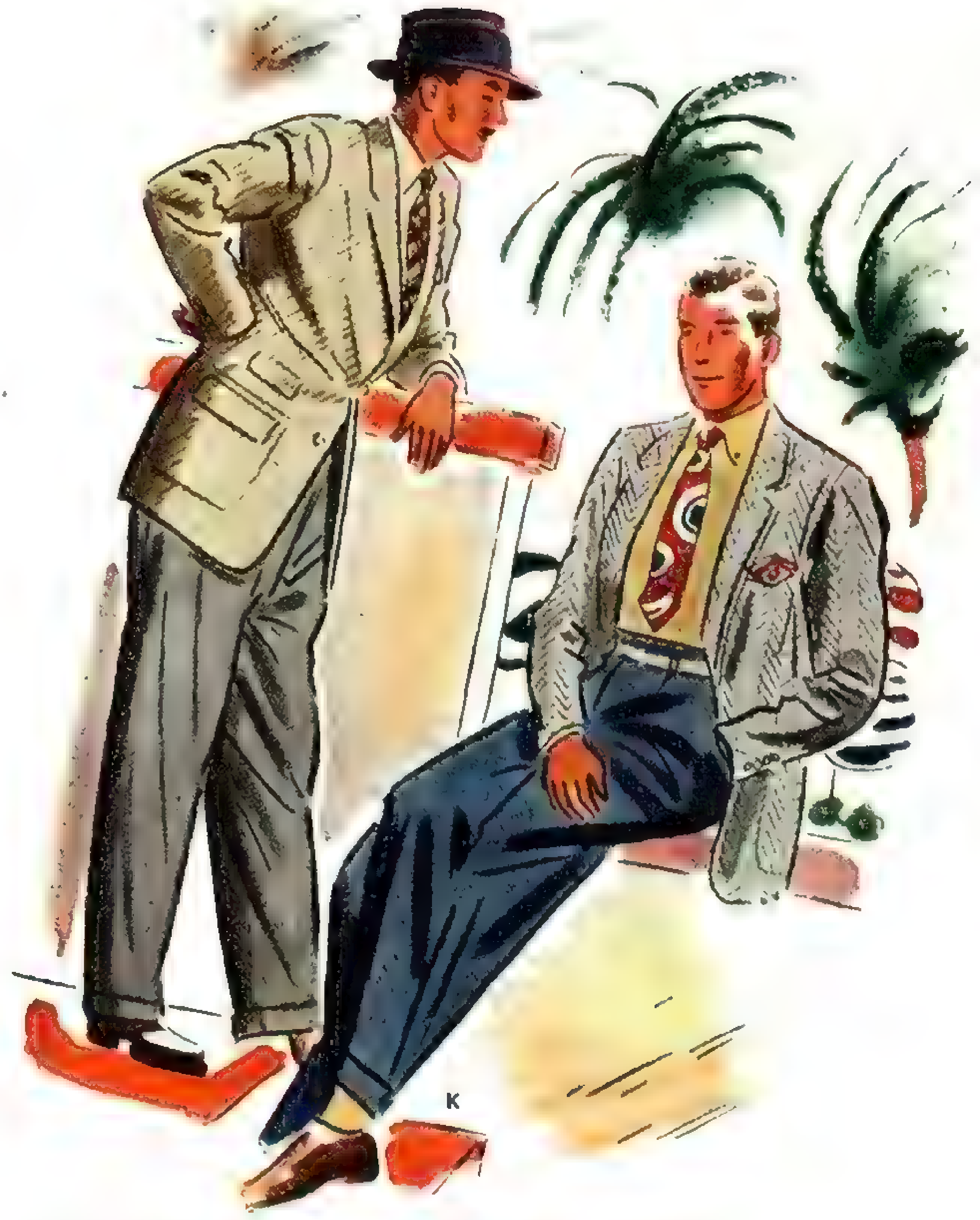
★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*



H • PERENNIAL FAVORITE—flannel. **"Custom Row"** fashion-first for well-dressed men. British fabric hand-tailored in solid shades and stripes. $85.

I • MODERN DESIGN in fine worsted. New, straightened silhouette for greater freedom added height. 3-piece **"Park Lounge"** model. $55.

★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*



J • TWEED LEADER in new **"Garry" model by Don Richards of Hollywood.** Longer jacket, straighter back, fuller chest. $39.50.

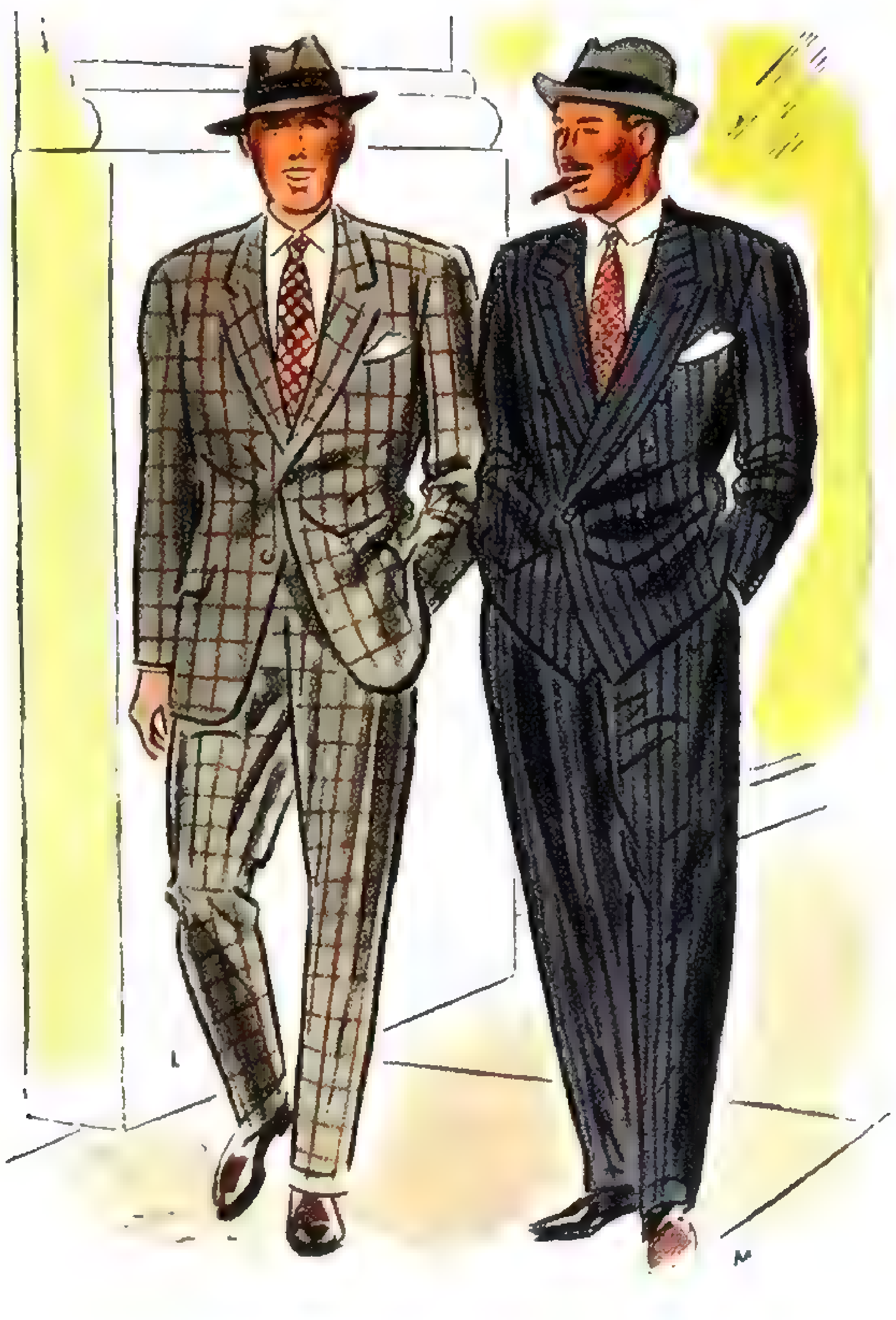
K • SPRING TONIC in big-weave herringbone. Students' all-wool **"Tu-Tone"** Suit. Tan, light blue or covert shade. Flannel trousers. Both $20

★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*

with WALDES KOVER-ZIP

WALDES KOVER-ZIP* is the unobtrusive, well-mannered slide fastener. Fabric covered, it seals your trousers in a smooth, unnoticeable seam. There are no shiny metal "teeth" glaring in embarrassment. Waldes Kover-Zip is definitely better, neater tailoring.

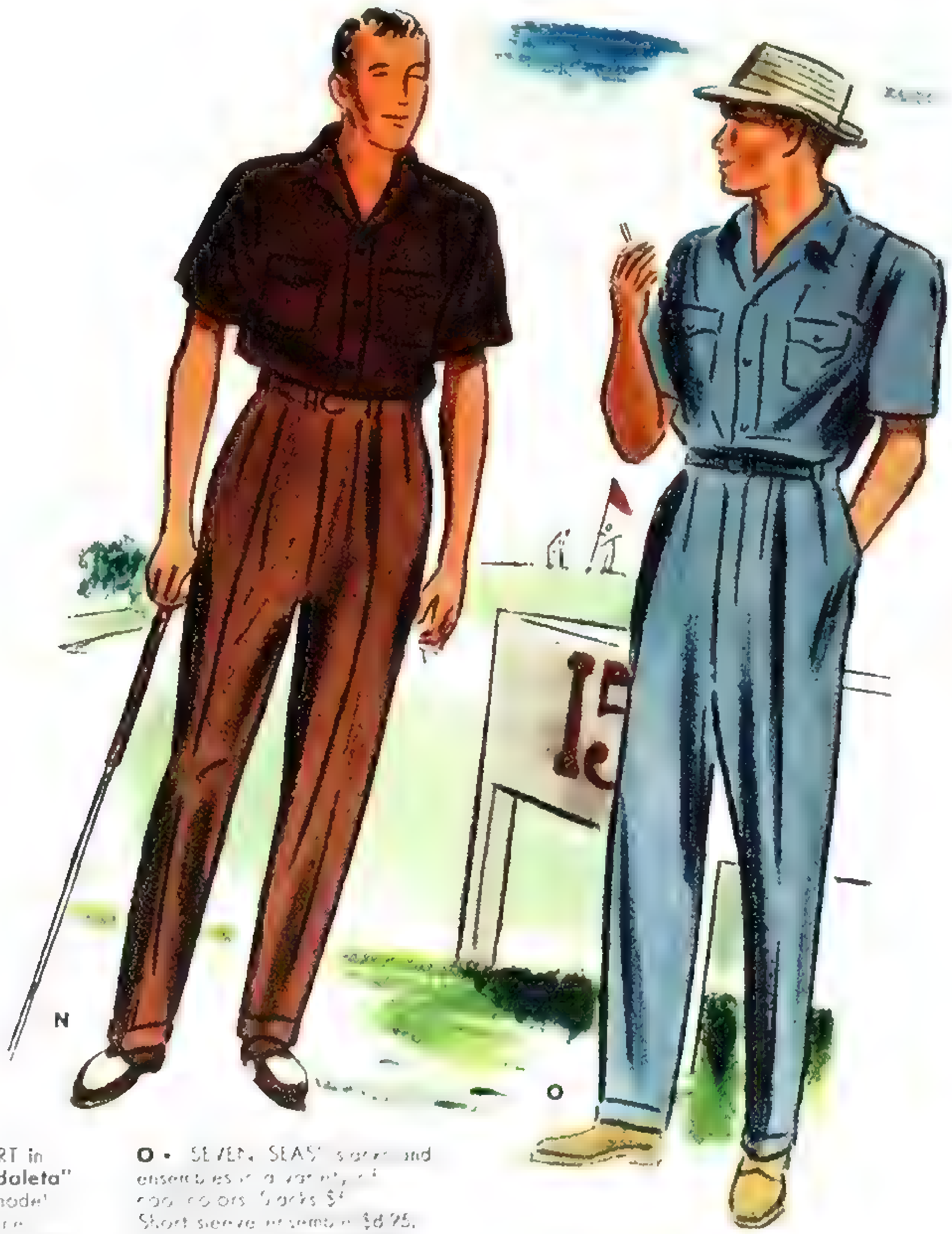
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



L • SCOTTISH MOORS supply color for this imported wool shetland. Variety of heather shades in **"Cornell"** student styles. Jacket and slacks, $27.50.

M • NEW SHADE for Spring '42. **"Society Brand"** multicolor blend called Opal. Double-breasted, modified drape coat. $55.

★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*



N • COOL COMFORT in **Master Mode "Cordaleta"** slacks. West Coast model in six smart colors. Fine styling, reverse pleats. $[illegible]

O • SEVEN SEAS slacks and ensembles in a variety of cool colors. Slacks $[illegible] Short sleeve ensemble $8.95. Long sleeve ensemble $10.95.

★ *Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener*

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DARK JAMAICA
RUM for
MATCHLESS
FLAVOUR

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ANSWER: Frankly we don't know! Some men smoke it straight—many find that it noticeably improves the aroma of any other tobacco.

In any case, we sincerely believe that you have not discovered America's *finest* aromatic tobacco until you try London Dock.

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40¢
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Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

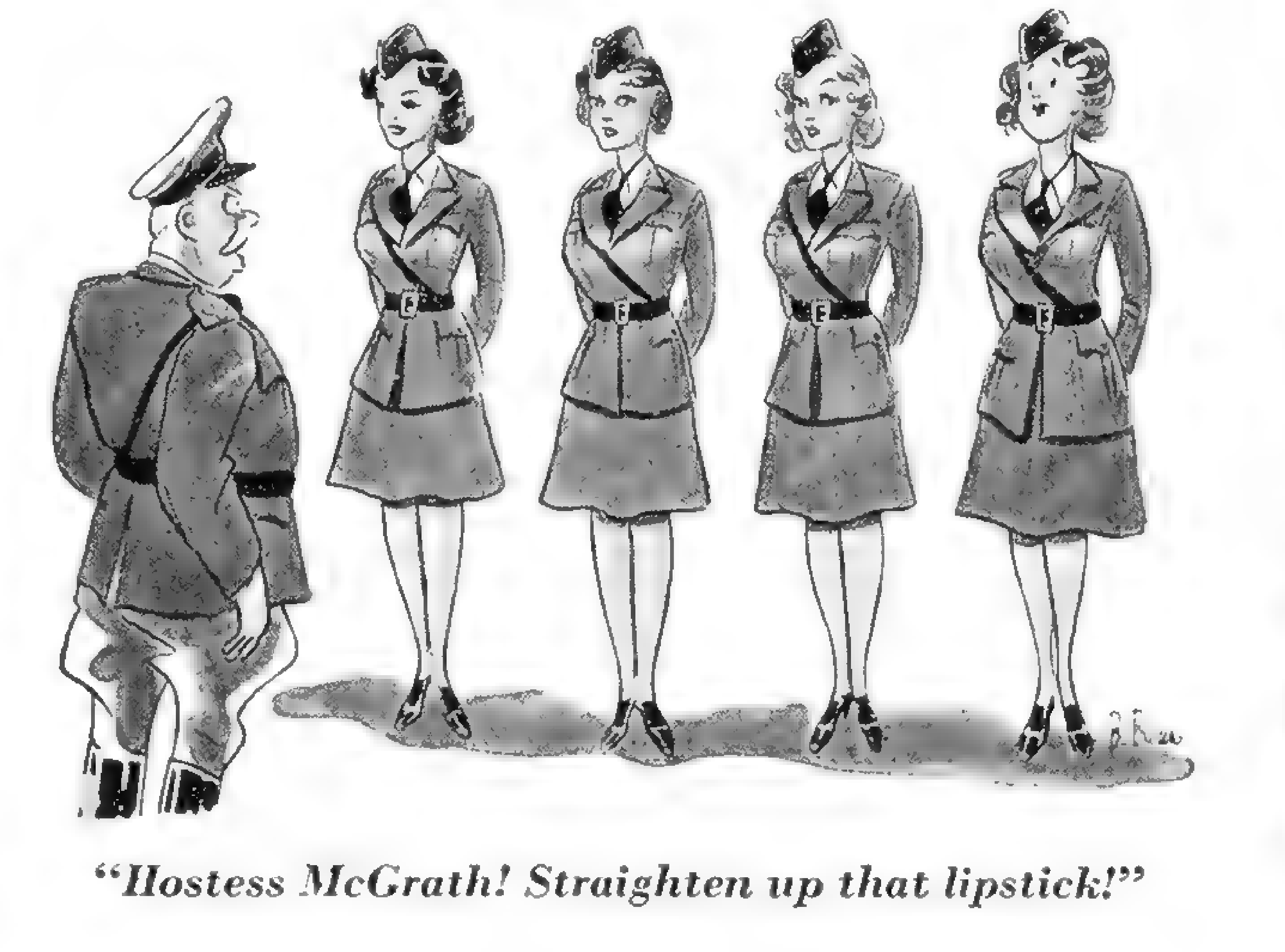
Painting the Town with Esquire

CARPERS who complain that the Stork Club (Sherman Billingsley, Prop.) is always so crowded don't seem to realize how roomy it actually is nowadays—though packed as ever. Besides the quiet Stork Cub room, there has been added of late the Loners Room with a predominantly masculine atmosphere, pine paneling, beer on draught, etc.; and upstairs over it the Blessed Event Room for private gatherings. The main show is tuned currently by Bob Grant and his orchestra, with Fausto Curbello handling the rhumba angle. Slick sardining on the dance floor.

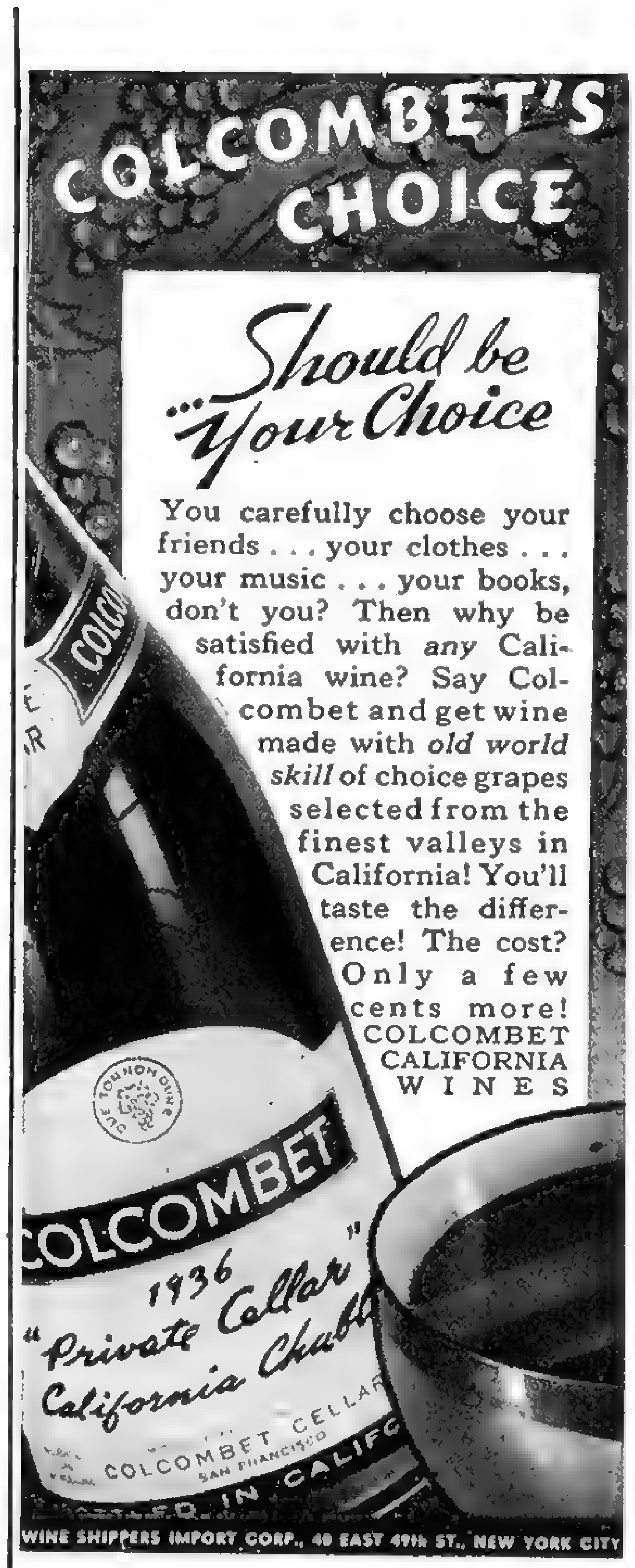
THE SUBTLE SAUCED deliciousness of Lobster à l'Américaine (emancipated from its shell) is auspiciously encountered in the mezzanined corner restaurant of the Sherry Netherland Hotel. Here one's meal may be as long and lordly as one's expansiveness may dictate; on the other hand, one may hew to the Curtain Dinner especially designed and served for the theatregoing. Quick or leisurely there's no lapse in Sherry Netherland standards of noble fastidiousness and kitchen poetry.

THE VOICE and charm of Tito Guizar find their apt setting in Fefe's enchantment infested Monte Carlo where polite hoofs are accorded the music of Ted Straeter and his electric guitaring alternate Bob Knight. Remember those fresh peeled Eves of yesteryear? Well, the eyes have a new batch of fillers this season . . . Sundown dancing with cocktails is being served to a select set at the Café Pierre as the start of that hotel's frivols of the evening. Slightly aloft, in the tastefully splendorous Cotillion Room dining occurs to the step music of gifted keyboarder Stanley Melba and his enlarged orchestra—he's grown as he's grown on us. Here headwaiter Otero and his red-breeches crew offer viands such as maitre John Bonaudi thinks up in his wizard way. Supper entertainment is stellar of the stellar.

OUR IDEA of brash ambition is to attempt to make the circuit of the Hotel Commodore's Bar—165 ft. in all—sampling the skill of each member of the white-coated platoon . . . How that fellow Eddie Davis, topping off the variety show at Leon & Eddie's, keeps them rolling down the mountain! (He's got to sing that one, no matter how many else.) Group spirit if we ever saw it . . . Treasured Tony Soma, original Tony of dizzy West 52nd, has switched back to his original address, No. 59, where he makes old friends feel at home by singing while standing on his head. Lucille Jarrott, who tailors lyrics to fit you, warbles them off merely right side up . . . Bad, bad badinage packs a terrific biff neath the laughter-strained rafters of Club 18 in the young hours of the morn . . . The bottle-adorned Caviar Restaurant, 18 East 49th, élite nest of food niceties (able to draw on the famous Vendome concern for its supplies, due to Dadone interlock), once more has Raymond as your table shepherd . . . Though eager to go all-out for war economy, Jimmy Kelly of Sullivan Street is stumped to know how to cut down on the costumes of his floor show ladies.



"Hostess McGrath! Straighten up that lipstick!"



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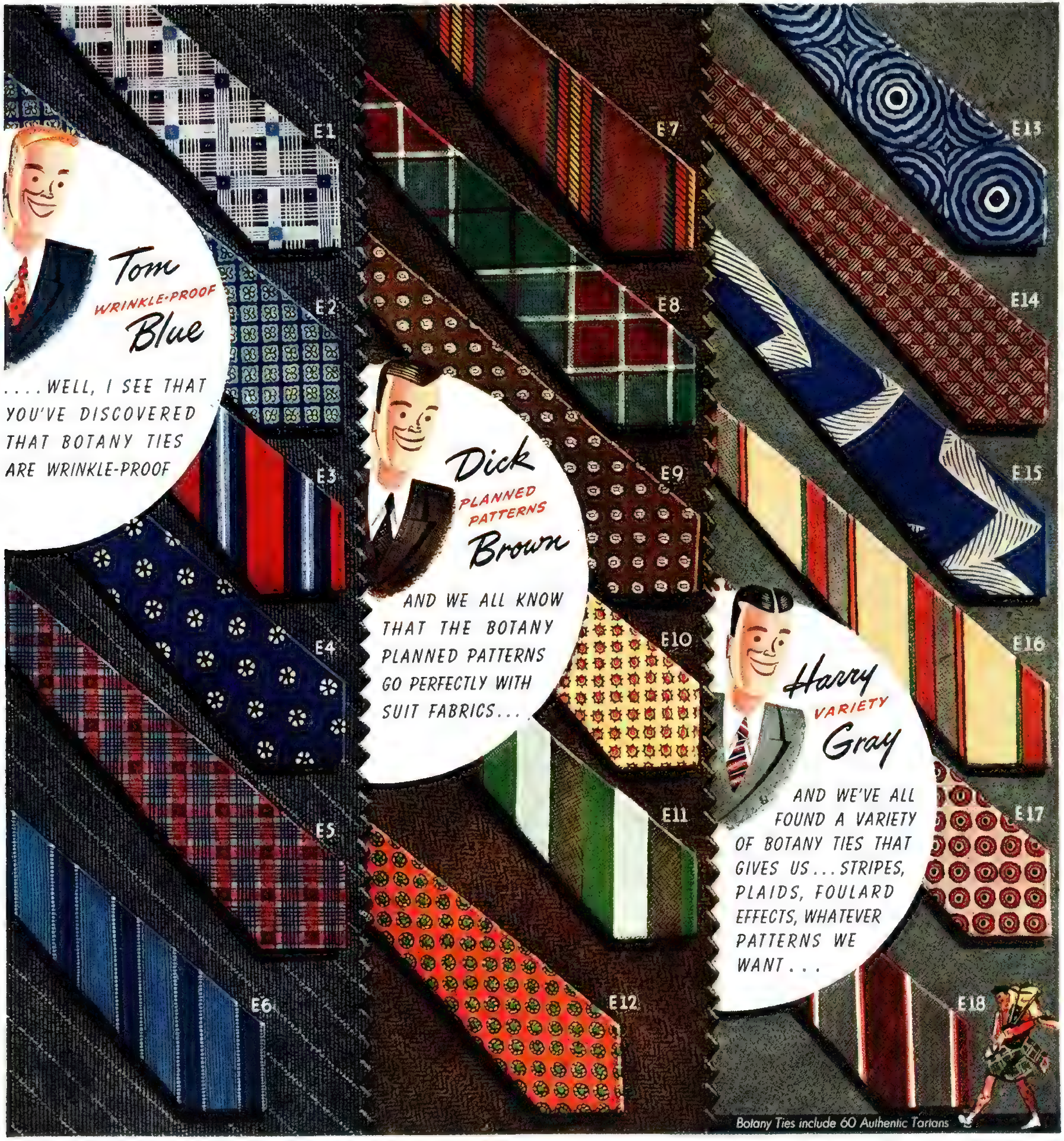
E1 SPRING PLAID...E2 FOULARD MOTIF...E3 GRENADIER STRIPE.. E4 SPRING PRINT...E5 SPRING PLAID...E6 SPRING STRIPE...E7 CHEVRON STRIPE...E8 STRATO-PRINT BOTANAIRE...E9 FOULARD MOTIF...E10 BEACH HUE (First of a series for late Spring and Summer)...E11 ASTRO-CHROM (Look for your "Lucky Birth" date)...E12 FOULARD MOTIF...E13 RESORTER PRINT...E14 FANCY CHECK ...E15 RESORTER PRINT...E16 BOTANAIRE STRIPE...E17 FOULARD MOTIF...E18 REGATTA STRIPE

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • TIES · MEN'S & WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS · NO-DYE-LOT YARNS · CERTIFIED FABRICS · ROBES · SPORTSWEAR · MUFFLERS · LANOLIN BEAUTY AIDS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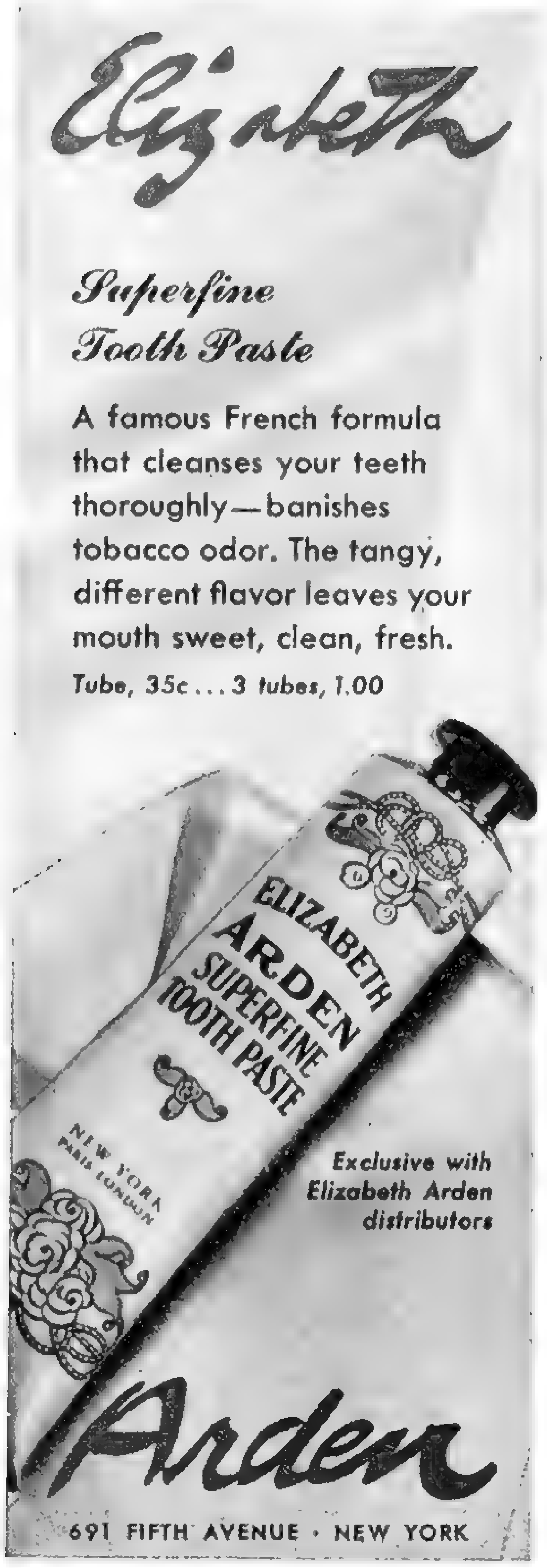
Tom WRINKLE-PROOF Blue
....WELL, I SEE THAT YOU'VE DISCOVERED THAT BOTANY TIES ARE WRINKLE-PROOF
Dick PLANNED PATTERNS Brown
AND WE ALL KNOW THAT THE BOTANY PLANNED PATTERNS GO PERFECTLY WITH SUIT FABRICS...
Harry VARIETY Gray
AND WE'VE ALL FOUND A VARIETY OF BOTANY TIES THAT GIVES US...STRIPES, PLAIDS, FOULARD EFFECTS, WHATEVER PATTERNS WE WANT...
Botany Ties include 60 Authentic Tartans

Going Places with Esquire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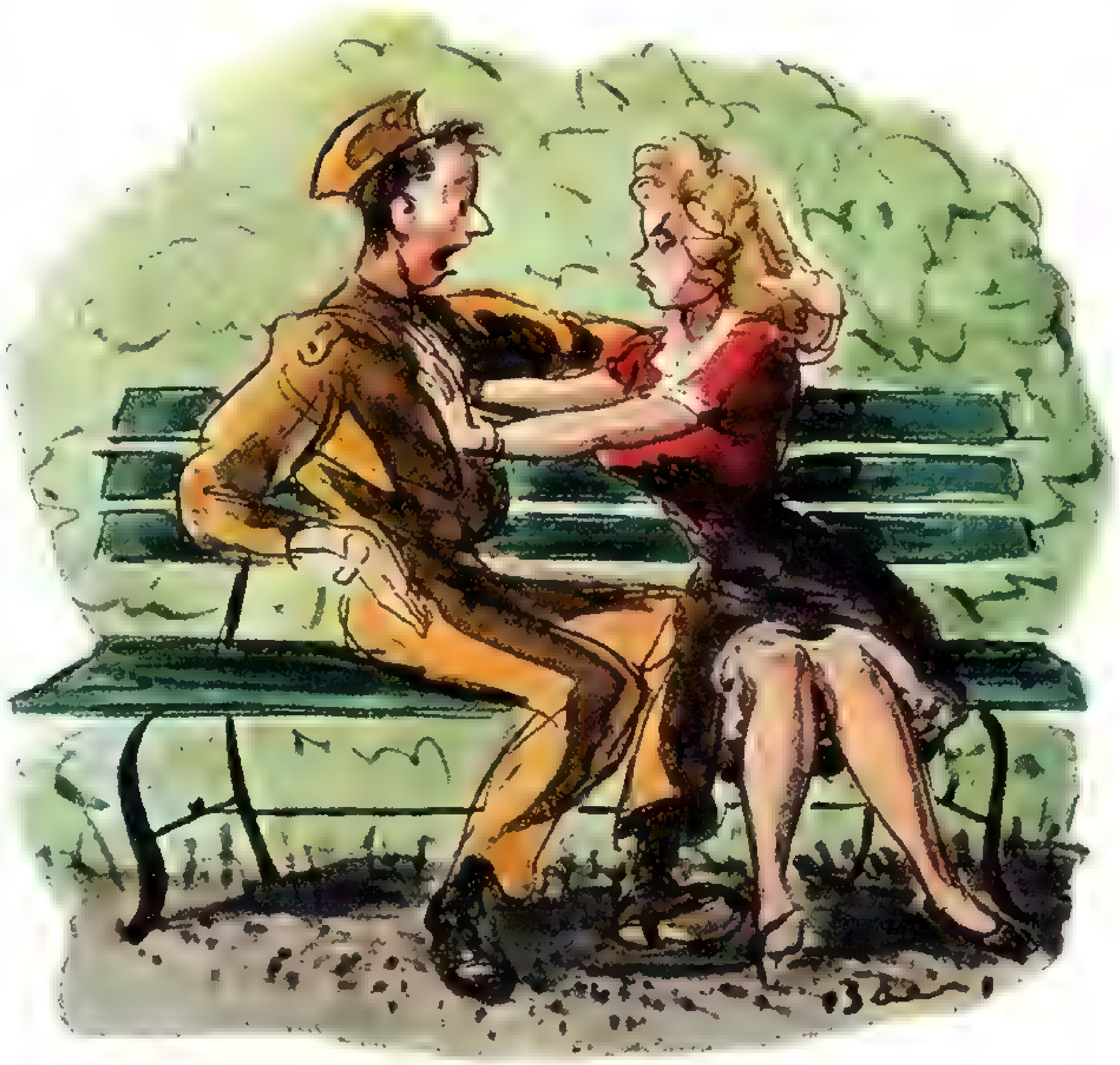
MAGNUM ARISTOCRACY shows no falling off the gilded bandwagon at El Morocco, whose zebra-chevroned décor is well-nigh blotted out with sables. Never any entertainment other than the excitement of noting who's here, but that's plenty and continuous from dinner till time to sup—at, say, 3 A.M.—on Hot Canapé, Perona, or some such exquisite trifle that maître Carino sagely suggests. So trot out your emeralds, Genevieve, and let's go.

DISCOVERED, a species of remarkably tasty smoked cheese at the Barberry Room. Yessir, made in America . . . And have you tried those simply amazing Canneloni of Chicken, Portugaise, at Theodore's, with which a bottle of GoLan Claret consorts ideally? Or that same restaurant's gossamery fritters with zabaglione? (Not that we expect gratitude for the info, you glutton.) . . . And have you gazed at the Castleholm's folk dancing through rosy glasses composed of aquavit? Well, that's why smörgasbord was born—for ballast . . . Responding to complaints of how distracting it is to lunch or dine among quipsters and beauties of the stage and screen, wayward inner Frank Case has broken out an Algonquin cook-tome by the name of *Feeding the Lions*, which enables you to prepare and serve at home. Why doesn't he save us the trouble by sending over chef Otto?

COCKTAILS ARE PLEASANTLY danced to at the Waldorf-Astoria's Lounge Restaurant. If you prefer to sit still with no music, there's the Tony-Sarged Oasis and sundry other Peacock Alley Cafés, not to mention the imposing Norse Grill located in the upper Lexington corner of this many-mooded caravansarai . . . We like the whimsy of 49th-streeter Zucca who has equipped his hors d'oeuvre barrow with a miniature squeak-horn à la Paris taxicab, to avoid traffic accidents between tables.

GENIAL YALEMAN-ABOUT-TOWN David Cowles has given the metropolis something new and distinctive in the epicurean dining field, under the name of Penguin Club, 244 East 51st. You sip your cocktail beside an open fireplace, and progress to a high-ceiled, snug-sofaed refectory, of choice bedizenment and appointments. Anything offered proves sublime, such as soup of fresh peas and Australian clams, curried turkey in pancake slacks, etc. Wines are served in his personal stemware. Aloft on the mezzanine are antique tables for backgammon, rummy of the gin, and what not. Trouble is, you feel like quitting your diggings and turning Penguin for keeps, and milord Cowles hasn't even a trundle bed to spare: he just feeds and charms people, making the word "guest" no gag.



"Remember, Honey, that it took an Act of Congress to get us together"

FILMOFOAM
Elizabeth Arden
Elizabeth

Filmofoam

Magic substitute for soap scented with Blue Grass. A single tissue-thin wafer melts into a fine lather to cleanse your hands thoroughly and leaved them refreshed.

Now—buy Filmofoam for 50c
1 package of 25 wafers
3 packages, 1.50
14 packages, 6.00 plus taxes

Arden

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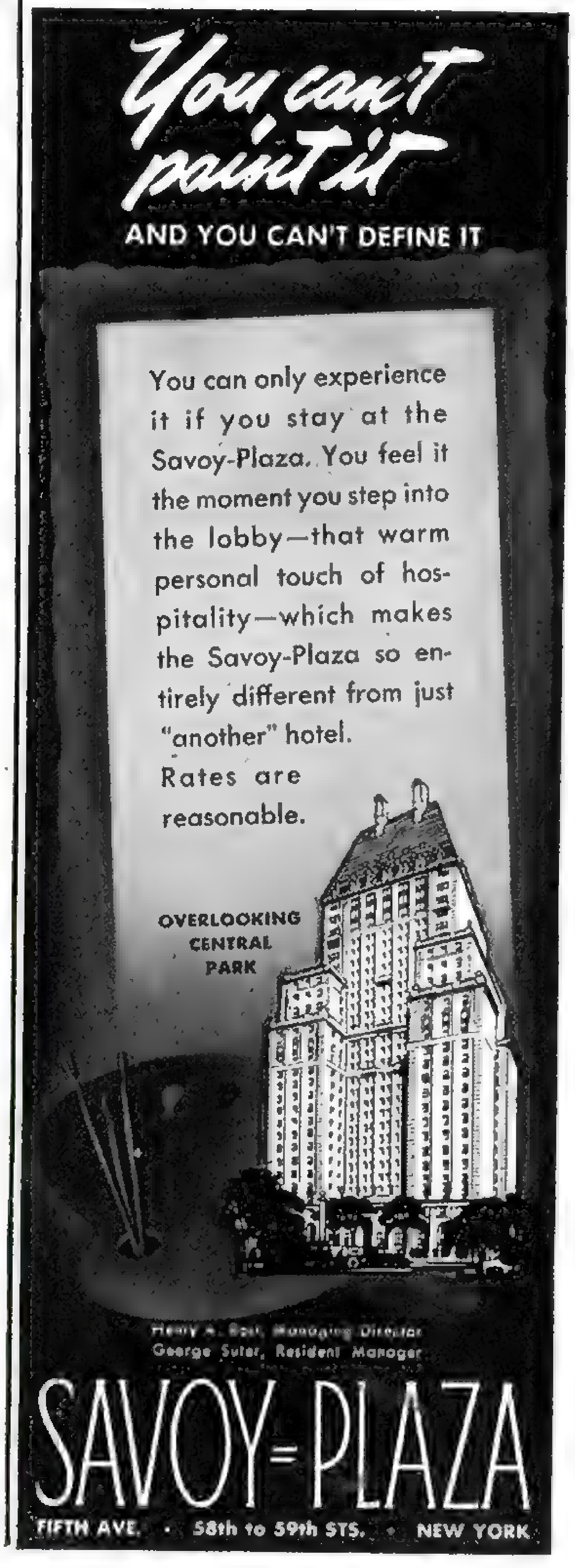

You can't paint it

AND YOU CAN'T DEFINE IT

You can only experience it if you stay at the Savoy-Plaza. You feel it the moment you step into the lobby—that warm personal touch of hospitality—which makes the Savoy-Plaza so entirely different from just "another" hotel. Rates are reasonable.

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BEST WILL DO,
REMEMBER . . .

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OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market.
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AMERICA'S GUEST WHISKY

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Stuart Cloete

Born in Paris and educated in England, Stuart Cloete served with the Coldstream Guards during the first World War and farmed for fifteen years in South Africa, the region his Dutch ancestors colonized in 1652. He is the author of *The Turning Wheels*, *Watch for the Dawn*, *Yesterday is Dead*, and most recently, *The Hill of Doves*. He lives in New York and contributes stories to the *Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Vogue*, and *Redbook*.

•

Henry Vance, co-author of *The Feathered Phantom*, conducts a column for *The Birmingham News* entitled *The Coal Bin*. He has served seven years as a sports editor of *The Birmingham News* and Hearst's *Georgian-American* in Atlanta; was journalism teacher and public relations man for Southern College in Lakeland, Florida, sports and news commentator on the radio and even did a stretch as a black-face comedian in a radio feature known as Henry and Percy. He has had some sixty short stories published in the slicks and pulps; one emerged as an MGM movie: *Diamond Handcuffs*.

•

Captain R. G. Emery says: "The beaver is not what the well-groomed officer is wearing, merely the most notable trophy of a hunting trip which I was lucky enough to get in, just before we got down to business . . . I raised my right hand and took the oath for the first time on the Plain at West Point fifteen years ago, when I was seventeen. Except for one short stretch as a sports-writer and one year as an English teacher, I have been under the gun ever since. I have served in Germany, Hawaii and pretty well covered the country at home. I joined the Fourth three years ago and now command B Company, the outfit part of which was massacred with Dade in 1833. I have published articles and fiction in about a dozen magazines, and one book, not recommended reading."

Captain R. G. Emery

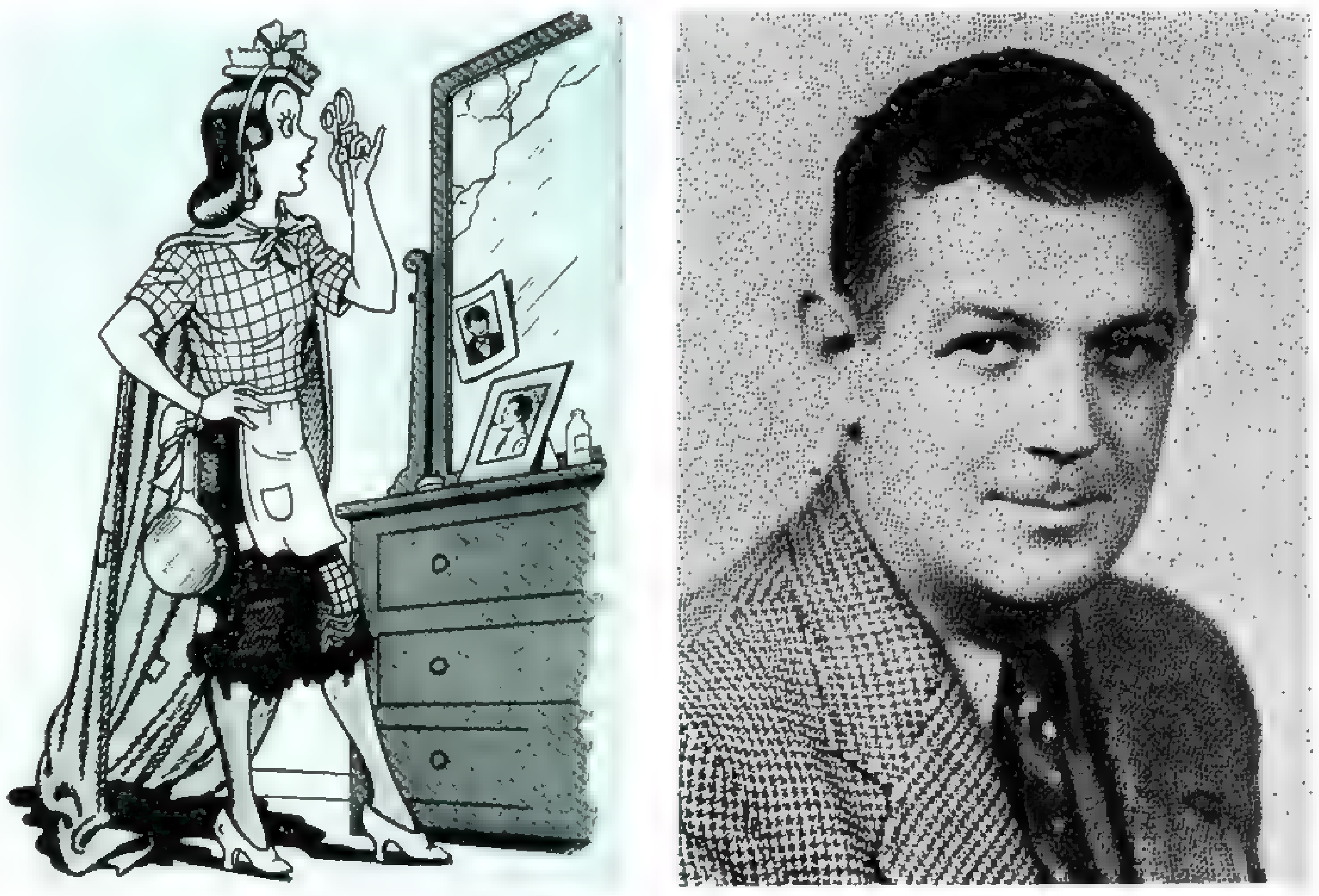
•

Vincent D. Lunny lives in Westmount, Quebec, is an associate sports editor and columnist on the *Montreal Standard*. Within the last year he has written two sport novels, *Murder on Ice* and *The Pennant Waves*. He says he has never seen a rejection slip.

Zipp Newman has been identified with sports from his days as a prep athlete through twenty-two years as sports editor of *The Birmingham News*—except for a break during World War I when he helped run a government hospital. He doesn't recognize any one section as tops in football. He asserts his tales of hunting are not hearsay: he has endured hell for a shot at a gobbler, and walked miles to miss a shot at a jumping buck.

•

Dr. Orlando F. Scott was operating eleven first aid stations in Chicago factory districts at the outbreak of the last war. He served with the BEF until America got into action, then became military surgeon in Evacuation Hospital No. 1 AEF. Aside from his industrial practice as a neurological surgeon he has served on the Lunacy Commission of Cook County, and done considerable research in the field of lie detection. He is director of the National Detection Laboratories.



Reading left to right, Ella Cinders and her strip-artist, Charlie Plumb

Following the last Armistice, Charlie Plumb arrived in Chicago with an army overcoat, a pocketful of pencils and an ambition to take over John T. McCutcheon's job. Two years in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts gave him his art training. Came various jobs such as printer's devil, furniture salesman, travel with a Chautauqua, pumping gasoline and trying to sell furnaces in California. He finally landed a job as front-page cartoonist on Ward Neff's Corn Belt Farm Dailies, which later led to running a publicity and cartoon service for the American Farm Bureau Federation. Journeying to Hollywood, he took a shot at animated cartoons. His next move was to the *Los Angeles Times*, where he became Art Editor of the *Times Preview Magazine*. There Bill Conselman, one of the editors and he cooked up the idea of a comic based on the Cinderella theme—and Ella Cinders was born. Twice married and once divorced, he has four children, and now lives in Mexico.

H. Dyson Carter, a research chemist who lives in Winnipeg, Canada, assures us that the new treatment for colds discussed in his article, *Colds Are Curable*, has been thoroughly and carefully tested. Mr. Carter is the author of *Patents: Monopoly's Darlings* which appeared in Ken several years ago and incited a lot of controversy.

•

It Will Grow On You is the first short story Donald Wandrei has written for a couple of years. The bulk of his time has lately been devoted to the writing of plays and to being one half of the book publishing firm of Arkham House, in St. Paul, Minnesota. And his natural bent for horror is expended in his favorite hobby—hunting wild mushrooms. He says "This is certainly one of the world's more perilous sports. The ways in which you can maim or kill yourself while searching for wild mushrooms are nearly endless, and as for eating them, you are permitted to make only one mistake about a poisonous specimen."

Edmund Gilligan

Edmund Gilligan served as a Quartermaster on a submarine chaser during the last war. Afterward he studied at Harvard and did newspaper work in Boston during the stormy days of the police strike. Thus he got something of a head start for spinning tales of action and heroic adventure. His first novel, *Boundary Against Night*, was considered a direct frontal attack on the stream of consciousness school. *Strangers on the Vly*, his third and most recent novel has, like the preceding ones and *The Hanging of Hey Olferen*, (page 64) a Bannon as its principal character.

•

Back in 1924 and '25 Marshall Diebold won All-Conference and All-Western honors playing Guard for Dr. Walter Meanwell's Wisconsin basketball team. Today he is secretary-treasurer of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, headquartering at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. There he coaches basketball and baseball besides acting as Athletic Director and Assistant Dean of Men. In eleven years his Carleton Basketball teams have won five Midwest conference titles, lost only nine out of eighty-eight home games, knocked off large schools like Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska.

Marshall Diebold

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IN THIS NEW SPRING STYLE CREATION
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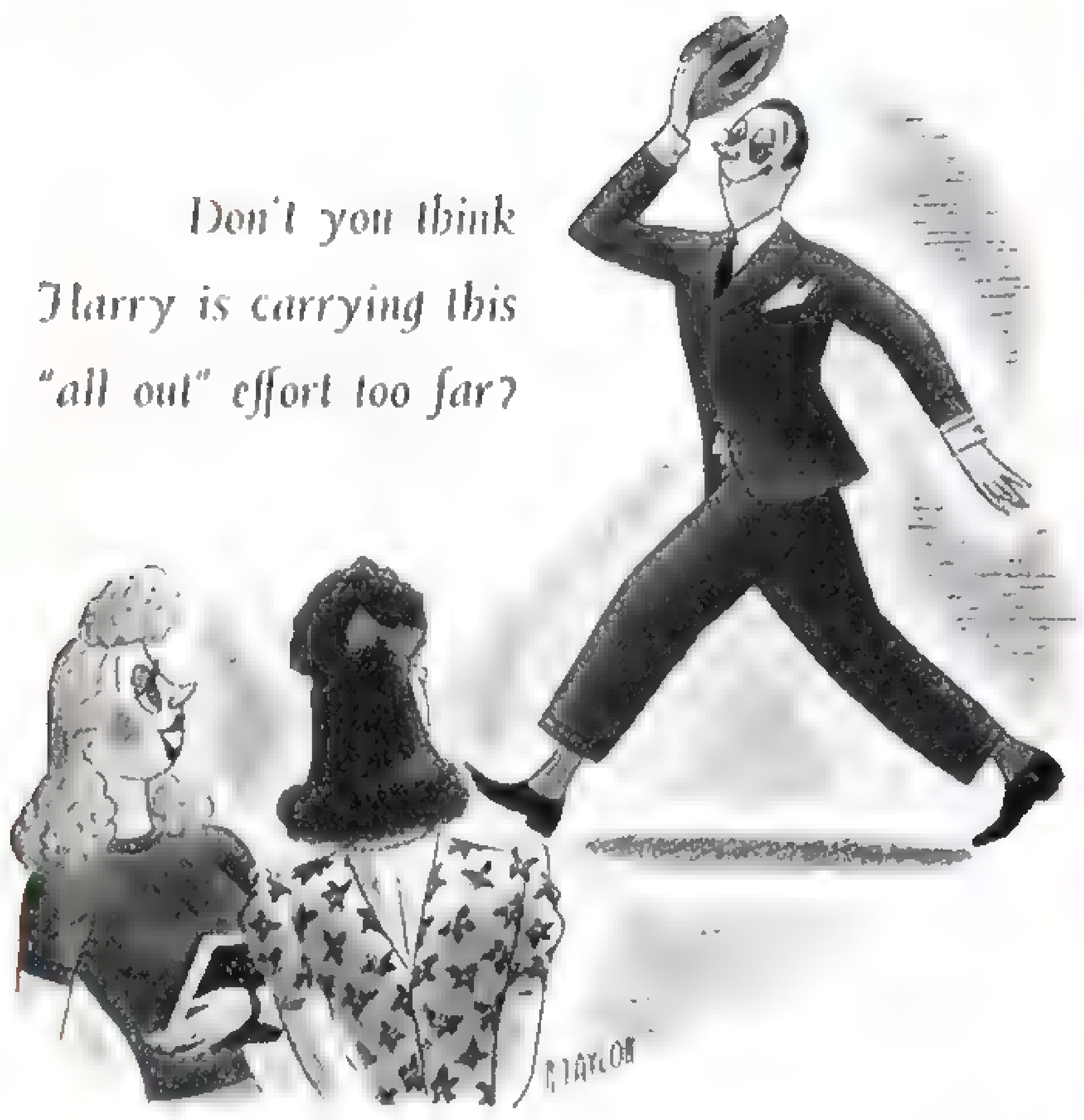


Don't you think Harry is carrying this "all out" effort too far?

exaggerated, perhaps

is the situation sketched . . . but suits (?) almost as exaggerated in their lack of fitting qualities are actually being bought today by "Harrys" who aren't wary. And the worst of it is that such suits are as demoralizing as a fifth columnist.

So, in the interests of natural defense of your ego and your wallet, you'd better make sure that the next suit you select is one by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

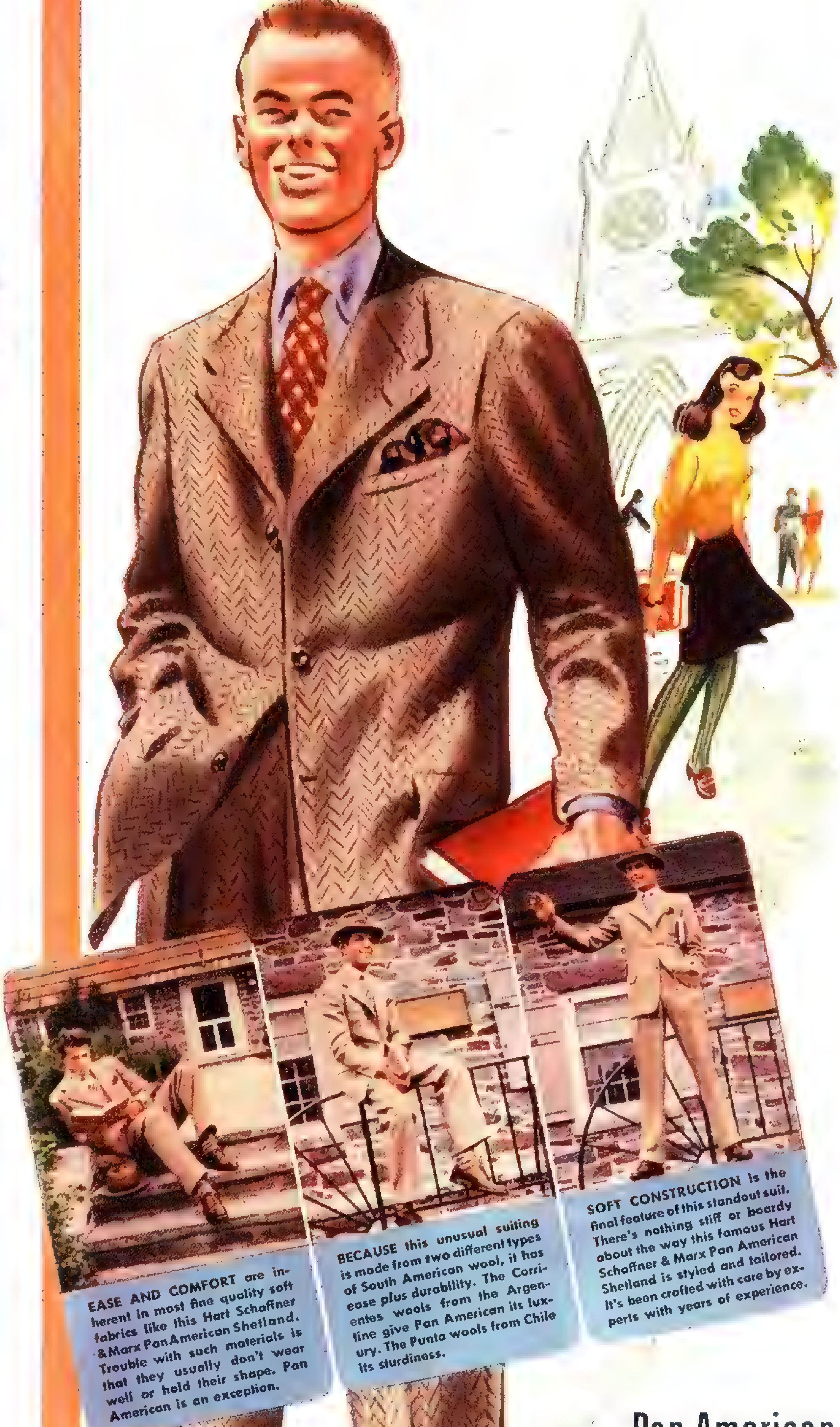
Why get all worn out traipsing about to find out that a lot of clothiers are "all out" of suits that are all-wool . . . "all out" of your size, "all out" of the style you want? (We could keep this up 'til we're all out of breath.)

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CRAFTSMEN aren't inflationists but, on the other hand, they have, now as always, refused to skimp on anything! That's why Hart Schaffner & Marx suits wear without growing weary . . . look as well at six months, after you've put them on, as the day you bought them.

Naturally, with things as they are, we've had to up prices a slight bit because we won't compromise on quality . . . but we're willing to wager that the fine Pan American Shetland shown here is still one of the style and value champs of the country at the price.

If you're from Missouri, or any of the other 47 states, stop in at the Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in your town this week . . . and let him show you what we mean.

NOW MORE THAN EVER
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
BUT A BIG THING TO FIND



EASE AND COMFORT are inherent in most fine quality soft fabrics like this Hart Schaffner & Marx Pan American Shetland. Trouble with such materials is that they usually don't wear well or hold their shape. Pan American is an exception.

BECAUSE this unusual suiting is made from two different types of South American wool, it has ease *plus* durability. The Corrientes wools from the Argentine give Pan American its luxury. The Punta wools from Chile its sturdiness.

SOFT CONSTRUCTION is the final feature of this standout suit. There's nothing stiff or boardy about the way this famous Hart Schaffner & Marx Pan American Shetland is styled and tailored. It's been crafted with care by experts with years of experience.

Pan American Shetlands

—offer you smart style and year-round utility at a very down-to-earth price. Stop in at the Hart Schaffner & Marx store in your town, this week, and select one or several of these exceptional garments. Not only is Pan American the perfect suit for campus, week-end or business wear—but the trousers will make an excellent pair of slacks—the coat a good-looking odd jacket.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

The Last Year of the Great War

Looking backward from a future American history to sum up the series of shocks by which the Axis "was finally defeated"

by GEORGE ANTHEIL

FANTASY

The final twelvemonth of any great war is ever apt to be sensational in its *denouement.* The last year of "World War II" (as it was then called) proved to be no exception. Indeed, it even went far beyond all previous wars in its almost unbroken series of unexpected climaxes. Chief amongst these—or at least first in sequence—must certainly be reckoned the totally unforeseen collapse of Japan. But hardly any the less extraordinary was the fall of the Hitler regime, the "come-back" of France, and, finally, the unexpected rigidity of the Germans in the face of total defeat—especially during those last weeks of the March Upon Berlin.

A strange twelvemonth indeed—and one that will be long remembered!

* * *

The Great War ended, of course, upon May 25, 1943, or almost one full year ahead of the date set for it by the best contemporaneous military opinion. How strange that this date should have been a year, almost to the very day, after the great Japanese naval defeat of May 23, 1942!

Or, perhaps again, it was not strange at all—for, certainly, that was the beginning of the end, although we were not aware of it at the time. We bewailed the fact that whereas many of the main units of the Japanese Fleet had been sunk—nevertheless substantial units of it had also escaped. However, we were not without excuse for this momentary shortsightedness, for, up until May 23, 1942, certainly, the A.B.C.D. Powers had suffered only unending series of defeats at the hand of Japan—defeats that had begun to wither our souls and cause the entire Americo-Australian peoples to become deeply apprehensive. No wonder, then, that we were prone so loudly to regret the escape of even one Japanese battleship!

But the victory had nevertheless been brilliant! For upon this May 23, 1942, our reinforced Asiatic Fleet caught the main Japanese Fleet out in the China Sea, 350 miles off Singapore. Most of the Japanese Fleet was sunk, its striking power destroyed. This, most emphatically, was the beginning of the end of the entire Axis dream—to say nothing of the Japanese militarists.

This, then, must certainly be reckoned amongst the very first of the great surprises of the last twelvemonth. However, and scarcely two days later, Germany—feeling herself forced to play her next-to-last trump card—gave us our second great surprise—she actually launched that much talked-about attack upon Africa. In the late spring! It was literally unbelievable because ever since December, 1941, Germany had propagandized this drive over and over again; at last not a soul believed it; moreover, the ceaseless hammer blows of the Russians were believed to have incapacitated her for such a new gigantic venture.

Simultaneously—as one arm of the German pincers passed Gibraltar and oozed out along the West African coast towards Dakar—great and sudden Axis Fifth Column apparitions made frightening appearance in various parts of South America.

Fortunately, these were quickly subjugated. But they drew *our* attention away from Dakar itself, and for a few weeks the situation was considered alarming in the extreme.

The massive German Frankenstein monster had somehow come alive again! For not only did he strike at Gibraltar, Malta, Tripoli, Libya and Palestine (via Crete) but he also launched a brand new counter-offensive against Russia.

The German offensive on Africa commenced upon the dawn of May 26, 1942—the new offensive against Russia commenced upon June 2, a few days later.

* * *

We therefore had but little time to enjoy the taste of our new victory, nor did the German people have time to discover much about the disastrous Far Eastern naval engagement. In these preliminary operations, then, were completed the next-to-final phase of the Great War; the great winter-spring drive of the Russians had about expended itself; the Germans and Italians were practically out of North Africa when the Germans began their multiple pronged push.

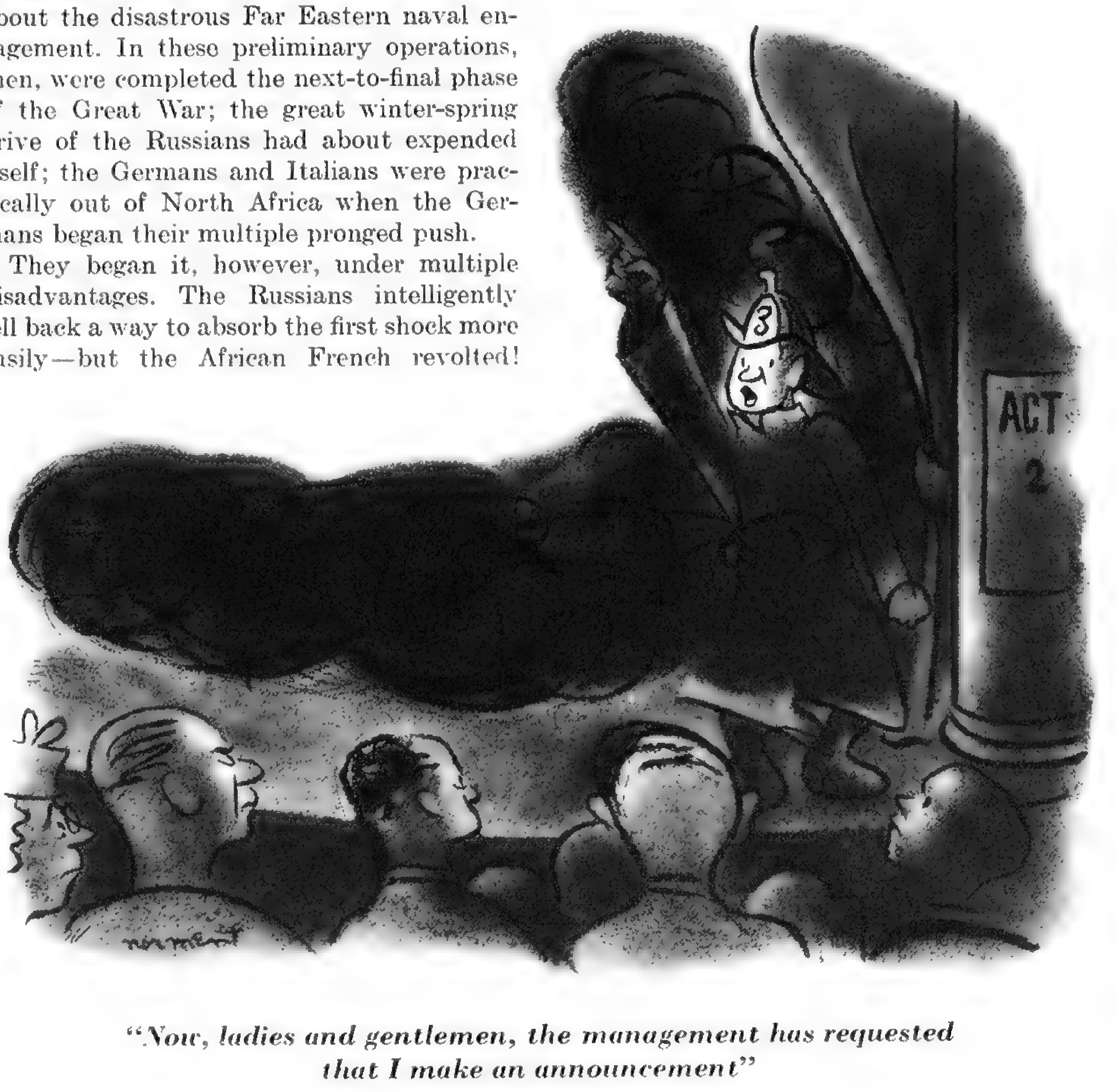
They began it, however, under multiple disadvantages. The Russians intelligently fell back a way to absorb the first shock more easily—but the African French revolted! From Dakar to Gabes the fighting raged, and this provided the pivotal point by which the whole new German African venture was speedily sprung to nought. This, in turn, provided repercussions at home and upon the Russian front—and the infant German counteroffensive towards Smolensk stopped prematurely in its tracks!

In July, 1942, the Chinese armies advanced down the Malayan Peninsula—greatly outnumbering the Japs. Stoutly reinforced by new naval contingents, and also by a greatly reinforced A.B.C.D. airpower, a decisive defeat in this quarter was administered to the Japanese—and when news of this reached Tokyo consternation reigned.

The Japanese man-on-the-street had long been under the impression that Singapore and the Dutch East Indies were finished, cut-and-dried affairs—long ago written off the books.

In mid-August, 1942, the final repercussions of the ill-advised German offensives of that June now manifested themselves in the most surprising and electrifying news of all:—Adolf Hitler, the great bogeyman of the

Continued on page 168



"Now, ladies and gentlemen, the management has requested that I make an announcement"

Battleship Into Action

Now after the long training the Captain knew his crew and ship were welded into a massive unit, equal to any emergency

by COMDR. G. HACKFORTH-JONES, R. N.

• FICTION •

The Yeoman of Signals scribbled for dear life on a signal pad and raced up the short ladder to the Compass Platform. "Commander in Chief to Ships' in Company," he read out "prepare for immediate action."

The Captain nodded and said something in an undertone to the Officer of the Watch who in his turn spoke quietly down a voicepipe. The result of these nods and whispers then became apparent. Bugles, alarm gongs and pipes sounded everywhere ordering the crew to action stations. There was a mighty scuffling of feet on ladders, and the superstructure of the Battleship suddenly seemed to be crowded with men who had sprung into their action stations as if through trapdoors. In a few minutes fourteen hundred men were at their posts waiting like a gigantic orchestra for the Conductor to lead them off in the Symphony which they had practiced so often. It had been difficult not to get stale and contemptuous of the familiar strains which had long lost their novelty but now at last they were to give a public performance, their first. It might well depend on their execution whether another performance would be asked from them some other time—the audience was a ruthless one and gave no second chances to inefficients.

The Battle Squadron steamed steadily onwards.

The sound of the bugles came as no surprise, for from the Commander down to the youngest boy aboard, the Call had been expected by everyone and yet, now that it had come, it was surprising just the same.

The Commander was sitting at his desk in his cabin at this moment. He had been writing his usual letter home and had just said that "life goes on pretty well just the same. We are always chasing after the enemy but he is a slippery devil and doesn't want to meet us." The words looked out of date already. He rose quickly, grabbed the accoutrements necessary for his Action Station and walked forward.

There was much in what he observed to give him satisfaction, for in the brief minute that had elapsed since the calling of hands to action stations, much had already been accomplished. Small parties of men clothed in anti-flash gear were unreeling hoses and erecting blast screens, others armed with an assortment of tools were placing them handy. Everywhere there was a quick and purposeful movement which spoke volumes for the training and discipline of the crew.

The Commander's duties at Action Stations were not spectacular. As second in command he must necessarily remain in reserve and in a position remote from the Captain's in case an unlucky shot were to deprive the ship of her leader; his station was therefore in the Lower Conning Tower, one of the numerous positions from which the ship could be steered if the Upper Conning Tower were knocked out and from this place he directed the activities of the Fire and Repair Parties. Prompt action on his part might save the ship but in common with many of the crew he was deprived of all sight of the enemy.

Having ascertained that everything was ready in his department he beckoned to his "Doggy," a Midshipman who acted as A.D.C. or as a humorist had expressed it, "a medium of abuse between two officers of unequal seniority" and together they set out on a tour of inspection between decks accompanied by the Chief Boatswain's Mate and a young Ordinary Seaman.

Walking about a ship that is closed up for Action is not simple. Every water-tight door is shut and strongly clipped and every hatch closed but the Commander is an important man and doors were made for opening and so by slow degrees they arrived at the Sick Bay. The Surgeon Commander in charge looked up as the visitors arrived. He was grave and purposeful and there was something a trifle disconcerting in the elaborate preparations for receiving the wounded that he was so busily superintending. The Midshipman, whose eighteenth birthday was still far distant, felt his heart beating quickly. This is rather beastly he thought—I hope I won't make an ass of myself when the fun starts. Many who were going into action for the first time harbored such thoughts and some there were who showed it by yawns and restless movements similar to those of a boxer entering the ring for his first fight or a sprinter waiting for his heat to be raced.

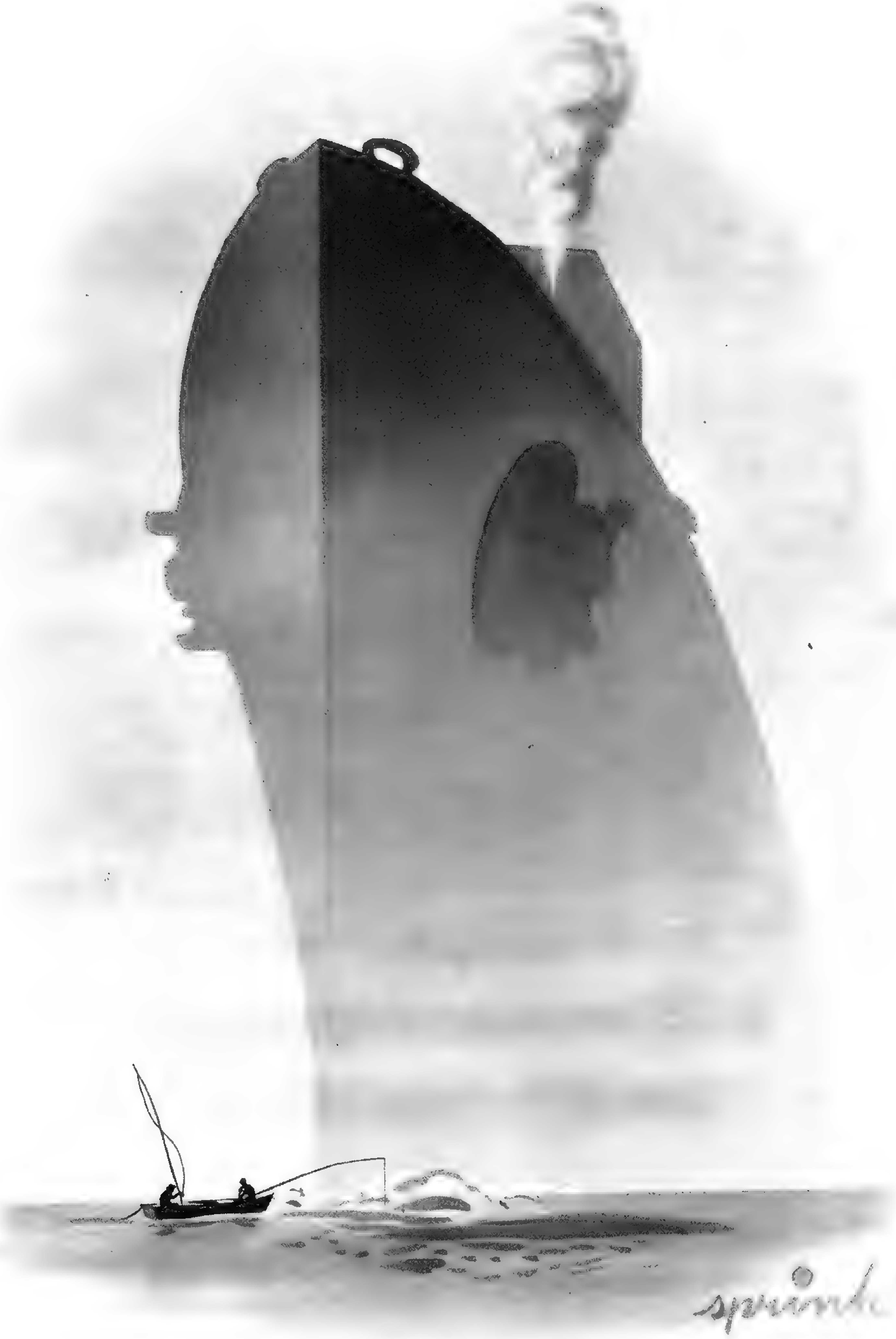
They left the Doctor and his satellites happily playing with their bandages and climbing to the upper deck entered the fore superstructure where the ship's galley was situated. There were great scenes of activity here for the dinner hour was approaching and the men must be fed even at action stations.

A dozen cooks were cutting sandwiches for fourteen hundred hungry men; great mounds of sliced bread were waiting to be filled with generous portions of bully beef and mustard pickles. The Chief Cook bustled across and saluted the Commander. "It'll be ready by noon, Sir, if we get a move on," he said and went back to his work.

The party moved on and for a brief moment the Midshipman had a glimpse of the outside world through an open access door onto the upper deck. He saw a grey smooth sea and a great white furrow of foam which ran ceaselessly from the stern out to a position abreast the battleship where it changed into a series of waves. A mile or so beyond, he could see one of the destroyer screen, her stern tucked well down, an indication of high speed, and her upper deck alive with the men

"Now this is a three inch gun—this is a torpedo—and that is an ocean—the Pacific to be exact!"

Continued on page 100



"I know it's silly—but I could have sworn I heard a cow just then!"

There's No Place Like Home

All Smoot had to do was deliver sixteen draftee recruits to their training camp in the East, and New York was his oyster

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

"How long," said Sergeant Smoot, "am I been in the army, Corky?"

"How would I know," said Corky Smith. "Why don't you write to the Department of Weights and Measures and ast them?"

Smoot, his back propped against the pillow on his bunk, stared reflectively at the barrack ceiling. "Anyway, it is seven or nine years at the very lease."

"What's the matter? Are you thinkin' of writin' up your self-autobiography or something?"

"No," said Sergeant Smoot. "I am ony jist thinkin' that in all my seven or nine years in the army, I guess this is the first time I ever go and draw down a nice assignment."

"What is so nice about it?"

"A free trip to New York is a nice assignment," said Sergeant Smoot. "All I have got to do in the next week is to deliver sixteen draftee recruits up to their new training camp back East."

"Personally," said Corky Smith, "I would not care to be gave the assignment of delivering sixteen draftee recruits across the company street."

Smoot clasped his hands behind his head and blinked contentedly. "By this time the day after tomorrow I will be standin' on the corner of Fifth Avenoo and Forty-Second Street lookin' up at the Woolworth Buildin'."

"And then some guy will probly come along and sell it to you," Corky commented caustically. An uncomplaining Sergeant Smoot was a little hard to take. It was unnatural.

Smoot grinned superiorly. "Any time I go to New York and buy the Woolworth Buildin' on my pay I will be gittin' it at a bargain. Don't be a case of the little foxes and the sour grapes, Corky. When I come back I'll bring you a nice silverneer of the Big Town." He gazed ahead of him dreamily. "Fifth Avenoo . . . Riverside Park . . ."

The morning following this conversation Smoot at last managed successfully to get his detail of newly inducted recruits entrained. For the five hundredth time he counted heads, sixteen of them, sighed with profound relief, then sank into the double seats he had reserved at the end of the car for himself. Three of them had lost track of their barrack bags, one hadn't known he was going, one had taken castor oil the evening before and was there one moment and gone the next, two others had girls to say goodby to, a guy named Feluppo who didn't speak very lucid English kept calling him Sergeant Smut, another missing member was finally found eating a second breakfast in the mess hall.

Now finally they were all aboard and under way. Smoot looked out of the window at the swift moving scenery as the train gathered momentum. He and his detail had a whole daycoach to themselves, with a store of light rations to last them while en route. The man named Feluppo claimed to have cooked at a mining camp in New Mexico, and to him Smoot assigned the coffee and sandwich making. A Western boy with a body the size of a statue by Gutzon Borglum had begun to strum an instrument he called a geetar. Plaintively he sang:

Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose-tint of health
By the hand of disease had turned pale,
And the death damp was on the pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Sergeant Smoot hung his feet up on the opposite cushion and relaxed his tired muscles. The troubadour went on with his melancholy ballad:

"I go," she said, "to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale."
'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.

"Excuse me please," said Feluppo. "I theenk I don't fine the knife."

"What knife?" asked Smoot, startled from his reverie.

"The knife for to makin' the sam hamwidges. I am preparation to relieve the starvation at lunge time but eet ees unpossible to chop apart this loafs of bread for sam hamwidges without such a knife."

Smoot accompanied his chef back to the little improvised galley. He found the knife without much trouble. "Sergeant Smut, *gracias.*" Feluppo beamed. "I theenk I am a leetle cockeyed in my looks bicause I don' seen that knife wherever. From now on I weel bigeen a preparation for this delicious bill of fare. Thank you."

A little while later all hell broke loose in the daycoach. Smoot leaped up from his cushioned retreat. A magnificent riot was in progress. Recruits lay strewn in the aisles. Wild yells and confusion filled the car. "ATTENTION!" roared the sergeant. "What the hell's the matter in here?"

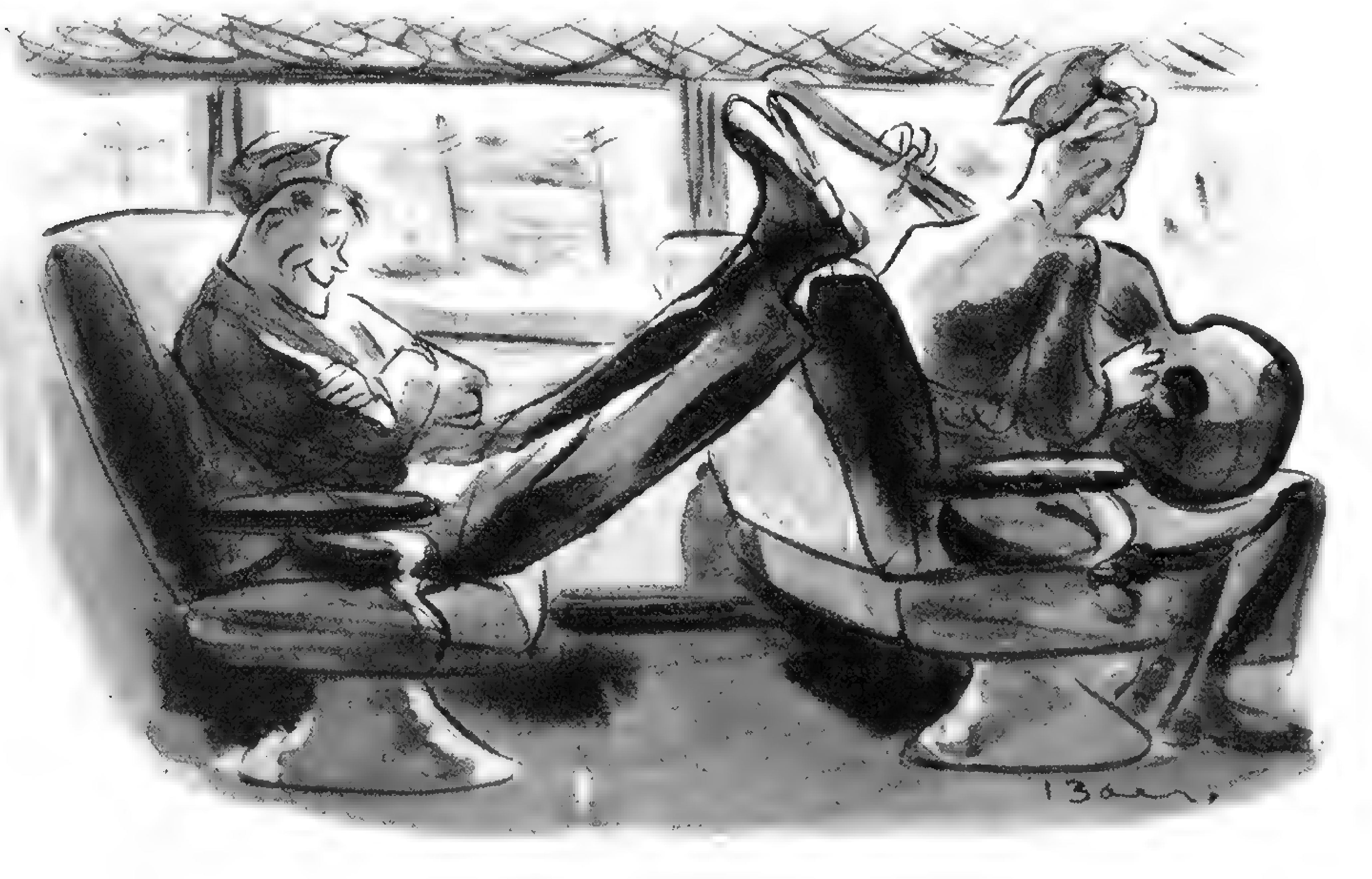
The sixteen men paused in their frantic attitudes. The geetar player stood with a big round wad of newspaper under his arm. "Aw shucks, sarge, we're jest playin' a little game for the fun of it. We're Michigan and they're Notre Dame. Whoever gits this here football into the other side's lavatory first scores a touchdown."

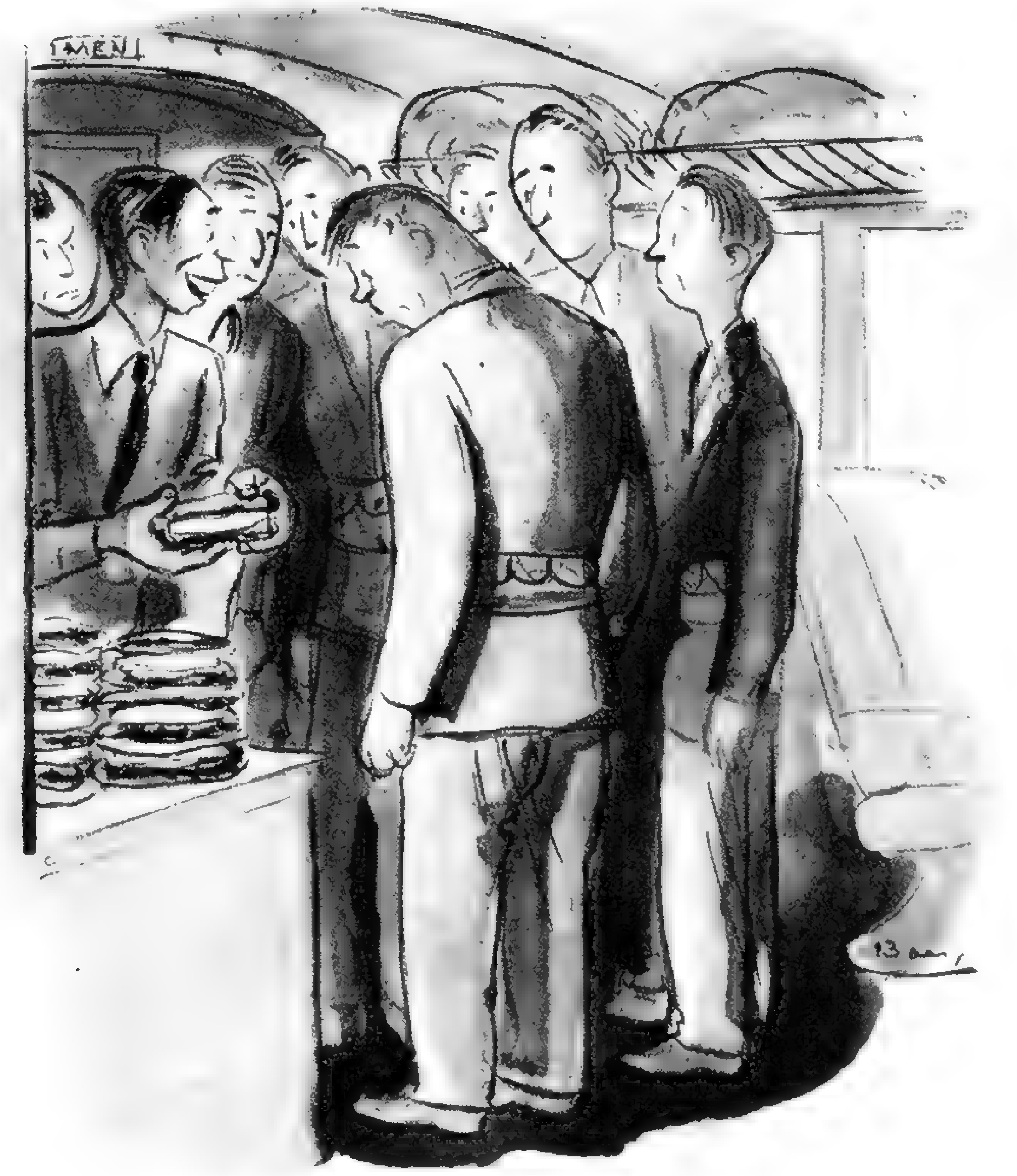
Smoot beat his forehead. "Gimme that paper. Back to your seats. This ain't the Rose Bowl in here."

He was about to launch into an exordium and a philippic or two on the philosophy of military discipline when Feluppo stepped proudly out of the galley and announced the completion of his preparations for lunch. "The bill of fare is now on the menu," he called. "Twelve o'clock. Come and take it."

The recruits piled up at the doorway to the galley. "What's this?" said the geetar player. There was a puzzled murmur from the rest of the men.

"Sam hamwidges," said Feluppo. "Hold





forth the conteen cups for these remarkable nice coffee."

"The man's screwy!"

"Get a load of these sandwiches, sarge."

Smoot worked his way through the crowd of hungry men, then stood gazing speechlessly at the pile of sandwiches Private Feluppo had begun handing out. Army "ham" is a rubbery kind of meat loaf, not quite so delicate in texture as its civilian counterpart. Feluppo had hacked it into fine thick masculine slabs. Between each two slices of ham he had placed a thick piece of bread carefully buttered on both sides.

The erstwhile chef smiled up at his sergeant with imperturbable self-confidence. "Oh boy," he said. "That is some sam hamwidges, ain't they, sergeant?"

Smoot pulled at his shirt collar as though fighting for air.

"Looking through this boxes of chow I am hoppy to find too much ham," Feluppo explained. "So these time for once everybody he has eet no complaint of not enough meat in his sam hamwidges."

"Anyway this coffee tastes okay," said someone.

"Yaah. It's got body."

"What the hell. I'm too hungry to worry about whether the meat's on the inside or the outside," said someone else.

So was Sergeant Smoot. Taking his food back to his private retreat, he wondered if perhaps he hadn't accepted his present assignment with an unmotivated degree of optimism.

Smoot awakened that afternoon to discover a well-patronized crap game in progress, which he decently waited to break up until the roller had sevened out. The following morning somebody, possibly accidentally, stepped on the Western boy's geetar, and for the rest of the trip the statuesque giant sat moodily staring out of the window, inconsolable. For the last two meals on the train there had been practically nothing to eat, Feluppo having overestimated the contents of his chow boxes.

"Weeth all my braims I am not intelligent to understand the absence of these missing foods," he sighed, scratching his mop of black oily hair. "At first there ees sufficient to be plenty, and then all at once this boxes is full of nothing." Then Feluppo beamed brightly. "Sergeant, I am suddenly inspirited. If it ees agreeable this engineer to stop up the train at a farming house, I weel present myself to ask for some ears of corn. With ears of corn I shall pound out a great number of innumerable tortillas. A tortilla fills the soul out like a balloon, my sergeant."

Beyond a couple of wrestling matches in the aisle and an abortive fist fight between the man who had taken castor oil and a draftee who insisted on his right to go in there once in a while too, their arrival at the metropolitan depot was accomplished uneventfully. Smoot lined them up as the train descended into the darkness of the tunnel.

"All you men give me your undivided attention," he said. "After a person who he is been in the service eight or ten years like me, why such a person gets a pride about the army. I don't know why, because what is so good about solderin' is beyond me. But anyway such is the case. Now since all you guys is dressed up into uniforms, it is gonna be natural that everybody in the city is bound to take you for real soldiers. It is for this here reason that I am making this speech so as to ast that each and every one of you birds when you get off this train that he tries to make belief like he is an old timer and stay in step and not ack like he is lost without the handles of a plow in his hands. There will be a driver with a truck to pick us up and take us out to camp, so everybody line up two by two on the platform and step out with your left foot when I say 'march.' You kin fool some of the people some of the time, accordin' to the old sayin', and that is all that even a army sergeant kin expect when it comes to recruits. Okay, fall out."

"I like very personally for to see the Statute of Leeberty," said Feluppo. "Perhops these drive trucker can take us on a roundabout short cut to see a small glimpse of the Statute of Leeberty, no?"

"No," said Sergeant Smoot. "And what's more, if everybody in the country keeps on standin' around like statutes, pretty soon there won't be any liberty to speak of. All right, button up them blouses. Suck in your guts, boy. Straighten out them shoulders."

Feluppo turned away, disappointed, mumbling to himself. "These is a fine how-are-you when a United States soldier of America that ees just been drofted cannot even look at a small glimpse of the Statute of Leeberty. *Jesús, María y José,* a fine statement of affairs!"

For all Sergeant Smoot's exhortation the men straggled through the depot to the waiting army truck, words of the most impassioned kind being no substitute for close-order drill. Beads of perspiration stood out on Smoot's forehead. To an old soldier purgatory would be a place where formal guard mount would be performed every night by a regiment of untrained recruits. He literally pushed his detail into the waiting truck under the curious eyes of the civilian onlookers.

The commandant of the recruit depot of the big new eastern camp relieved him of his charges and handed him an official receipt. "Everything seems to be in order, sergeant. Men all well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. No doubt you're all hungry. Never met a soldier who wasn't. It's too late for supper, but you just take your men to the mess hall and tell Sergeant McCarthy to give you something to eat. Then report here to me immediately after you're through."

"Yes, sir."

Smoot herded his men into the depot mess hall. "Another bunch of 'em, 'ay? 'Tis nuts I'll be," said the mess sergeant, "before some

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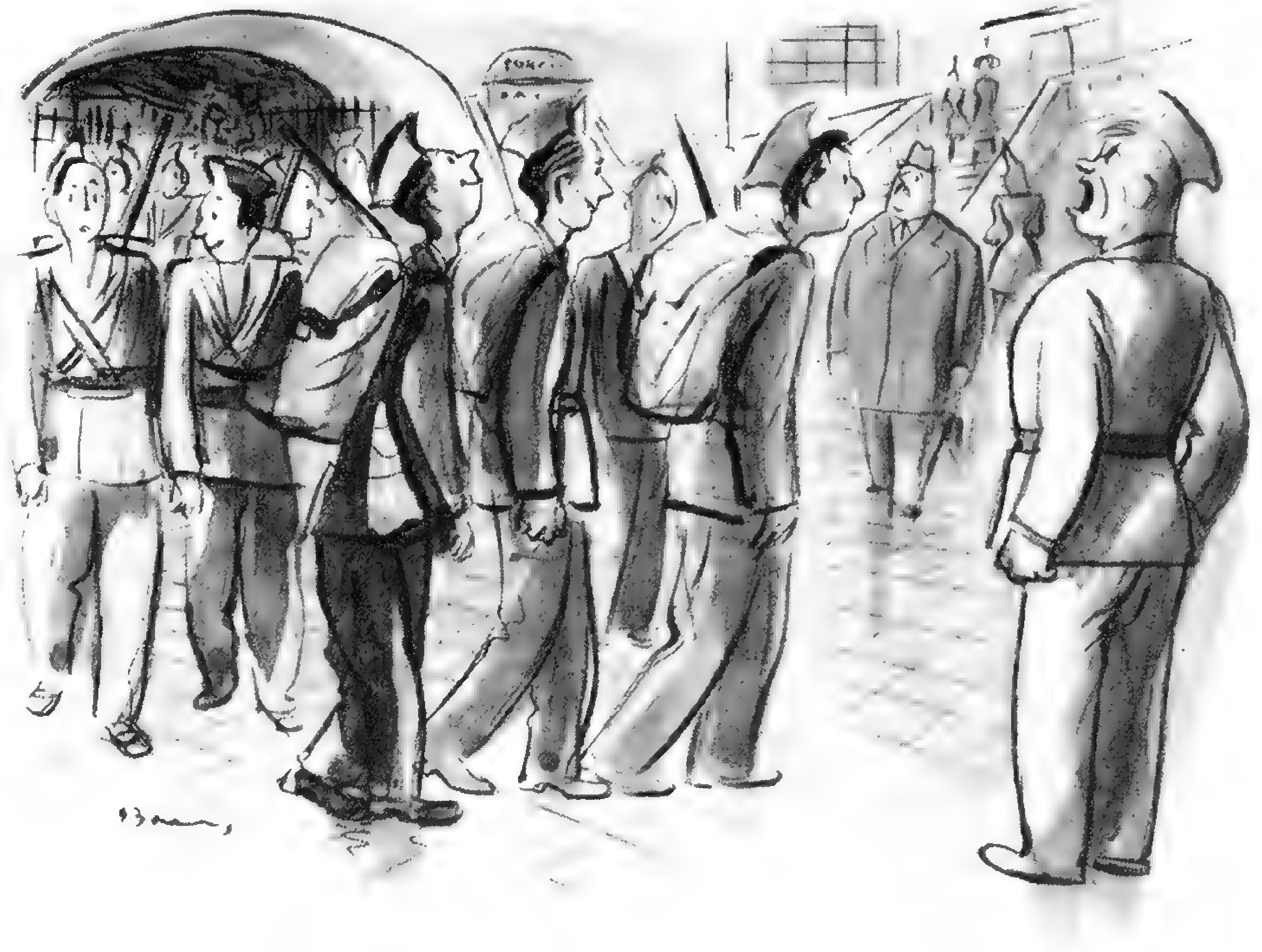

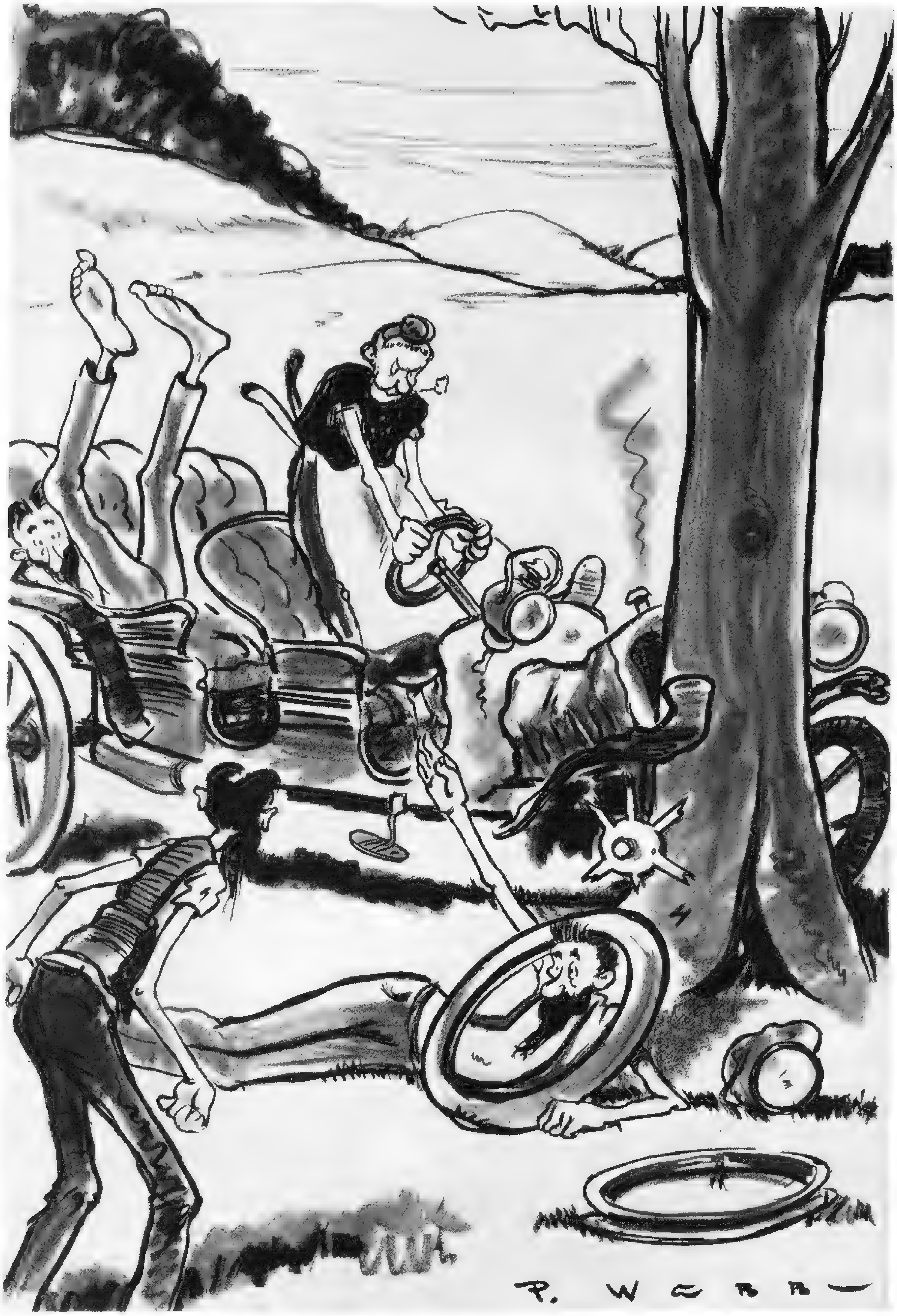

"Maw kin turn 'er gee an' haw fine—but every time Ah tells her to stop she jest pulls on the wheel an' hollers 'WHOA'"

Horse and a Half

For the eighth time your faithful prophet selects the two-year-old likely to win the Kentucky Derby

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

If Alsab, two-year-old speed king of 1941, merely stays sound and trains on next year, he seems a moral certainty to win the Kentucky Derby of 1942 and following important stakes for three-year-olds. And if he improves even a trifle over what he has been in 1941 the year will be remembered with 1919, when Man o' War came to the racing wars, as the year of emergence of another super-horse. I doubt if a colt faster than Alsab ever set hoof on an American race track, and that statement is not made just because he has displayed tremendous speed in short dashes for two-year-olds. At this writing (mid-October, 1941) he already has won at a mile, in unbelievably fast time, and his apparent gameness and willingness and ability to develop speed and more speed as distance increases, force belief that he will be able to carry his own high intrinsic foot as far as horses are asked to race today.

Alsab was a bargain yearling. His owner, Mrs. Al Sabath, wife of a Chicago lawyer for whom he is named, purchased him at Saratoga in 1940 for $700 from Tom Piatt, the breeder who in 1941 indignantly withdrew his yearlings from auction at Saratoga because he regarded the first bid on the first one offered as ridiculously too low. If bidders hereafter think there are any more Alsabs in Piatt's consignments he will not have to do any more withdrawing, for the colt already has won about $100,000 in purses and bids fair to go well over that mark if he starts another time or two before being put away for the winter to await the Derby and other great stakes. What he can and will earn next year is on the knees of the gods, but if he stays sound there is no reason why he cannot earn another $300,000 as a three-year-old in 1942 before he joins the handicap division of horses of four and up in 1943. This is a turf-era of large purses, and Alsab seems surely destined for dizzy financial heights.

Alsab was brought to racing in Florida in the Winter of 1941 and showed nothing in three-furlong dashes for two-year-olds. Later on, when given more distance in Illinois and New England, he began to show what was in him. He won a string of stakes in fast times at five and a half and six furlongs; Eternal Bull did beat him a half-length at Suffolk Downs, Boston, on July 5th, in a five-furlong stake run in .58 2/5, but that was the last defeat Alsab was to suffer in 1941 and he had broken slowly and had made up three lengths on Eternal Bull in the short stretch-run. At this writing Alsab has started twenty times in 1941, won thirteen races, been second three times and third once to amass earnings very close to $100,000.

The so-called "Eastern" two-year-olds of 1941—Eastern in that they have raced chiefly in New York, although, like Alsab, most of them were bred in Kentucky—on the whole have been a rather unpredictable lot. Shut Out, Devil Diver, Ampitheatre, Contradiction, Dogpatch, Ramillies, Apache and others either showed little in actual competition or else beat each other with monotonous regularity. Requested, a Questionnaire colt, alone stood out from among them on the twin scores of winning performance and consistency. He ran up a series of stakes victories at the Long Island tracks and at Empire City, and then at Saratoga in the United States Hotel Stakes was beaten two lengths by Buster, to which he was giving ten pounds, but beat Ampitheatre, to which he was giving seven. In the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, also at six furlongs, Requested was beaten by Shut Out, to which he was giving ten pounds, but beat Devil Diver, to which he was giving seven. Returned to Long Island Requested won a six-furlong handicap in 1.11 4/5, carrying 123 pounds and beating Dogpatch and Apache under 110 each. Requested then was matched with Alsab at six and a half furlongs at Belmont Park on September 23rd, each colt to carry 122 pounds.

This match, as run, was a hair-raiser, one of the most thrilling spectacles I have ever seen at a track. Requested was ridden by Westrope, Alsab by Vedder. It was expected that Requested, the speed-horse, would open out on Alsab in the early stages, but the latter was put under pressure from the start and ran down the backstretch and around the far turn with his nose at Requested's haunches, going on the outside all the way and hence running a little farther. At the three-furlong pole nearing the stretch turn Vedder on Alsab went to the whip and the colt responded gamely, inexorably going to the flying Requested and taking the lead on the turn. All down the stretch Vedder was slashing Alsab, it seemed unnecessarily, for the colt was drawing away. I was on the rail, a sixteenth or more from the finish, and as they came by me Alsab on the outside seemed fairly to explode out of his own skin. He thundered to the line a winner by nearly four lengths. The time for the six and a half furlongs was 1.16 (one minute, sixteen seconds) within a fifth of a second of the American record, 1.15 4/5, set by Snark, an older horse with less weight up. Alsab's time to the six-furlong point was 1.09 4/5.

Just what this time means as an index to ability may be realized from the following facts. Belmont Park was opened in 1905. In the thirty-six years that preceded Alsab's victory in the match hundreds of the best horses in the United States had raced over it at all distances, but until Alsab no horse of any age or under any weight, light or heavy, had ever run six furlongs in 1.09 4/5. Man o' War had performed there, John P. Grier, Zev, Exterminator, Gallant Fox, Crusader,

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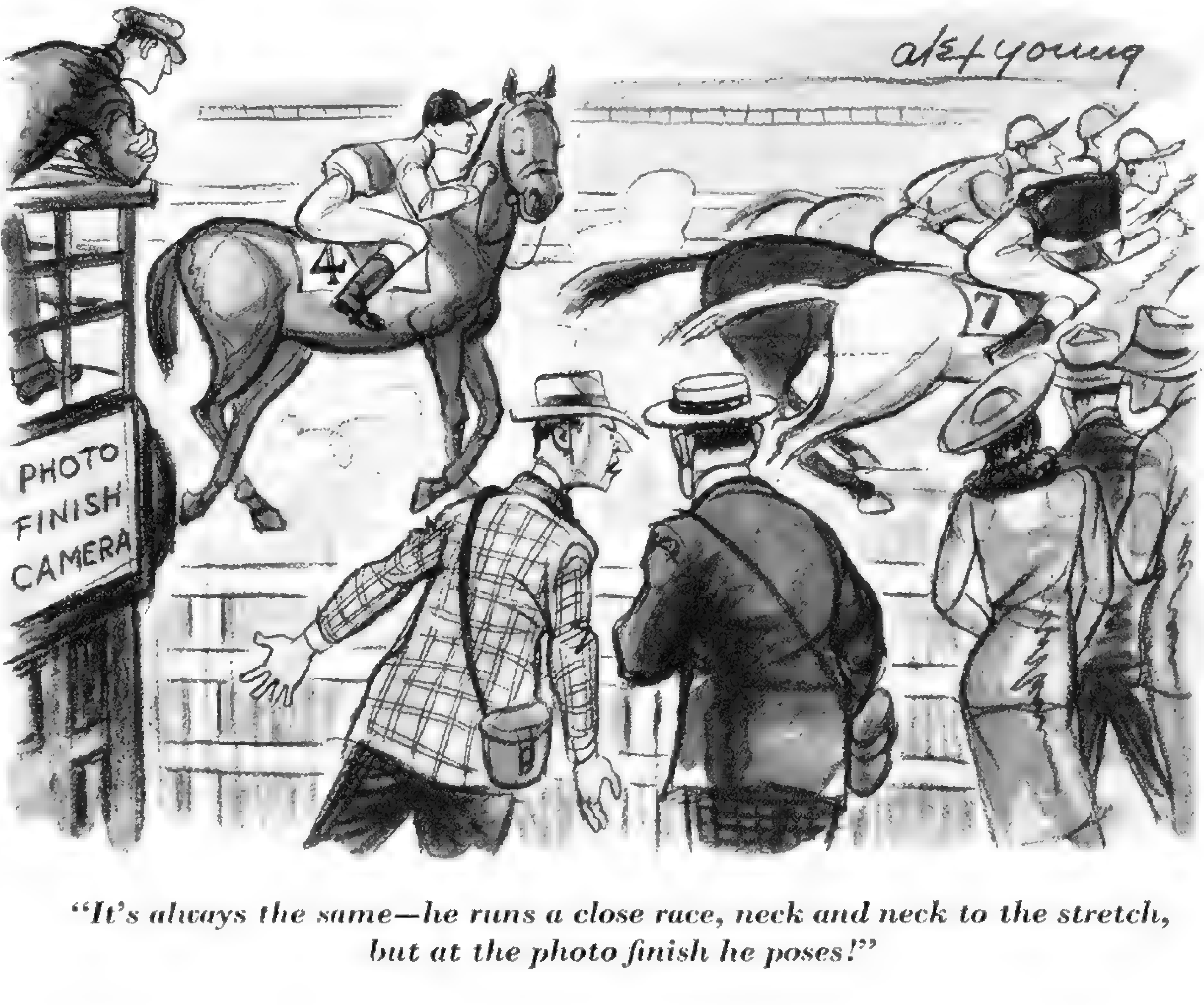

"It's always the same—he runs a close race, neck and neck to the stretch, but at the photo finish he poses!"

The Number 4 Gun

Vassiloff ordered his men to cease firing, knowing he would be court-martialed if his hunch were wrong

by STUART CLOETE

• FICTION •

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Lieutenant Vassiloff was a gunner. He commanded a four gun battery—that is, it had been a four gun battery. It was now, by the accidents of war, a single gun battery. Number one had gone first, then number two, then number three. Naturally, and equally by the accident of war, most of the gun crews had gone with their guns. They lay here and there in the vicinity of the wrecked emplacements. It was an unpleasant spectacle to contemplate. Dead men and wrecked guns look worse in the snow. The brilliance of that white background throws everything into exaggerated relief . . . the men no less than guns—that is, until there is another fall to cover everything . . . to draw over the dead and mutilated its soft, obliterating coverlet. Like a mother, Vassiloff thought. The good Russian snow is like a mother drawing a coverlet over the body of the land. But it had not yet snowed again and they remained—the men and the guns. And then there was the cold that froze the grotesque postures of death into permanence.

No, it was not pleasant. The Lieutenant beat his arms against his sides. The left arm against his right flank, his right arm against his left—like a cab driver. His men, such as were left, also beat their arms against their sides. Their breath was like smoke coming out of the red blotch of their faces that showed beneath their fur caps. Yes, it was cold. They all said it was cold to themselves, and louder to each other. This was a good topic of conversation. Good for the morale, Vassiloff felt. He pursued the subject.

"It is very cold, Sergeant Ivanovitch, is it not?" he said.

"Very cold indeed, Lieutenant."

"Do you think it will snow soon?" Vassiloff knew it would snow soon. Everyone knew it would snow soon. But the subject was a good one. They all felt that too, and strained themselves to find further conversation about the weather.

"Last year at this time," Vassiloff said, "there was snow every day." That might have been a mistake . . . last year was full of happy memories for everyone. True, they had known war was inevitable, but it had not come. They were home with their young wives and little children. But it was strange how talking of the weather filled in an awkward gap in any conversation in peace or war. Men had to speak. Silence was always embarrassing and where was there a better subject than the weather which one could discuss without much thought while one collected one's mind. It was sufficiently controversial to inspire argument, and yet insufficiently serious to lead to disputes. Still he wished it would snow and cover all that up, or that he would get orders to move. His horses were safe, only six had been hit. That was something.

But all the same it was a shame. The guns had been beautiful. English 4.5 howitzers, almost new, sleek as well-fed women in their khaki paint. Rather stout women . . . but stout women were good—cold resisting and good-tempered. A gunner loved his guns. They were his children. He knew their idiosyncrasies, their habits. That was another thing. Number four, the one that was left, was the worst gun of the battery. There was nothing the matter with it, but at the same time there was everything the matter with it. Everything was a little slow, a little unprecise, always a little long or a little short, always a little different. The other guns might have been sisters . . . identical triplets. Number four was a foundling—or not that, since they were all so alike, but a gun born later of the same parents, or before . . . or a gun born out of wedlock. A gun that, if it resembled the others physically, differed from them psychologically. Strange ideas you got . . . very strange; but machines varied, everyone knew that and no one could explain it. Naturally, the worst gun had been left. It was always the pock-marked child that survived the famine. An old saying but true. And then there was the chronological order of their destruction—one . . . two . . . three . . . just like that.

Vassiloff looked out over the front. His battery was placed on the extreme left flank and was without infantry protection. It was screened by some young spruce heavy with snow. They stood round him like overweighted Christmas trees . . . Their winter foliage, such of it as could be seen, very dark under the thick white mantles that they wore. How different was the spring. Was there anywhere a more beautiful or brilliant green than that of the young spruce shoots? . . . Beyond them the plain, snow covered, unbroken by a single track or landmark . . . a white table cloth. And beyond that more woods; he had been firing into them, dropping his shells at six thousand metres into the village that the Germans had taken last night. Half left was the lake: it was frozen hard.

He took off his gloves and blew on his fingers. It was no good doing that but it gave you the illusion of warmth. Sergeant Ivanovitch was plucking at his sleeve. He turned.

"Shall we continue to fire with Number Four?"

Of course they should continue. Vassiloff wondered why they had stopped. When you had a gun left and a crew to serve it you went on firing. Why had they stopped? He could not remember. To give the men a moment to recover from the shock of that last salvo . . . He wondered how the Germans had got their big guns up so fast.

"Yes," he said, "we will go on." Then something came to him. "No, he shouted,

Continued on page 107

CAPTAIN'S TENT
ERNIE GARZA

"I saw two lights in the church tower—does that mean anything?"

Star Grey

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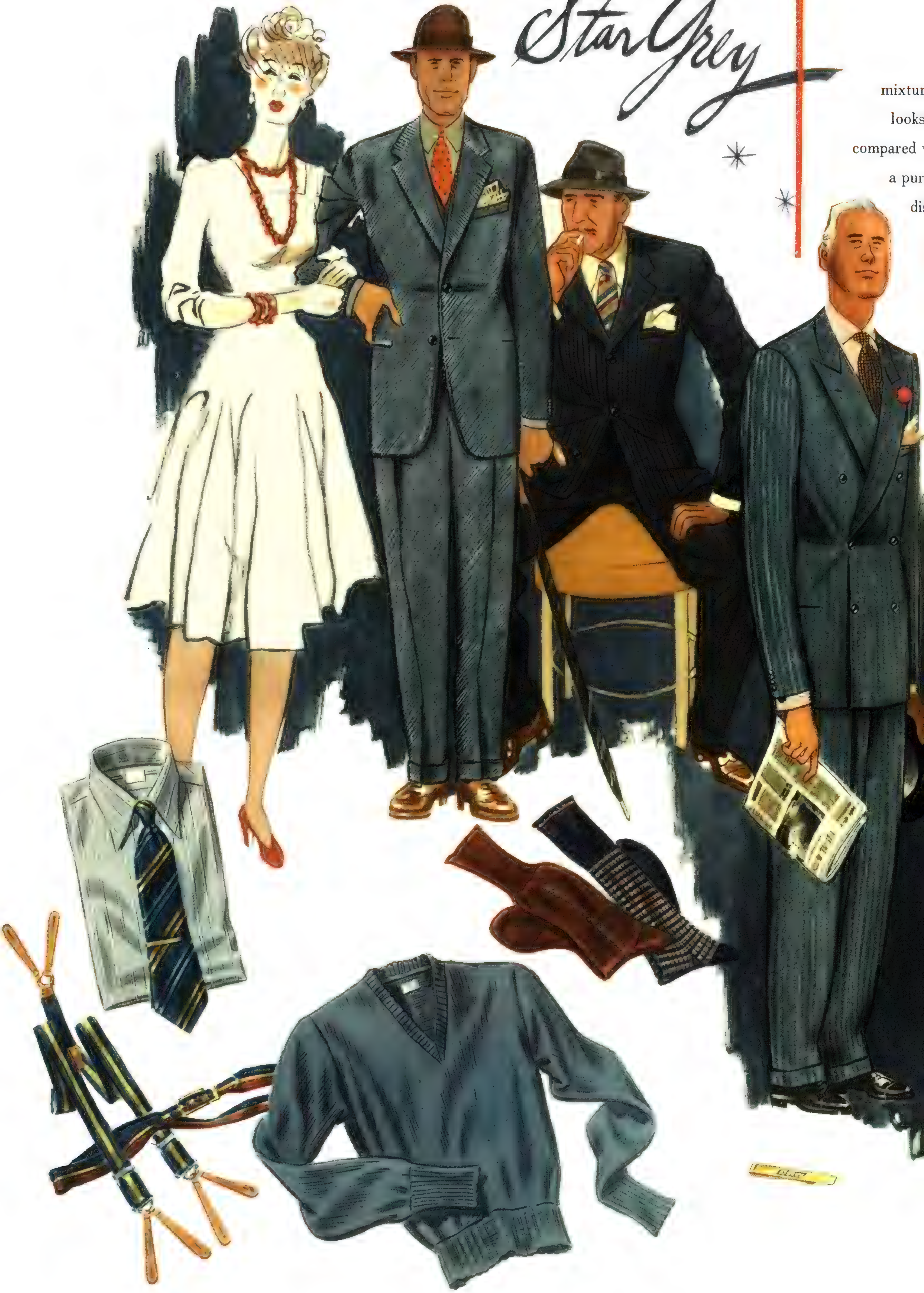


Premier color in men's
apparel for spring. This
re of blue and grey
like a grey when
with navy blue. Against
e grey, however, it has a
stinct bluish cast. It is
a complementary color
for all men.

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

Starting at the upper left, the first man wears the Star Grey lightweight tweed suit which weighs ten ounces per yard. The jacket is the two-button single breasted, a model gaining in importance. Accessories include brown felt hat with contrasting trim, Star Grey broadcloth shirt with pinned collar, red ground foulard tie, blue and white handkerchief, dark blue lisle half hose and brown wing-tip shoes.

The man seated favors the Star Grey cheviot suit with the three-button jacket. Combined with it are Star Grey snap brim felt hat; ivory colored shirt with long pointed lounge collar; gold, maroon, white and grey striped repp tie; white handkerchief in breast pocket; blue and grey wool half hose, brown blucher shoes.

The black Homburg hat holder is turned out in a chalk striped Star Grey flannel suit. The accessories are black and coral dotted foulard tie, pale coral and white striped broadcloth shirt, blue stone cuff links, coral and white handkerchief in breast pocket, dark red 6 x 3 ribbed lisle half hose, black straight-tip shoes.

The chap dancing with the girl in red is wearing a blue and brown cashmere sport jacket; blue, yellow and white striped oxford shirt with the button-down collar; a blue and Sandune foulard tie; Star Grey flannel slacks; Sandune wool half hose and brown reverse calf shoes.

The Army officer's companion has on a Star Grey tweed topcoat in fly-front model with peaked lapels. He also wears a Star Grey Glen Urquhart plaid suit; plain white shirt with starched widespread collar; maroon, white figured heavy silk tie; Homburg; mocha gloves; black, red striped lisle half hose; black shoes.

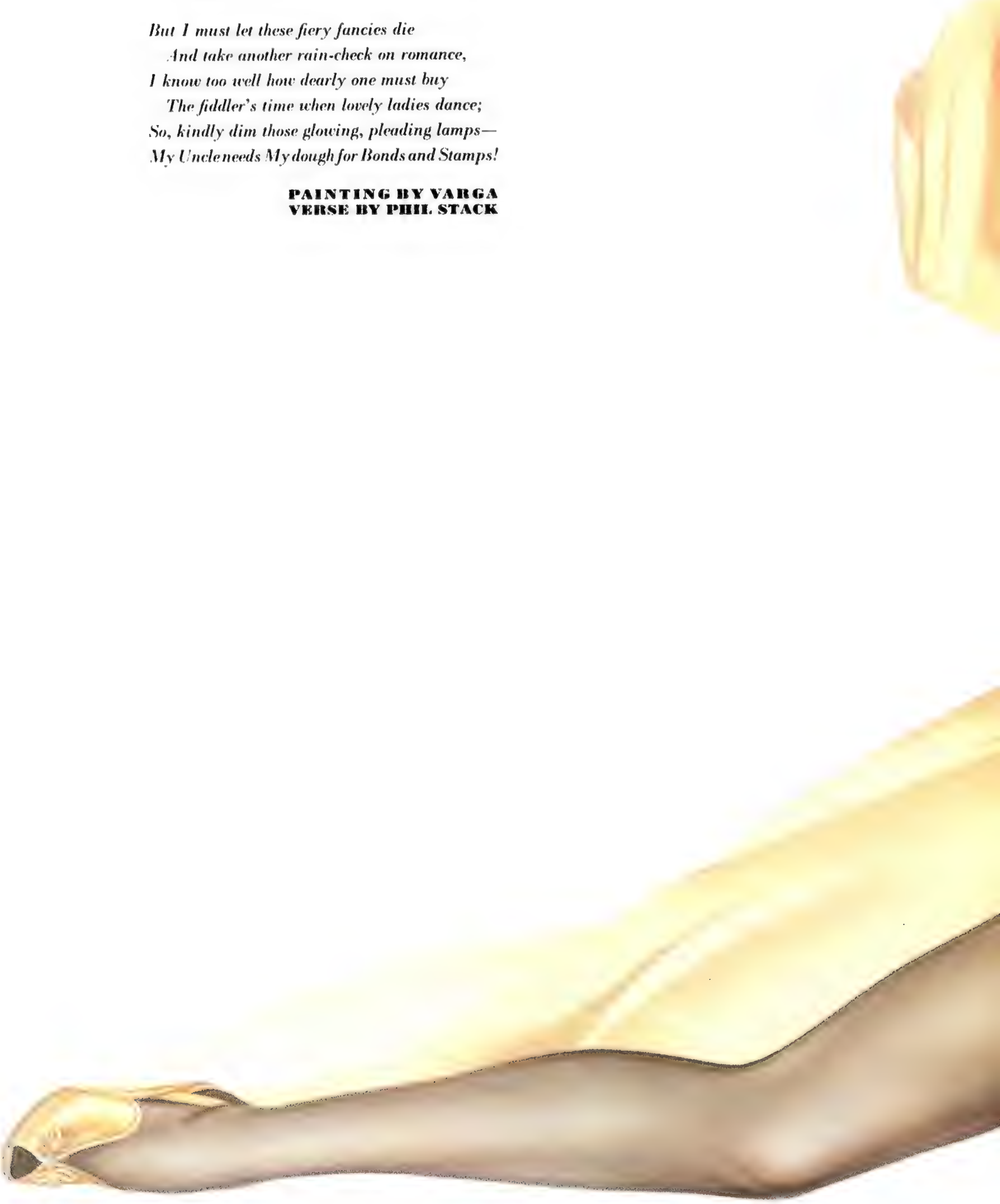
Accessories: A grey broadcloth shirt with blue and Sandune stripes; Star Grey, gold and grey striped silk tie and gold tie clip; maroon lisle half hose with light blue clocks and blue ribbed wool socks with red and white stripes; dark blue and Sandune webbing suspenders; a red, gold and blue ribbon belt; Star Grey cashmere pullover; and an initialed gold tie clip.

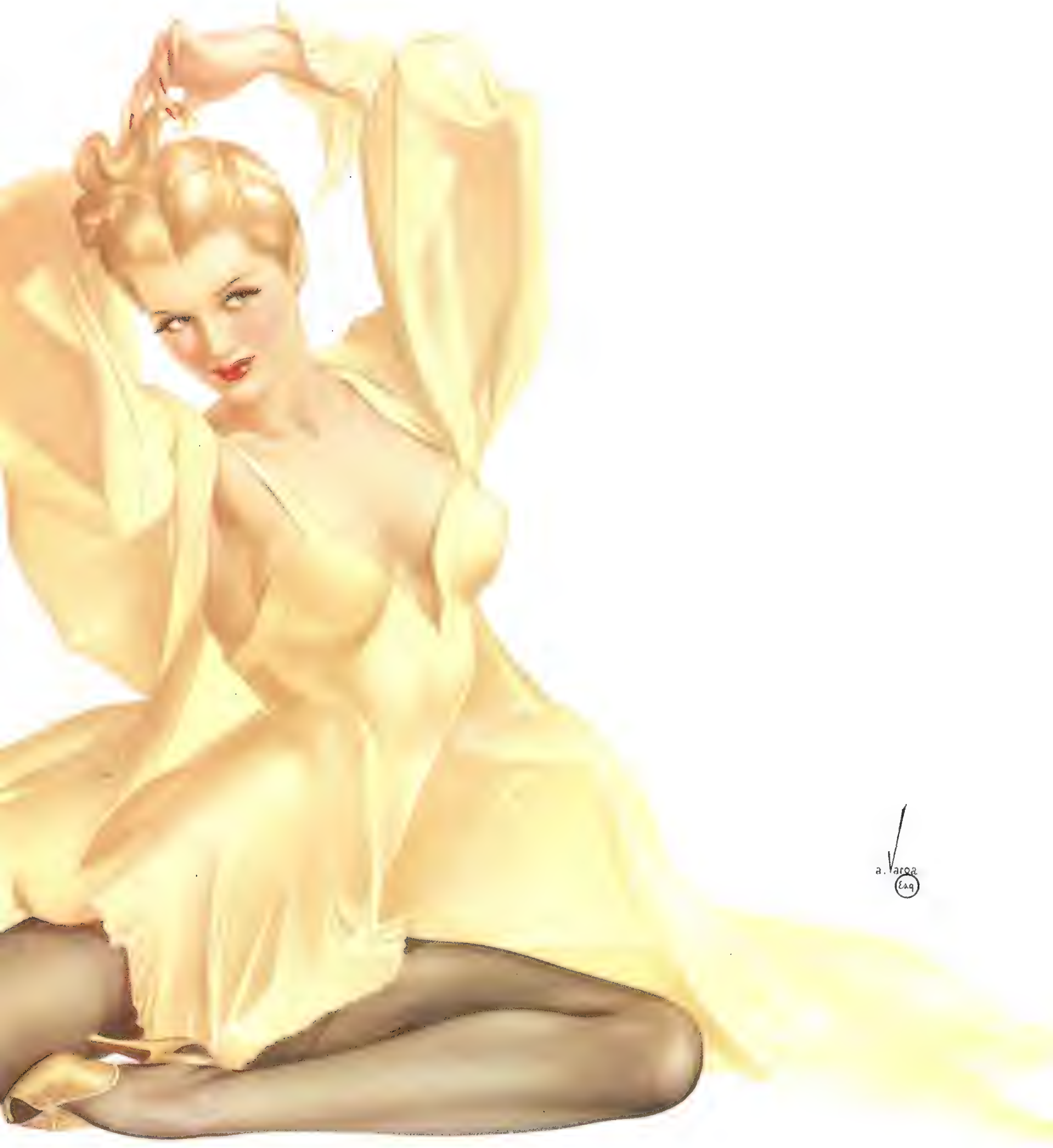
LOVE CRIES "UNCLE"

If you had graced a season long away
There's not a doubt I would have fallen hard,
Your honeyed hair and golden negligee
Are down the alley of this flippant bard . . .
And April would have caught me in the mood
For all the thrills I'd find in your embrace
And if you held the proper attitude
I'd squire you on a wild and wooly chase;

But I must let these fiery fancies die
And take another rain-check on romance,
I know too well how dearly one must buy
The fiddler's time when lovely ladies dance;
So, kindly dim those glowing, pleading lamps—
My Uncle needs My dough for Bonds and Stamps!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK





FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 165

Ten Rules for Saving Tires

Same words with a different tune, now that motorists will have to make the old tires last for quite a long spell

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Immediately after the first announcements of the temporary cessation of new tire sales, letters began coming in requesting reprints of this article which originally appeared in our September, 1940, issue. After the announcement of tire rationing, such requests multiplied. Accordingly, the simplest way to fill them seemed to lie in the re-publication of the article's pertinent points, dropping out only those portions pertaining exclusively to peacetime problems of the motorist.*

THE two major breeders of tire trouble are (1) Underinflation; (2) Bruises and misalignment. And both forms of neglect arise from a general misconception of the true function of a set of tires.

Most of us consider the tire as a cushion for a softer ride—and stop there. But the tires are an integral part of the car's transmission system. If you doubt it, back into a mud hole, press the gas pedal down to the floor, and see how fast your 100 h.p. engine will pull you out when the tires aren't getting traction.

Secondly, the tires are a vital part of the braking system, yet universally ignored as such. Your brakes stop the wheels, but it is the *tires that stop the car*. You can prove that, too, on glare ice—if you care to.

Engineers estimate that in an emergency stop from 60 m.p.h. about 208 horsepower of energy is exerted by the tires in holding the road. Only a tire in excellent condition can take a beating like that and survive.

Are your tires still in that 200 h.p. condition? If not, why not?

Well, the first reason is probably underinflation. From the purely economic standpoint, one pound of continued underinflation takes 600 miles out of the life expectancy of a tire.

Tire men agree that the average motorist loses 20 per cent to 30 per cent of his tire life through underinflation alone—which is equivalent to buying a new car with five tires and throwing away the spare.

Aside from this needless waste, continued underinflation breeds much more serious trouble. Heat is the great enemy of tires and nothing stimulates high temperatures like the flexing of tire walls through 683 revolutions per mile. The softer the tire, the more violent the flexing—and the higher the temperature goes. Hit a rock or a chuck hole at a good speed under these circumstances, and you're pretty sure to get a fabric break which pinches the tube and leads ultimately to a blowout.

This same chain of events also leads to excessive buildup of pressure on long, steady drives which is also a needless strain on the tire. Every tourist knows how his tires pick up air in a day's run, and many try to meet this condition by either starting out a few pounds light or by "bleeding" or letting air out during the trip. In fact they say that if you start out two pounds *over* the recommended pressure, you'll get less buildup on a long, hard drive than if you start two pounds under normal. The softer your tire is to begin with, the more it flexes. The more it flexes, the hotter it gets. And the hotter it gets, the more buildup you have.

Some drivers worry about the possibility of blowouts from this pressure increase, but they needn't if their tires are in good condition. In normal passenger car operation tires rarely build up more than three to five pounds. Under unusually severe conditions, increases of eight to ten pounds have been reported. But since it takes around 200 pounds internal pressure to blow a good 30 pound tire, even these extreme increases are not critical unless your tires have been badly bruised or cut.

We'll come back to temperature later. Meanwhile, if you're curious to know just how much punishment your tires are taking under hard-driving conditions, work out this formula during a full day's drive some time this summer:

When you stop for gas during the afternoon, have your tires checked to see how much increased pressure has been built up. Multiply this figure by 8½, add the atmospheric temperature, and the result will be the temperature inside your tire.

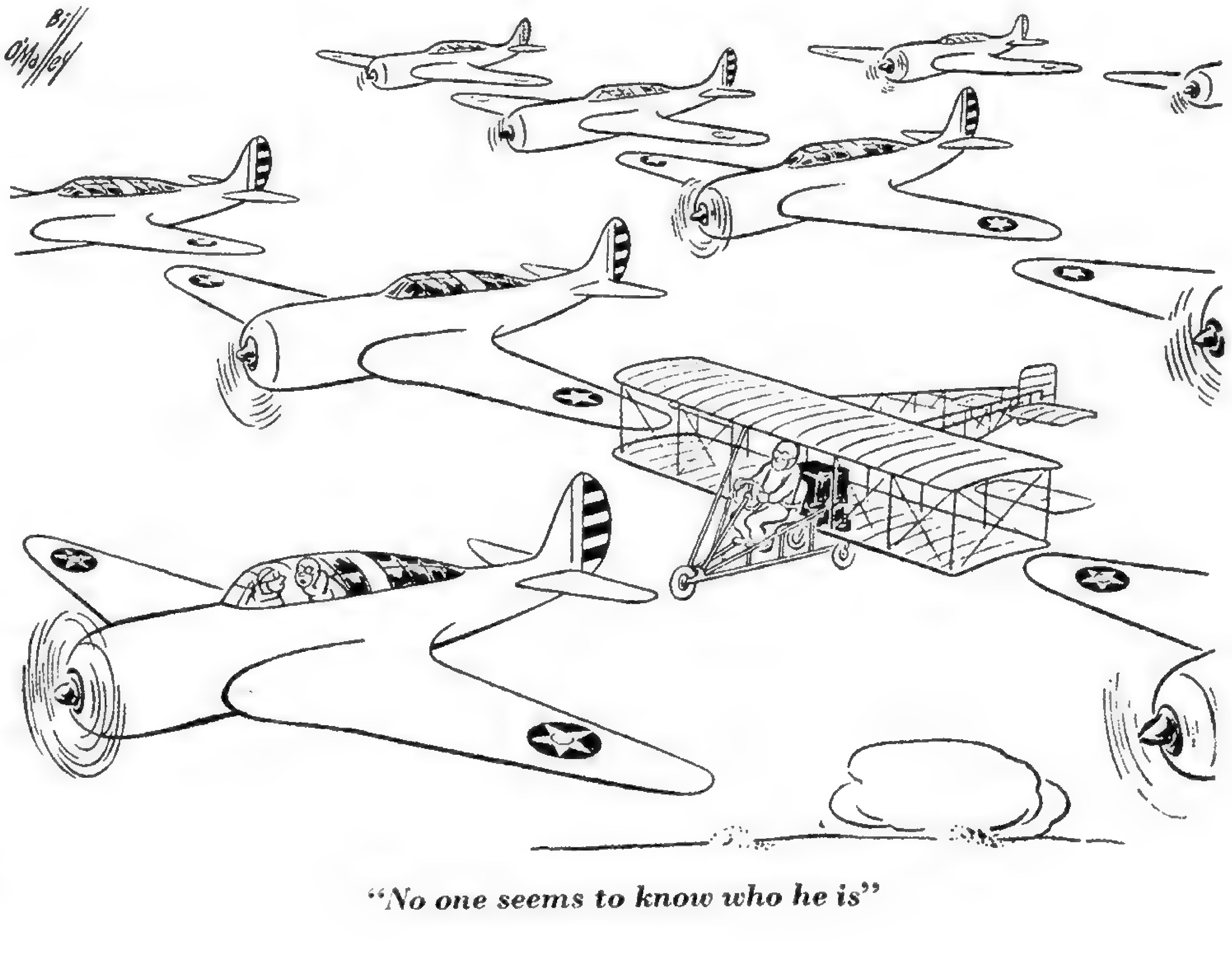
Some drivers, of course, try to provide against "tire failure" from excessive heat by using 6-ply instead of 4-ply shoes. But the catch there is that the more plys, the more heat. Truck tires run up to 16-ply (for load) and, despite their lack of speed, develop temperatures up to 250° which is close to the vulcanizing point of rubber. Tire men would make 2-ply tires if they could. But since they aren't practical, the 4-ply is the coolest running tire that is feasible for long, hot, fast driving whereas 6-ply will give longer wear in slow driving under heavier loads.

The price of habitual underinflation is premature collapse. An excellent way to demonstrate this to yourself is to take a strand of wire in your hands and bend it rapidly back and forth about fifty times. When you feel it grow hot and finally snap, just remind yourself that that is precisely what you are doing to every cord in your tires when you run them "soft." And make a note that that isn't really *tire failure*.

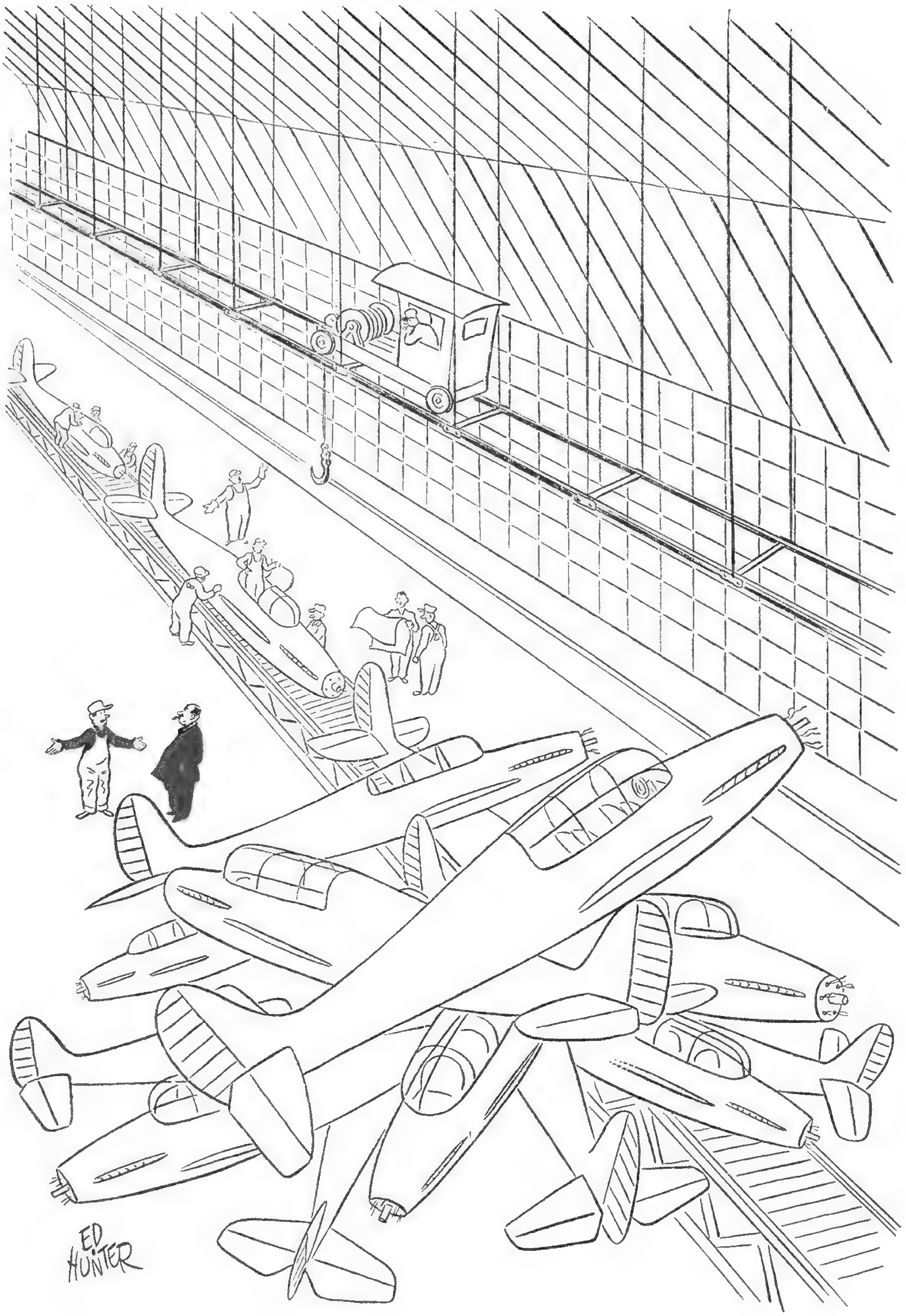
The remedy is simple enough: check tire pressures frequently. On a new set of tires check them several times a week for the first 2,000 miles until they're really broken in. On tour, never fail to check them every morning before starting the day's run. Air is free at every gas station in the country, yet it is the one thing we motorists are most miserly about. So we continue to throw away the spare.

Bruises and misalignment constitute the second great trouble breeder, with underinflation again playing its part in the first. When a motorist goes over a curbstone and

Continued on page 162



"No one seems to know who he is"



"He's been gone only a minute, sir—went after a drink of water"

Vichy's Troubled Islands

Anything can happen to Martinique and Guadeloupe from volcano to revolution to war between Nazi France and America

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

A HEMISPHERIC roustabout with a special weakness for islands, I side with the Islands for Debts Committee, that political hungry-squad back home which yearns to gobble up the West Indies. And with Senator George, who wants to grab Martinique. Ah, Martinique, that rugged little chunk of over-lush France, the most exotic of all the Caribbean orphans of the storm! And, what is important to the tribe of beachcombers, the cheapest of them in which to live a sunny, lazy life.

Martinique in the fatal week of June, 1940, when Pétain saved Marianne from hell and Hitler, was in the midst of collapse and shame and not on its company behavior. It was, in fact, in an uproar. The *Martiniquois* lined the streets reading the latest government bulletin. Crowds milled about the front of the Canadian branch bank, which had closed its doors. Long queues at the tellers' windows of the French bank extended out into the street, the people gripping baskets, paper bags, old socks—anything to put their money in. Too many French marines about, in their fantastic uniform of a tam with a red pompom on it, blouse with stitched anchor over the heart, and general air of swagger. But when you looked one of them in the eye, he turned away. Crowds of jobless blacks in the harbor from which shipping had melted, all dressed in dungarees, the international uniform of the poor. Strange, unaccountable sights, like the tall gaunt man in the pointed reddish beard and the gray robe down to his feet. A shiny Packard drives up, this Richelieu dives into it, and it drives off madly.

Yet such a faraway grief as the knuckling-under of Mother Marianne did not detract from the exuberant charm of the daughter. With one eye on the dugouts, air raid shelters and barbed wire entanglements on the famous Savanne, and a nose for the smells, I toured hotels and pensions, inspected toilets, sampled cooking. I knew after my first look at Fort de France, that little Marseilles, and after my first tour of the island by broken down Citroën, that this was a tropical hide-out of escapist dreams. The Hotel de la Paix, about the best in town, quoted $1.25 for room and meals, with 10 per cent cut for a stay; pensions even cheaper. The Hotel de Balata, a few miles above town where it's cooler, greener, and more panoramic, asked only a dollar a day. On France's other big island, Guadeloupe, there is an *embarras de richesse* of fine escapist locations, such as the homely boarding house on the road out of Basse-terre, with annex of curative bathing pools. All this war trouble has inspired many whites to leave for the duration, but their houses are still there, asking cheap rent. Of course a pack of questionable Nazi and Vichy agents have come to stay on mysterious business. There may be competitive bidding.

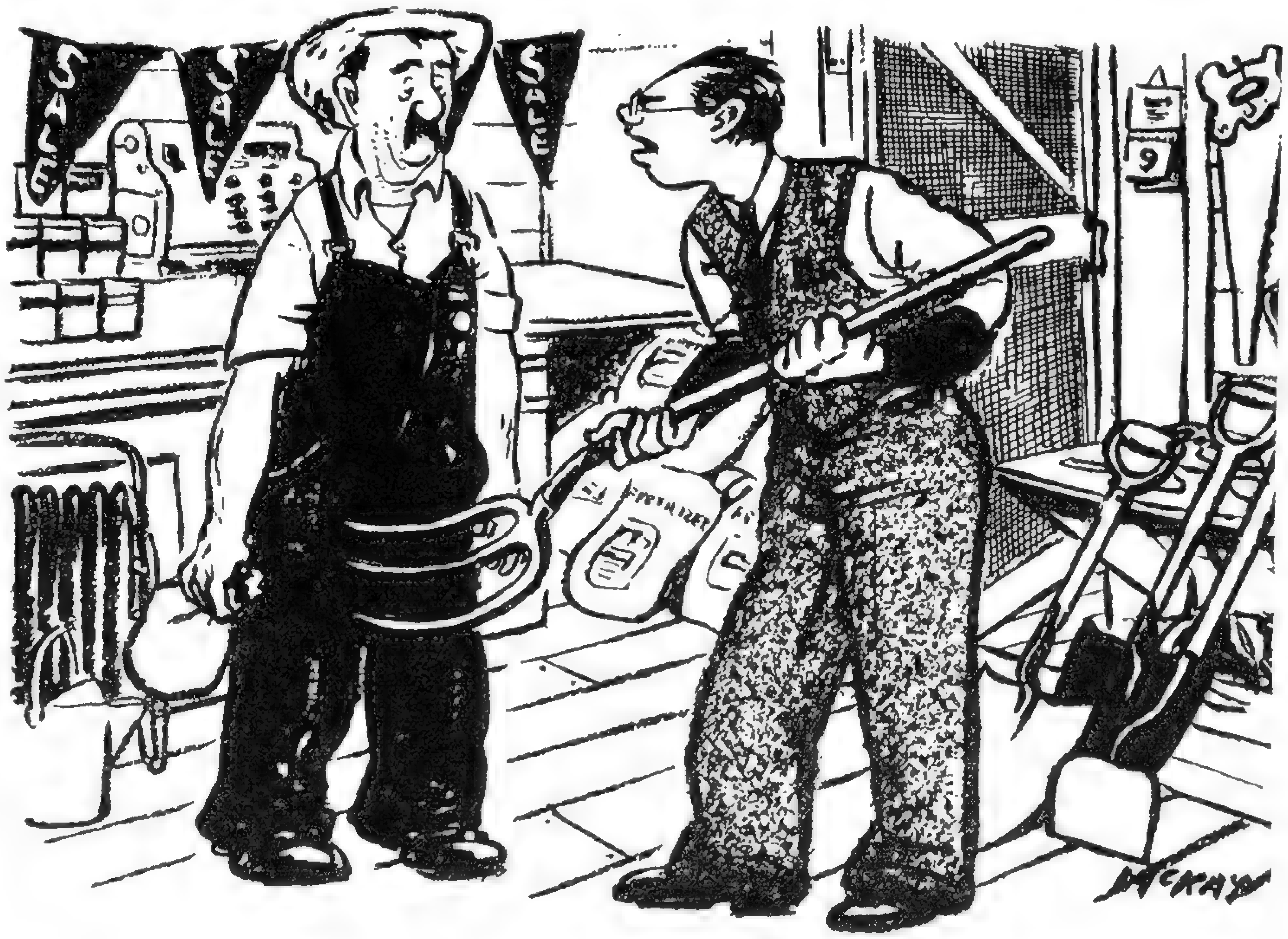
Like a vulture I took my bearings for a future swoop. Blasted by the Third Reich, the Third Republic was in a tail spin with the semi-senile Pétain at the controls, and it was the general hunch that Martinique and sister islands (Guadeloupe, Des Saintes, Marie Galante, St. Bartholomew, and one-half of St. Martin) were bound to become wards of Uncle Sam. Only the skillful hedging of Vichy is stalling off Uncle Sam and me.

Martinique staged for our handful of summer supernumeraries on a cargo boat a truly Gallic reception with plenty of suspense build-up. The day we left Mobile on our bauxite boat bound for the jungle rivers of Surinam and Demerara, headlines told of the French, not knowing what hit them, falling back across the Somme and Aisne. We made Jamaica on the English King's birthday to discover that Paris had been abandoned. Halfway to Martinique our skipper got wireless orders from London (the Norwegian ship was controlled from the Admiralty) to put in at the nearest British port and await orders. As this gave us an extra island for our money—St. Kitts—we didn't protest. Except Madame Oiseau. Trying to get back to her husband, an army major in Martinique, she went in and out of several Sarah Bernhardt tantrums and hysterics. Just as Captain Koren decided to hell with it, I'll dump the French freight at the Virgins, the Admiralty came through with the all-clear.

To a traveler fresh from British islands like Jamaica and St. Kitts, Martinique is several surprises. He expects to be assaulted at the waterfront and on every street in town, by a ragged band of imps, touts, smugglers, peddlers, and beggars who give him no peace until he hires one of them in self-defense as a guide. But the Martinique blacks—there are 235,000 of them, Negro and mixed, outnumbering the whites by 47 to 1—leave you severely alone. They don't know you're there. On every count except cleanliness—and that's a maybe—they seem another race, better mannered, more dignified, and at the same time gayer and more picturesque. The turbaned women in particular hold the eye. They are tall and lithe, and wear a colorful, complicated costume with as many parts to it as a trilogy by Romain Rolland.

You fall hard for Fort de France, its dark cool shops, ancient houses with wrought iron balconies silver painted, chocolate people everywhere talking a thick, caressing French, and awninged sidewalk cafés. Jamaica you found a powerfully scenic island the size of Connecticut, but Kingston, its capital, turned out to be a tropical Toronto, a dull respectable place which had not heard that Queen Victoria was dead. St. Kitts' port town was cute as an eighteenth century print, and as

Continued on page 103



"This is for capturing parachutists—we also have some for farming"

Credo of an American Husband

The average bloke clings to the double standard and expects the little pal to watch her figure as well as the budget

by HIMSELF

•ARTICLE•

Rodney deSARRO

Marriage

He believes that marriage does for a man what a centerboard does for a sailboat: it holds him into the wind and keeps him on his course. It slows him down, sometimes, but it's worth it.

Women

He believes that women as a whole are slightly inferior but very desirable. He says that he considers them the mental equals of men, but this is not really the case. He realizes that his choice of a wife is almost as important as his choice of a profession. He believes that a man should not choose a wife for the way she looks on a dance floor or in a bathing suit. Nor for the money she has. Nor for her sense of humor. But for the way that she makes him feel, for the sense of completeness that she gives him, for the aimlessness that oppresses him without her.

Sex

He believes that women tend to underestimate the importance of sex in marriage. He thinks that marriage without strong sex attraction is like an orchestra without any brass. He wants a wife who will not grow bored with passion, who is not afraid to be a trifle rowdy in her love-making. He believes that if a woman is physically cold, it is usually the fault of the man.

Infidelity

He believes there are other things more likely to smash a marriage—extravagance, nagging, jealousy. He does not go out of his way to seek extra-marital experiences, but will not promise always to dodge them. He does not believe in confessing such experiences to his wife, or begging her forgiveness, and he feels a certain contempt for the man who does. He considers any infidelity of his much less serious than an affair indulged in by his wife. He recognizes the lack of logic in this attitude, but will argue fiercely that such an affair has serious emotional and psychological repercussions for the woman, while it can be just an episode for the man. He still subscribes, in other words, to the old double standard, to the ancient contention that a man can remain mentally faithful to his wife while being physically unfaithful, but that a woman can't get away with it.

Quarrels

He does not enjoy them, but believes that they are inevitable in any real marriage. In fact, he considers their total absence a danger sign, indicating a fundamental lack of warmth and vitality in the relationship. He does not believe in sulking, although he is more likely to be guilty of this than his wife. He is exasperated by quarrels which start with a legitimate grievance and end with blanket recriminations and accusations. He refuses to believe that women can argue well.

His wife's mind

He believes, primarily, that she should use it. He wants his wife to be almost as intelligent, versatile, and well-informed as he thinks he is. He does not object if she wants to work, but expects her to accept responsibility for the home, just as he feels responsible for the bank account. If she can organize the mechanics of living so that the children and housekeeping are attended to—within the family budget—she can fly airplanes or run a department store, for all he cares. He hopes, somewhat childishly, that she will not make more money than he does.

His wife's appearance

He wants her to be attractive enough in private to keep him constantly interested, and attractive enough in public to keep him constantly proud of owning her. He also wants her to accomplish this little task without spending an undue amount of time or money on her appearance. He expects her to dress well whether he gives her money for clothes or not. He wants her to make a serious effort to keep her figure. He usually has two or three phobias which he expects her to respect: slips that show, over-plucked eyebrows, etc.

Children

He rarely wants a child as much as he says he does. He believes that small infants are a rather terrifying nuisance. As a rule, he prefers a son to a daughter, but quickly becomes reconciled to almost anything. He will participate in the care of a baby if driven to it, but he does not enjoy it any more than he enjoys housework. He believes, with Lord Bacon, that children are hostages to fortune, but on the other hand he considers a childless marriage a tragedy. As the children grow older, he will transfer some of his unrealized ambitions to them. He proclaims that his children are individuals with lives of their own, but he will attempt to mold those lives, nevertheless.

Sports

He believes completely in the value of sports, and participates in them either vicariously or actively. In a way, they take the place of religion in his life. They are his refuge from business cares—and also from family responsibilities. He is secretly glad that his wife does not like prize fights. On the other hand, he does not yearn for stag poker games as much as she thinks he does. He is more of a family man than a club man. For one thing, he can't afford a club. He can't afford a family, either, but it's not so easy to resign.

Divorce

He believes that divorce is a confession of failure which reflects on both marriage partners. He thinks money has more to do with divorce than anything else—either too much money or too little. He did not enter into matrimony with one eye on the loophole of divorce, but he thinks of it as a possibility when he is mad enough. On such occasions he is sure that he could exist without his wife far better than she could get along without him. In his calmer moments, he is not so sure.

Success

He believes that success consists in being happy. The barometer of his happiness almost always fluctuates in exact correspondence with the state of his relations with his wife.

Credo of an American Wife

She requires attention, likes to flirt, is seldom immune to the lures of fortune tellers, astrologists and other salesmen

by HERSELF

• ARTICLE •

FOR DEFENSE
BUY

Marriage

She believes that her wedding day is the most important day in her life. She adores every minute of the courtship that precedes it, from the first kiss to the first strains of the wedding march. She may have a job, but if she had to choose between the job and her marriage she would not hesitate for a moment. She admires the girl who makes a career of marriage; she pities the girl who is married to a career.

Romance

She is an incurable romantic. She believes that romance is as real and necessary as food or shelter. She does not believe that romance has to end with the honeymoon. She adores small gallantries, anniversary presents, unexpected gifts from her husband. She needs constant endearments and caresses as a plant needs water. She knows her husband loves her, but she wants him to tell her so endlessly. If he does not, she finds solace in love-stories, the movies, or—in extreme cases—another man.

Flirtation

She likes to flirt and does so constantly. She will flirt with a notorious roué, just for the excitement involved. She never expects such flirtations to lead anywhere, and is sometimes panic-stricken when they do. She is not above an occasional extra-marital kiss or two, but unless she is seriously dissatisfied with her husband, she does not permit further intimacies. She does not have to be told when her husband has been misbehaving, and is a shrewd judge of how important these lapses may be. Normally she is far less jealous than her husband. Up to a point, she likes him to be attractive to other women, but she does not care to have him attracted by them. She is instinctively opposed to anything that damages the fabric of marriage; this, plus her religious scruples, makes actual infidelity much less likely for her than for her husband.

Drinking

She believes that a man who cannot control his drinking is a bad marital risk. She drinks less than her husband, but she will take a cocktail or two. A small amount of alcohol gives her a social presence which normally she lacks. Unlike her husband, she is inclined to respect the total abstainer. She dislikes men who get drunk and make scenes, but she dislikes drunken women far more. She knows that there is nothing that is less attractive than a wife with a hangover—unless it be a hangover husband.

Humor

She believes that humor should be the oil on the troubled sea of matrimony. She may have a keener appreciation of humor than her husband, but she is much more likely to muddle the telling of a funny story. She does not like dirty jokes, but will put up with a reasonable amount of masculine coarseness. She thinks the funniest sight in the world is her husband trying to put something over on her—but she knows better than to laugh at it.

Her husband

She believed in him when she married him, and she still does, although her dream prince is getting a little frayed around the edges. She knows him better than he knows himself, and has given up trying to correct his worst faults, although she keeps working on the little ones. His appearance means less to her than hers does to him, but she prefers him to keep his hairline and his waistline down, if he can. She knows how vulnerable his pride is, and tries to keep from hurting it—unless his conceit obviously needs puncturing. Even then she thinks twice before deflating his ego, because that, after all, is her meal ticket. Ordinarily, she subordinates her own talents where they compete with his; she is willing to shine by reflected light, where he is not.

Health

She is as interested in medicine as she is uninterested in politics. She believes that the family's health is her responsibility—and that her husband is likely to be a bit of a hypochondriac. She knows that most quarreling and general irritability—in adults or in children—can be traced to fatigue. She has an instinct for diagnosis, especially where the children are concerned, that her husband lacks entirely. Her husband makes a terrible patient, but she likes to nurse him anyway. She would make a good patient herself, but she is rarely sick. She can and does stand pain infinitely better than her husband, and forgets it much more quickly.

Money

She thinks most men take money too seriously. This is because she has never actually been without it. She has noticed that, despite all her husband's ranting about extravagance, the wolf at the door never quite comes in—hence her conviction that money is not so important. She is unhappy with figures and hates to keep a budget. She is not so honest, financially speaking, as her husband. If the fare collector on a bus forgets to ask for her nickel, she is not going to offer it to him.

Religion

It means more to her than it does to her husband. This is because her approach is more emotional than intellectual. It is also because she leans more heavily on religion than he does, and consequently gets more support from it. She is more impressed by ritual than her husband. Her mind is less pragmatic than his. Entirely aside from her religious beliefs, she is more inclined than her husband to believe in the blandishments of fortune tellers, astrologers, and even traveling salesmen.

Children

She believes in birth control and practices it. She also believes in children—more than one of them. She is a better disciplinarian than her husband—at least while the children are small. Later on she may become too possessive, trying to keep them tied to her apron strings even after marriage. She has never stopped to contemplate the significant fact that there is almost never a corresponding father-in-law problem.

Success

She believes that success consists in being happy. She thinks that her best chance for happiness lies in making her husband happy. #

Told in the Stars

How Pilate questioned the oracle, Xado, who passed through Jerusalem seeking the eleven true followers

by MANUEL KOMROFF

•FICTION•

Out of the deep Far East came the old oracle Simon Xado. His skin was brown, scorched by the hot sun of the Indies and dried by the winds of desert Persia. He carried a staff cut from the holy acacia wood and with this rod he journeyed the hundreds of leagues from the great mysterious lands of the East. From India, dotted with its fierce stone gods, through the vast snow-covered mountains and into Persia the land of mystery he journeyed. He had climbed the mountain of Elam and spent the night on the very top studying the stars in the heaven. He journeyed through the rocky wilderness of Paran and the hot sands of the wilderness of Zin. And now with staff in hand he walked through the open gate and into the busy paved streets of Jerusalem.

The cloth of his tattered garment, his burnt skin and even the staff in his hand all gave him the stamp of one who had come from the far Far East. It was not long before the people of Jerusalem discovered that the great oracle Xado was in their midst.

As he was washing himself at the public fountain rich merchants sent their servants to bow before him and invite him to their homes for rest and refreshments. But he thanked them and sent them away, saying he had need of nothing.

The servants of the high priests also came to him but these too he sent away. "I must journey now to the land of Egypt," he said.

The hunch-backed female slave of Pilate came before the oracle and said: "My master sends me. Though he is governor of Judea he offers the holy and wise man from the East nothing."

"You come to tell me this?"

"In haste I have been sent."

"Then return," spoke the oracle Xado, "and thank your governor for the nothing he offers. I ask for nothing and I am truly grateful if what I ask for is given me."

"Ah!" said Buncha with a twinkle in her eye. "I see I am no match for you, for the years of my life are only forty and yours are twice forty, and I can barely read the alphabet while you can read the stars in the heavens; and so if my master can give you nothing, then perhaps you could give my master something."

"What have I so precious?"

"Words and prophecy."

"Your master does not believe in the stars."

"He would hear your words for he has heard of the fame of Xado even in Rome."

"And he sent you to bring me before him?"

"That is it."

"And if I refuse to appear in his presence he will send his soldiers to bring me. And what I would not do willingly I will have to do by compulsion."

"No. You are wrong. That is what I said he should do but he has another plan. If you do not come to him, then he will come to you."

"This he said?"

"Yes."

"Then lead the way and take me to him. When governors are humble, then they deserve to hear words of faith and prophecy."

The hunch-backed slave led the way through the streets of Jerusalem and took the venerable oracle Xado into the presence of Pontius Pilate.

"Long have I heard of the wonders of your prophecies," said Pilate. "Your fame has even traveled to Rome."

The old man bowed in acknowledgment of this compliment.

"Tell me, wise Xado, what brings you into Jerusalem?"

"For forty days I have traveled and for forty nights have I watched the stars in the sky. I am on my way to the land of Egypt. In Egypt my fathers died and there I will remain the rest of my days and be buried beside my own people. Here in Jerusalem I hoped to see some of those whose names I read clearly in the stars."

"You have but to command, my good Xado, and I will order that they be brought before you. This would be little service indeed for a guest so renowned."

"Ah, Pilate! It is not so easy. Only eleven of the true followers remain and they have already left Jerusalem."

"Then someone else surely you desire to see?"

"No one else."

"You know," said Pilate, "many years ago, it must have been about thirty years ago, when I was still a young man in Rome, little did I think I would ever be sitting face to face with the oracle Xado. At that time we heard stories in Rome how once three Eastern kings came to you. And you pointed out a star to them and told them to follow this star for under it a child was born. And this child was destined to be king over all. Tell me, Xado, what happened to this king?"

"Alas, he is dead."

"Dead? Born only thirty years ago and already dead?"

"Yes. By your command."

"No, no. It could not be. No king came before me. Five years have I been in this wretched hole and . . ."

"By your command," repeated the oracle, quietly.

"When? Tell me when I condemned a king."

"Forty days ago. Before the Passover holidays."

"Ah! That was no king. Your stars could not have told the truth."

"The stars have no reason to speak falsely."

"He was one from the desert and the priests arrested him. They called him the King of

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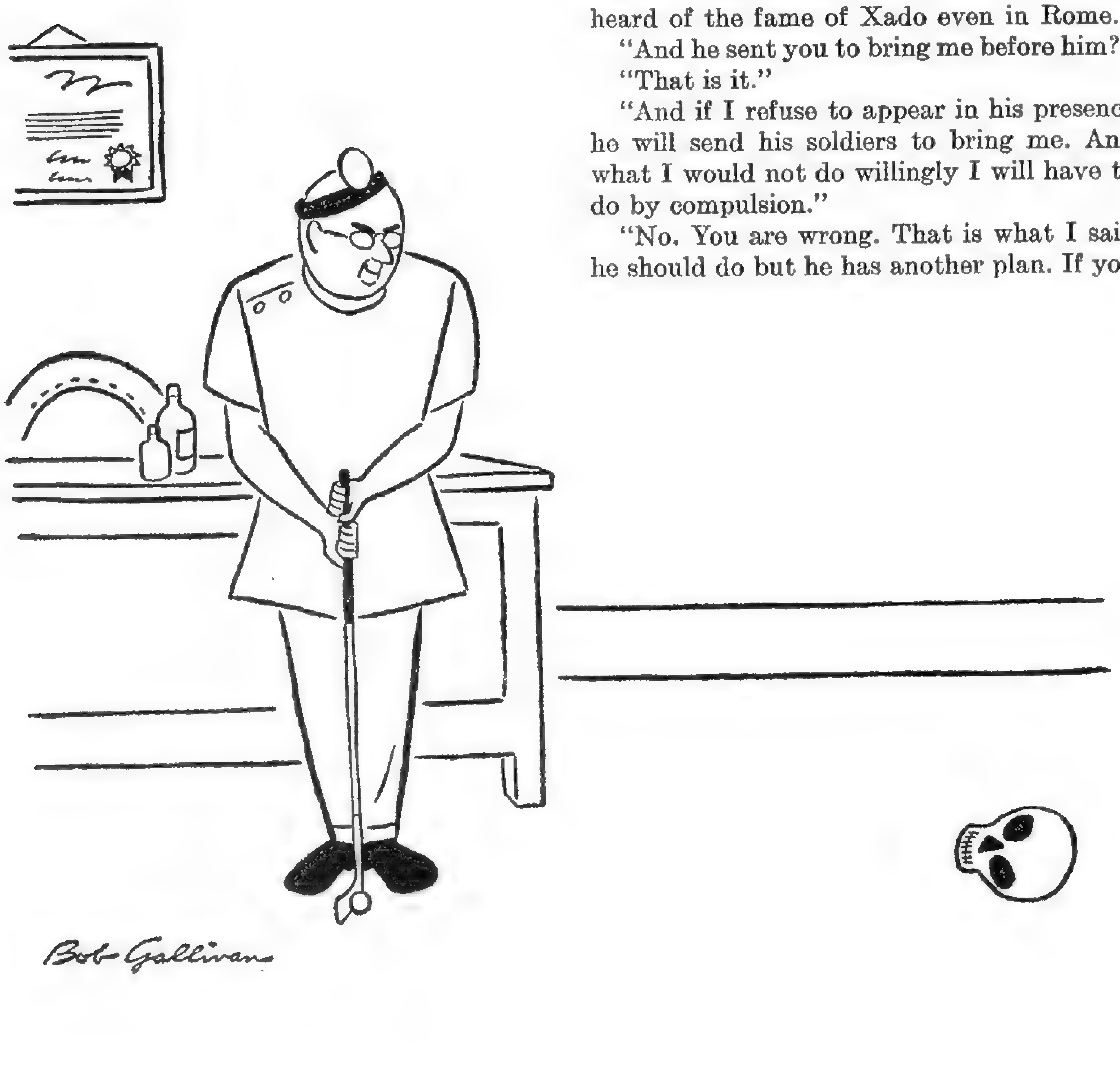
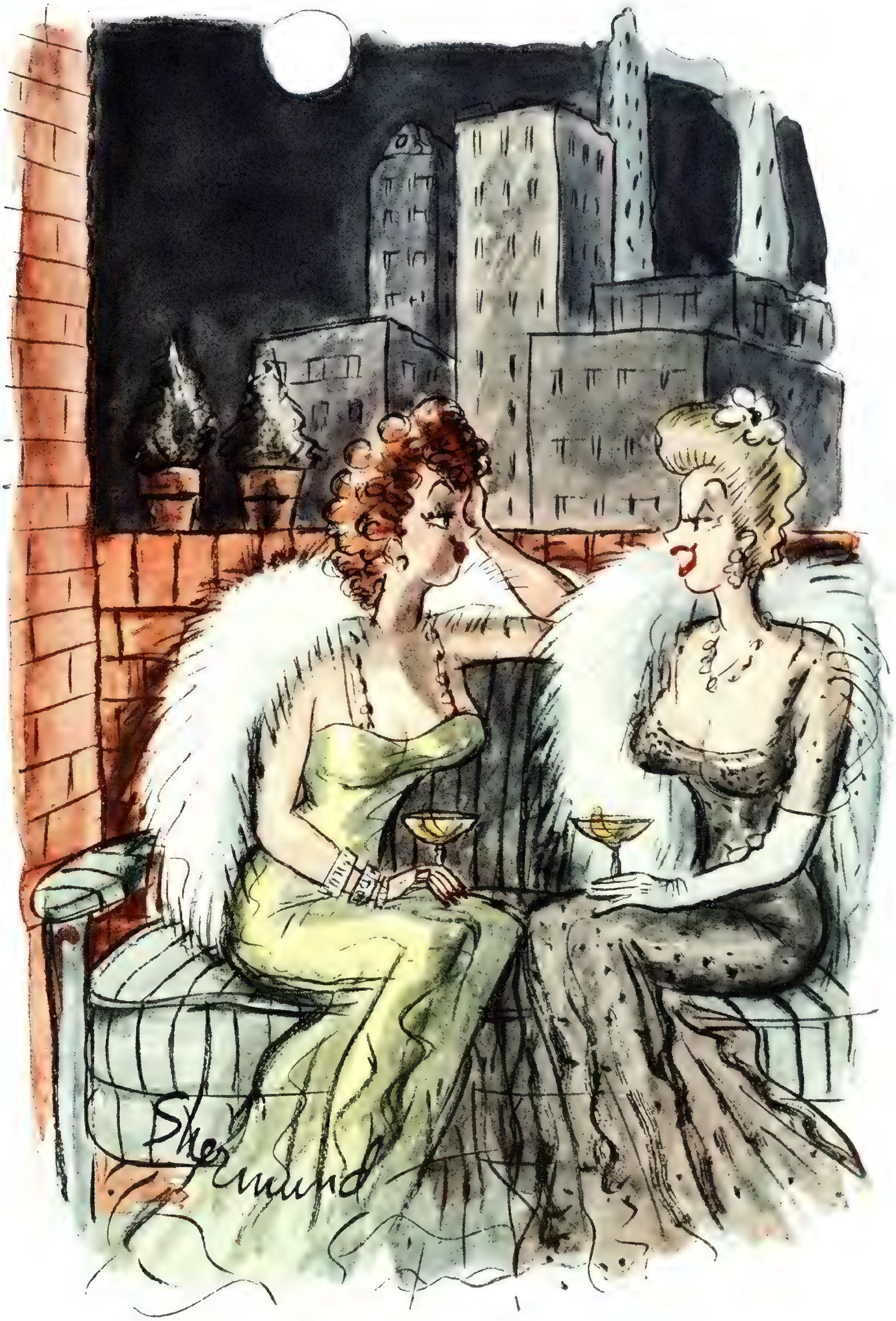
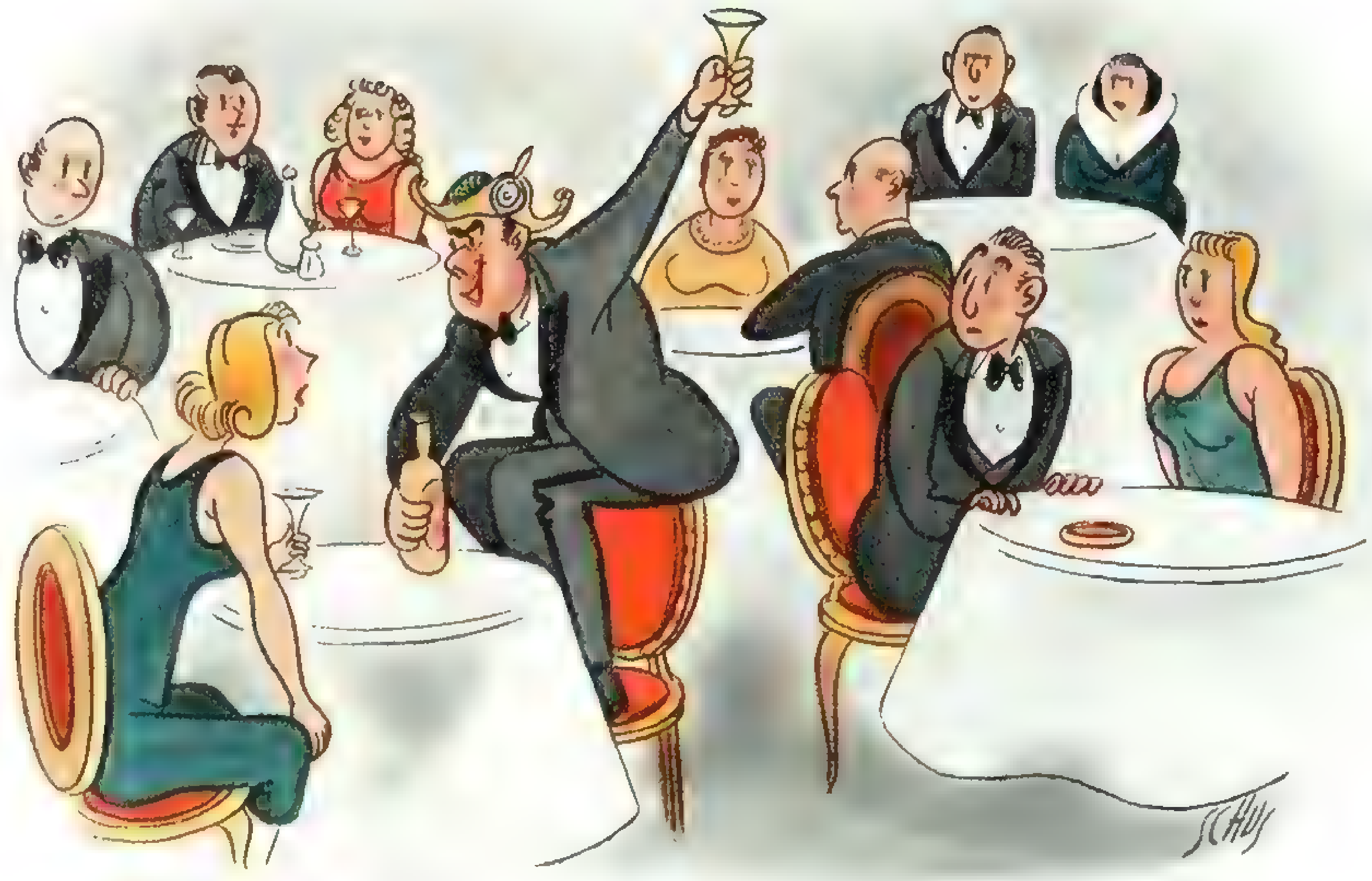
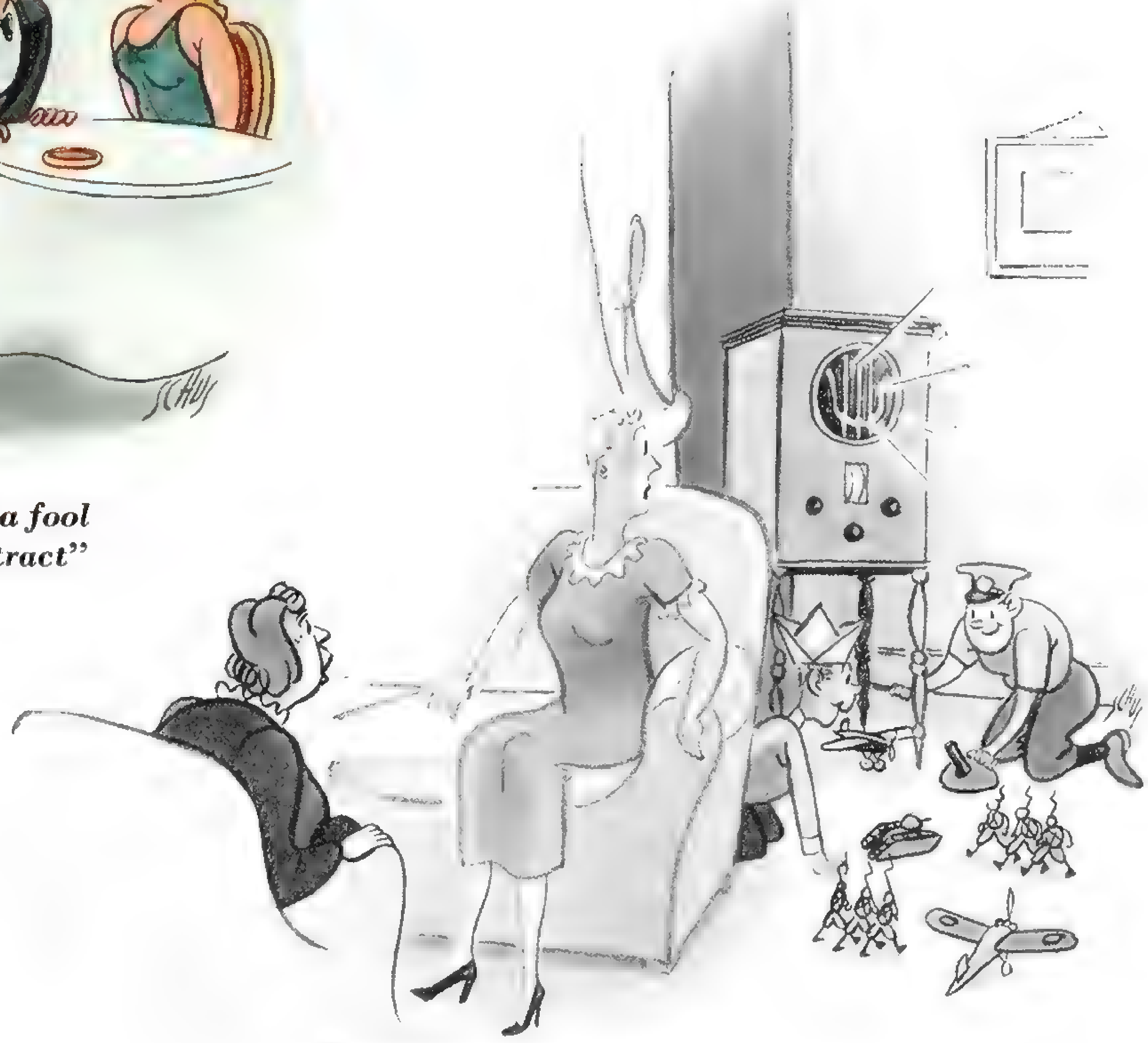




"I read of their divorce in Miami—she got the two children and he got the maid"

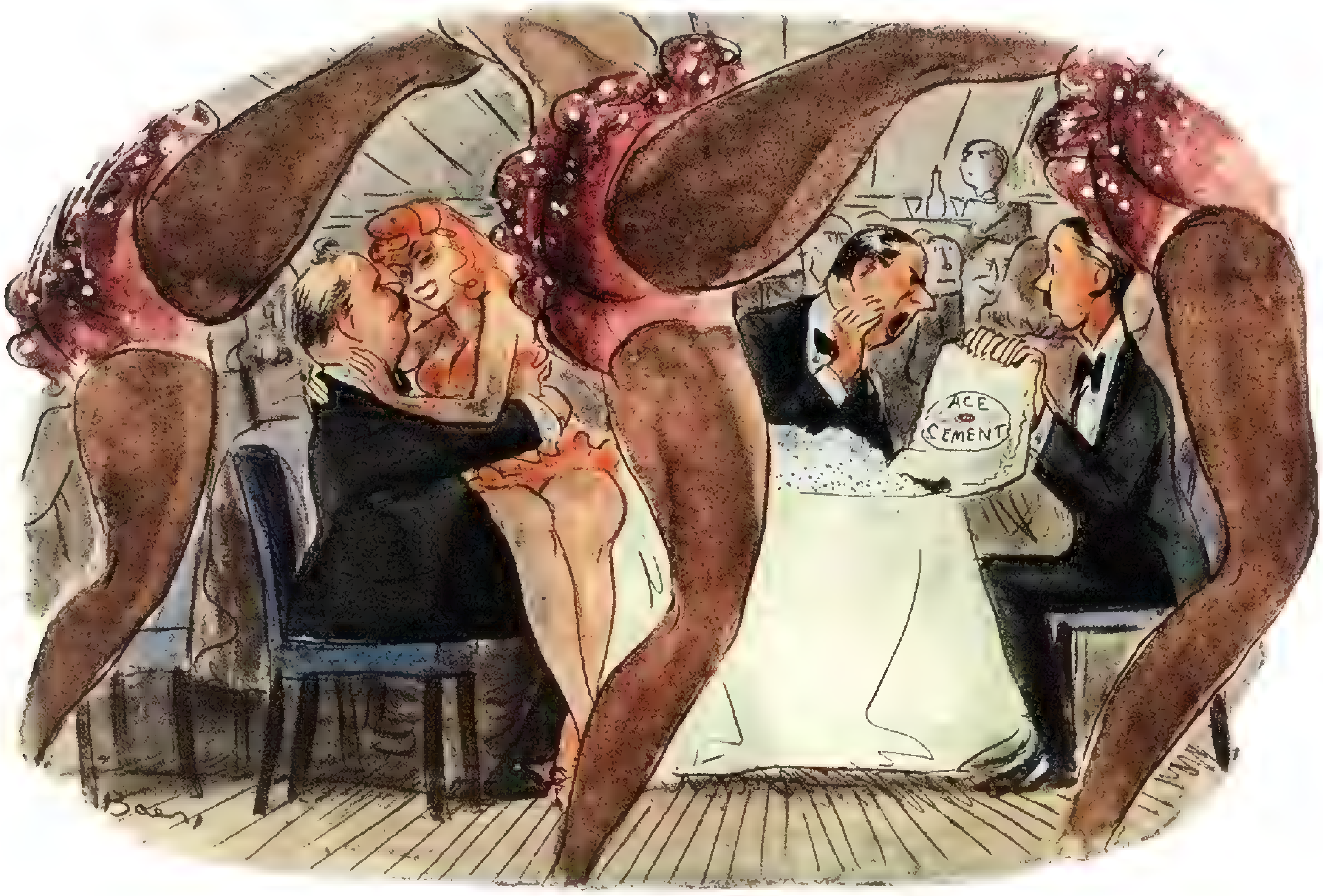


"Remember the last time you made a fool of yourself, they offered you a contract"

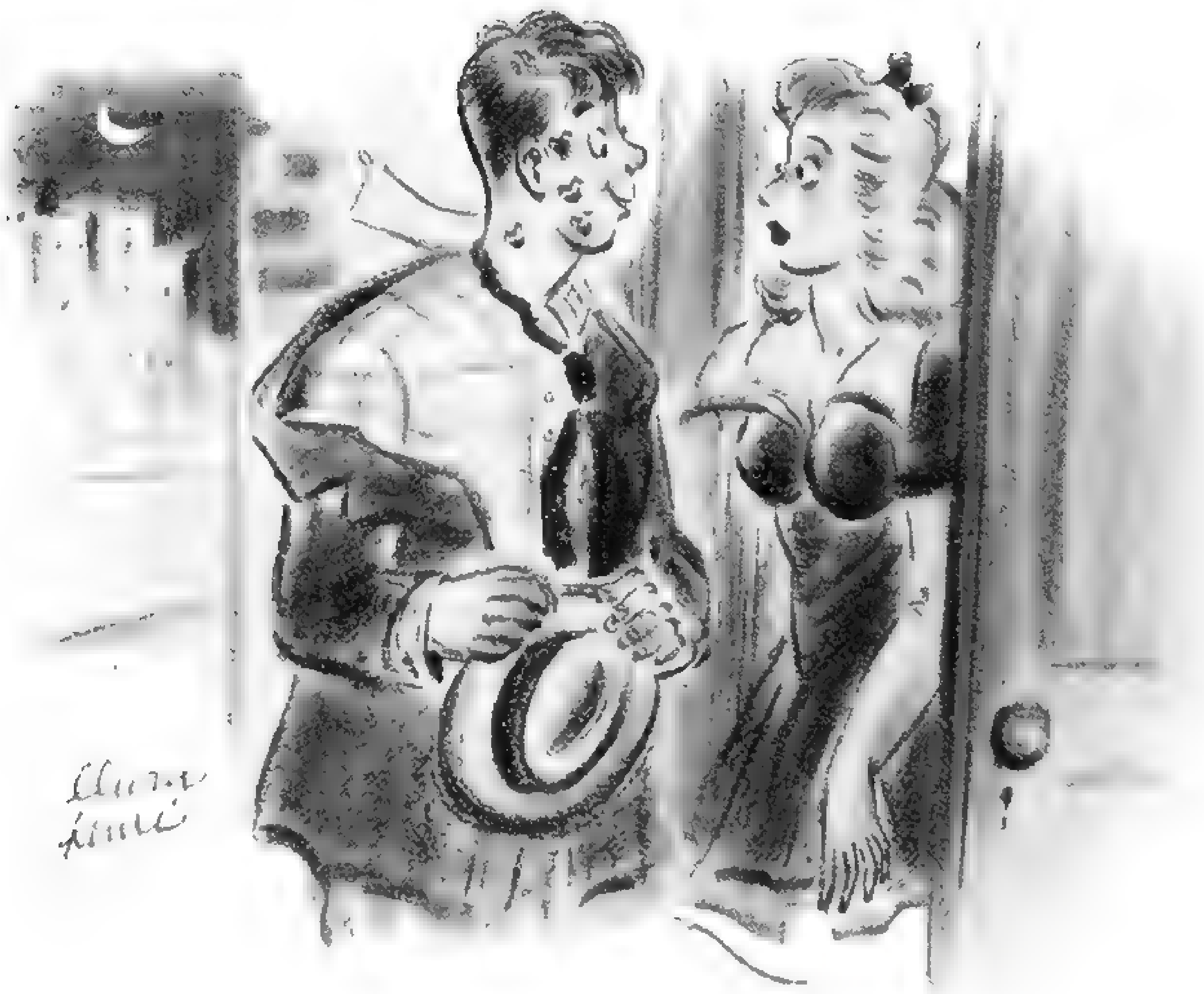


"Sometimes I think gangster programs are healthier for them than the news flashes"

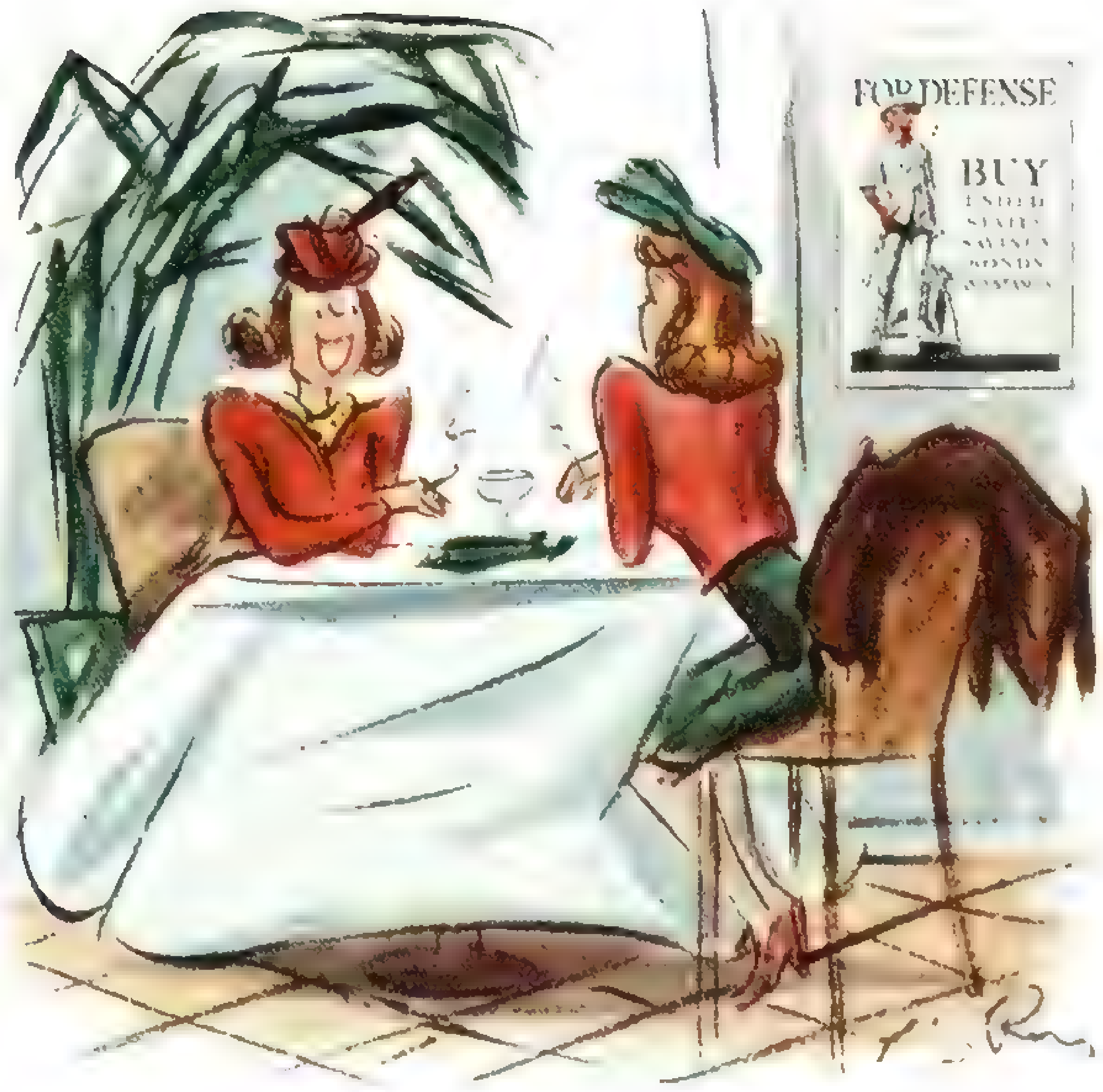
The radio has made programs out of Twenty Questions, and Treasure Hunting, Scavenger Hunting, Forfeits, and other popular games, but we think it will be time to draw the line when they begin to broadcast Playing House.



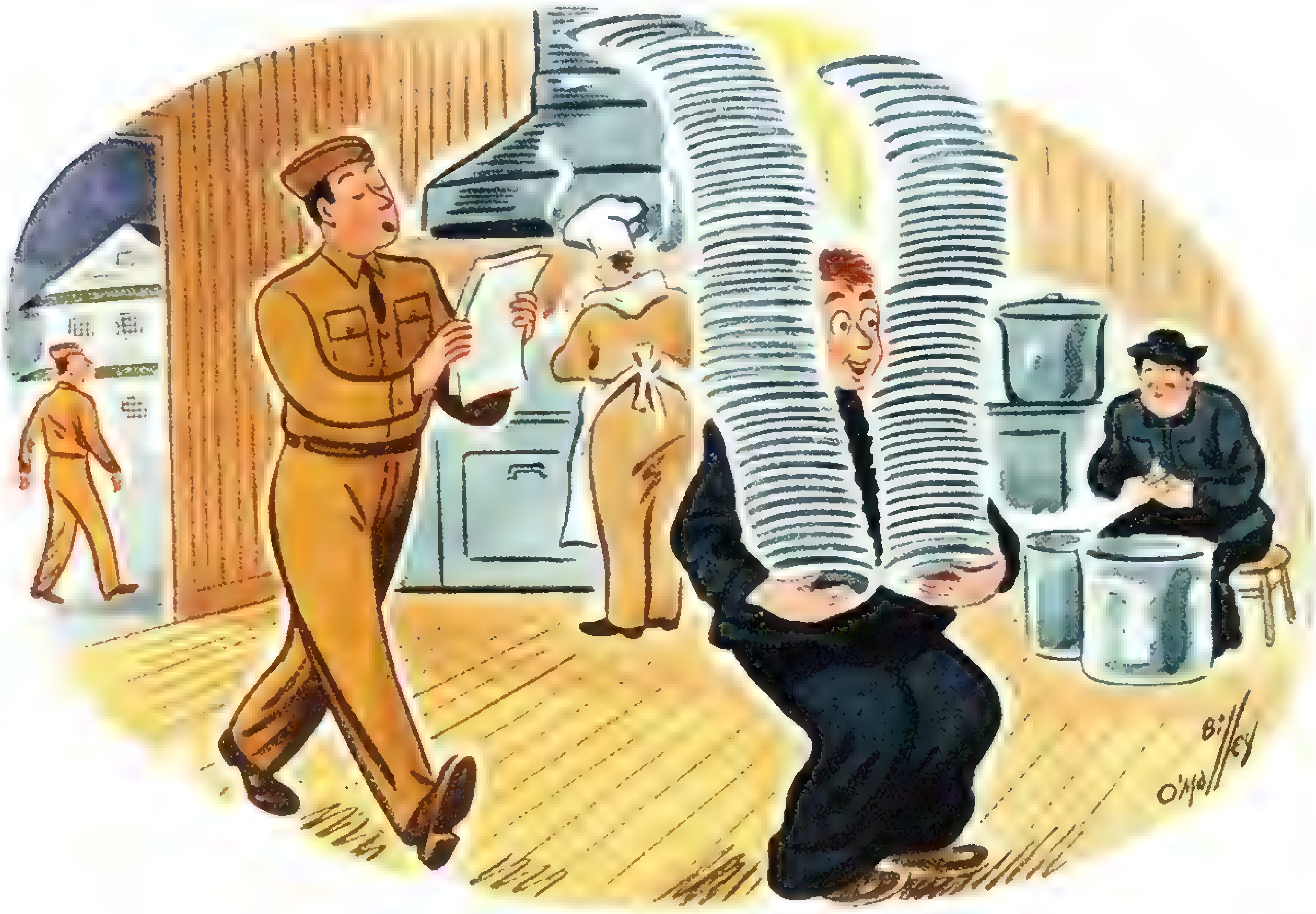
"No! No! Detweller, now isn't the time to show him why our cement has superior strength!"



"Gee, Alice, I can hardly wait to see you tomorrow so we can say 'good night' again"

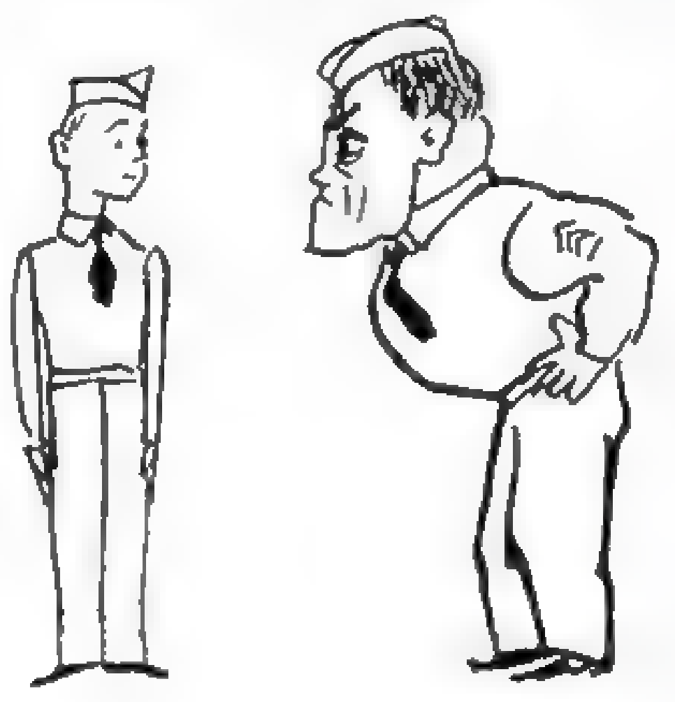

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

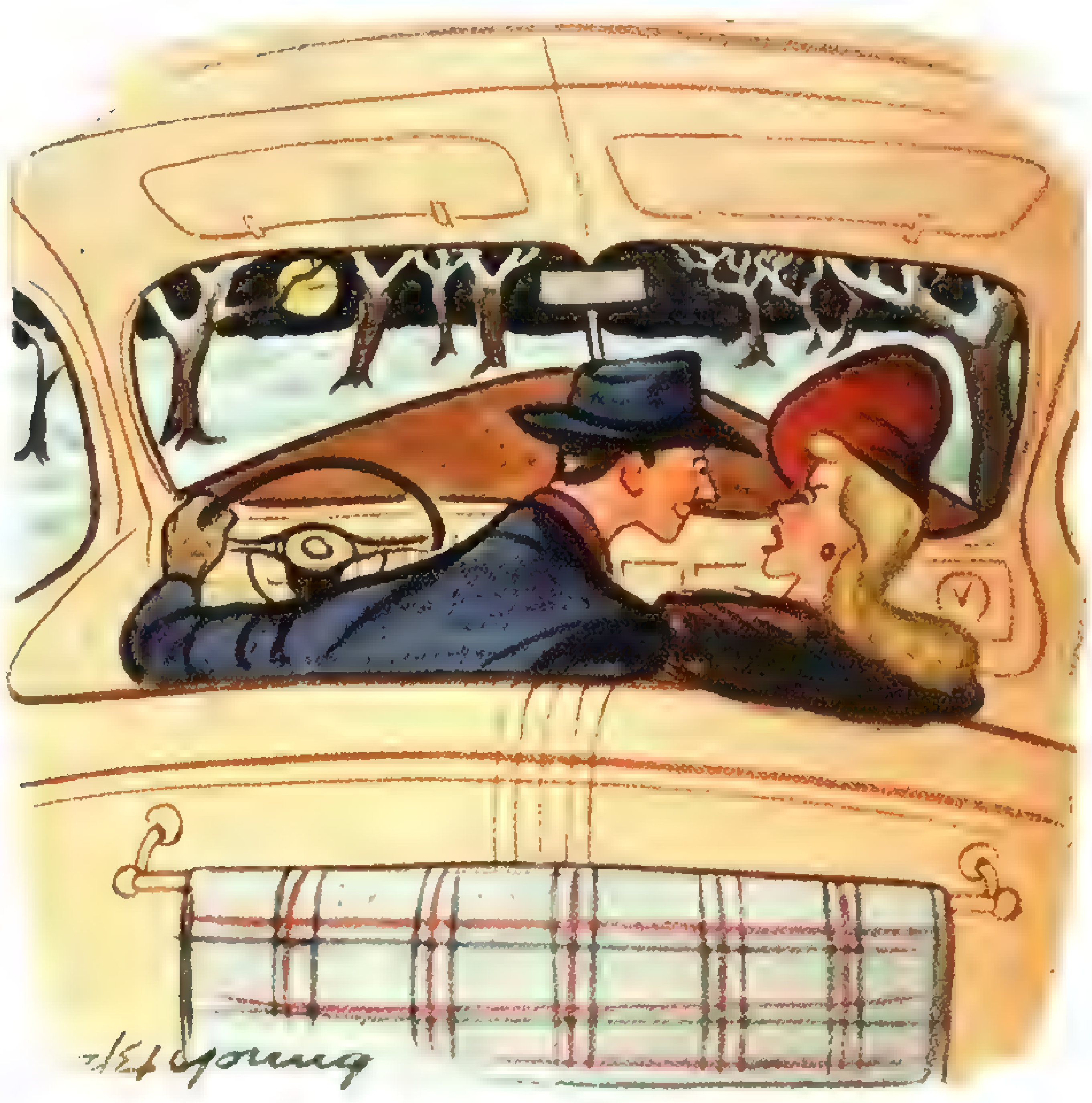
"I kept my diary for seven years —and now it's keeping me"



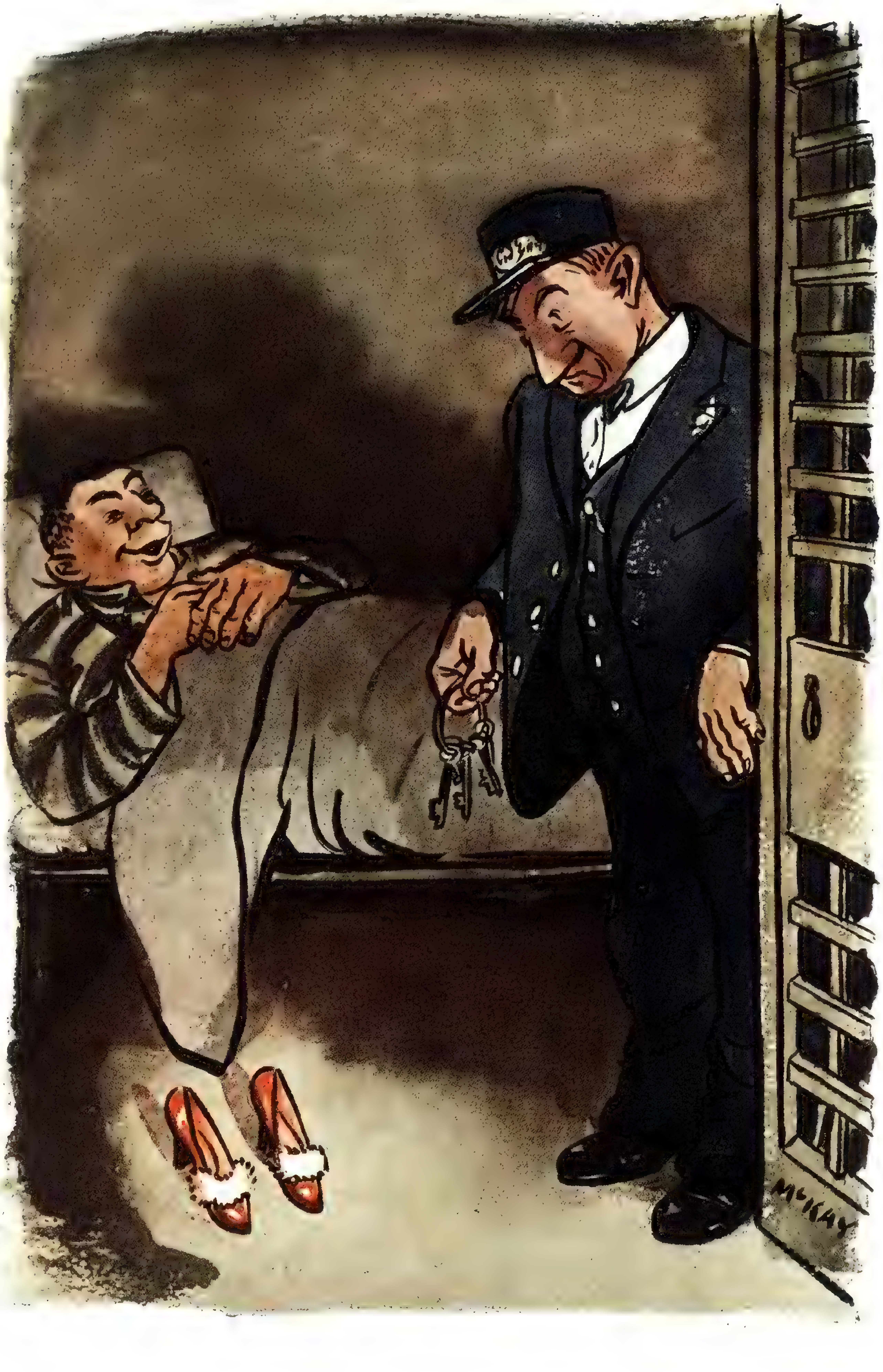
"Private Brown, your transfer came through today"

It's tough on the youngsters who have to go in the Army before they're graduated from college, but there are compensations: The boys won't have to listen to that Commencement oratory.





"Well, what is it this time—motor, tire, or Ickes?"



"Wouldn't you like to know!"

The Truth About Lie Detection

The Psycho-Detectometer never errs unless dumb operators try it on the physically defective or psychopaths

by ORLANDO F. SCOTT, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

NEWSPAPER and magazine readers are shocked by reading, from time to time, of instances in which the lie detector allegedly fails, or by headlines under which some amateur tells "how to beat the lie detector." I shall prove that these headlines are misstatements of fact. No calibrated instrument *can* fail. Likewise, no normal, rational person can control his blood pressure, his heart rate or his brain-electrical changes under test conditions when proper psycho-metric questions are put to him.

Lie detection is not new. Fear of being caught was as apparent to the primitive medicine man as it is to the modern psychologist, though their means of detection differed. The tribal witch doctor looked for the signs of fear and guilt, the dry mouth, the pulsating temporal artery, the bobbling Adam's-apple. The modern psychiatrist with a modern lie detector observes evidence of electrical changes in the brain, of purposeful muscular control, breathing-rate, blood pressure. As in almost every other endeavor, the development has tended consistently toward more efficient techniques and more accurate results.

Many obstacles had to be overcome, many discoveries made and many complicated devices invented and perfected, before scientific lie detection could even be hypothecated, let alone be established as a reliable technique. Important points along the way were Galileo's discovery of the rhythm of the pulse beat (1582), Hale's discovery of blood pressure one hundred years later, Riva Rocci's invention of the blood-pressure cuff (1896), Abbe Rousselot's measuring of respirations by means of the pneumograph, and Prof. Hugo Munsterberg's observations of the characteristic physiological changes in pulse-wave, blood-pressure curve and respiratory ratios under the compulsion of fear-of-being-caught. (1908).

The so-called blood-pressure lie detector was fathered by Prof. Munsterberg, not "invented" by him or by anyone else; but, like many professors of the old school, he made no practical application of his discovery of a technique for the visible recording of body changes under questioning. The technique was forgotten until a Harvard law student made certain innovations in it. But neither his adaptation of the Munsterberg method nor the Northwestern University Crime Detection Laboratory's improved Polygraph recording device was admitted in the courts in any case in which it was offered in evidence over objections. Lie detection techniques in 1935 were still shackled to the uncertainties residing in an approximate twenty-five per cent of errors.

Having studied the rejecting of innumerable proffers of the lie-detection technique to many courts in a number of states, the writer, meanwhile, had determined to his own satisfaction the reasons for these rejections. They were chiefly three:

1. No lie-detector operator had ever analyzed or established the status of this device as against living and thinking human beings. No one had realized that here were *two* machines to qualify—the measuring machine (the lie detector) and the human "machine." Before any court will consider admitting this type of examination as evidence, both machines must be properly qualified as being in good working order and showing what they portend to show.

2. The only way in which the human subject can be qualified to suit the requirements of a court is for that subject to be physically and mentally examined by a doctor of medicine and a skilled psychiatrist before the lie-detection test is administered. This, in order to determine whether or not the subject is within what we term normal range in body and mind. None of those earlier lie-detector operators were medical men—hence the twenty-five per cent of errors to which their findings were subject.

3. But before Polygraph lie-detection evidence could be properly developed, another obstacle had to be overcome. Muscular movements *will* produce some minute changes in one's blood-pressure. Hence, if a subject were measured on a Polygraph, even though the measurement were made by a qualified physician, an astute cross-examiner could question whether the full rise of blood pressure was due to an uttered untruth or to the subject's having wiggled his toes or moved some other muscles.

These prospective dangers were figured out long before the writer sought and obtained the first admission of lie-detector graphs in evidence over objections in any court in the world. That admission was made May 18, 1935, in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, before Judge John Preihs, in Case No. 34-C-5191.

Harold H______, a high school student, had been accused of the death of a fellow student. It was charged that he had thrown a rock in a fit of anger and struck Fred R____ on the head, and that the brain abscess that developed later was a direct result of infection traveling in from the scalp. In earlier days, the evidence would undoubtedly have resulted in this high-school defendant's conviction for murder. But for the first time in legal history, this modern-minded judge, turning the page of scientific advancement in jurisprudence, caused objective lie-detector evidence of the mind itself to be admitted. And the lie-detector test proved that Harold was not guilty.

The muscle-movement objection to Polygraph lie-detector evidence was anticipated and overcome by this writer by the invention

Continued on page 119

"I think the defense plans to enter a plea of insanity"

Is Basketball a Killer?

Cage coaches term the health hazard less than other sports, and paralysis victim thanks the game for recovery

by MARSHALL DIEBOLD

SPORTS

The day after the Homecoming football game at Carleton in 1930, when I had just begun preparing for my first season as a basketball coach, six of our students were stricken by poliomyelitis—the dread infantile paralysis. Dr. Edward Rosenow of the Mayo Clinic rushed to Northfield from Rochester, sixty miles away. Nevertheless, two of the victims died.

Among those who recovered was Dick Arney, my first All-American basketball star. Arney, then a sophomore, received half a dozen spinal injections. But the crisis passed, and he was able to play in the December games against Illinois and Northwestern.

Two and a half years later when his ability and unlimited confidence had brought him All-American recognition, it was unknown to the public that for three seasons he had played with his back strapped. Arney had used basketball as a road to recovery—which is significant, I think, at the present time when there is agitation against basketball as a man-killer. "The exercise I got out of the game," declares Arney, who is now Midwestern Sales Manager for the Hormel Company of Austin, Minnesota, "did more to keep me from suffering permanent ill effects than anything else."

There has been much loose talk about the new speed game, sans the conventional center tip-off. Complaints have been registered that the play is too hard on the players—that it burns them out, causing a health hazard.

As secretary-treasurer of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, it is my duty to keep in touch with the leaders of the game. In view of the controversy that has gathered as a result of the abolition of the center-jump, I took it upon myself to question the leading coaches on the subject of whether they believed the new game really is dangerous to the men. I found that none of them believed there was any reason for alarm.

There is no question about the new game being popular. The fast character of the game at present is the big reason for its sudden growth of popularity the last few years. Suspense, see-sawing leads, uncertainty of form, are a part of it. There are no lags now. The game *moves*. What put this "modern" touch in basketball was the junking of the center-jump in 1937, and the addition of the 10-second rule.

The absence of the interruption of the center-jump makes for a continuous flow of speed, surging and ebbing back and forth up and down the floor. The climaxes of a close game build up like a well-organized plot. There is pace, which quickly steams up the spectators into a high pitch of excitement.

In spite of the fact that admittedly such a type of continuous game might over-tax a player in the moments of a tense drive, the coaches who are closer to the competitors than anyone else, all claim that they have noticed no signs of strain on their men. Nels Norgren of Chicago, president of N. A. B. C., stated: "Assuming that the player has a sound body, that the consent of the school's medical authority for him to compete has been given, and that his physical condition has been gradually exercised for competitive play, I do not think basketball is a health hazard."

For many years Ward Lambert of Purdue has been teaching a fast-break game very similar to the conditions prevailing under the new center-jumpless game, and he says: "The boys I coached as far back as 1910 are all healthy and I know of no harm that has come to any of my players because of basketball. If there is anything wrong with the game, thousands of school superintendents are on the wrong track, for there are more boys playing basketball than any other sport."

John Bunn, Dean of Men at Stanford and former coach who developed Hank Luisetti, has made a scientific study of the subject. "From some of my own studies on fatigue," he reports, "I find that there are numerous other activities which require a longer recovery period than present-day basketball." And Sam Barry of Southern California maintains: "It has been proved by scientific research that it is not as hard on a basketball player in the present game to play forty minutes as it is for a quarter-miler to run 440 yards in a tough race."

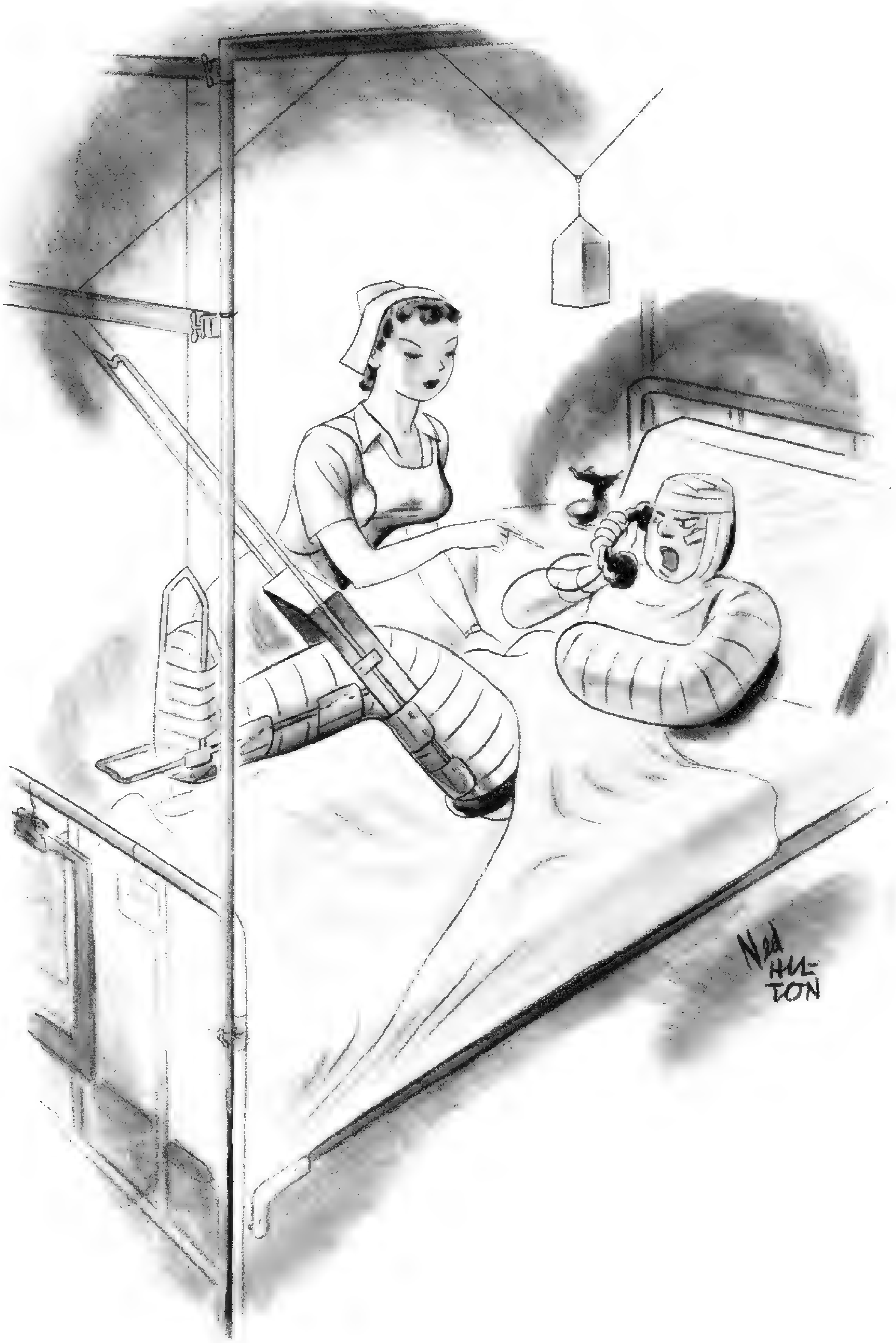
Good conditioning obviously is essential for basketball, and all coaches make use of all the recognized safeguards, foremost among which are weekly physical checkups, frequent substitutions and sanely spaced schedules. Doug Mills, Illinois coach, gives one good reason why basketball players maintain safe physical condition. "Basketball is one game," he says, "that the players love to practice, and because they love the practice they get themselves into fine condition. This is often not true of some other forms of athletics in which the practice period is pure drudgery."

After making a survey of 186 coaches, the research committee of the N. A. B. C. concluded that "the harmfulness of the game (if it is harmful) is the result of varying degrees of physical fitness in the players and to outside factors such as improper training, heavier scholastic loads, and outside work."

Two Carleton forwards who followed in Dick Arney's All-American footsteps—Wayne Sparks and Oscar (Sonny) Olson, testify that there have been no ill effects of their play. The same goes for Paul (Skip) Crawford, who went from Carleton to Peru where he taught the South Americans how to play the game. And every time I see Dick Arney I am proud of the fact that basketball helped pull him through the physical crisis of his life. ##

SIWASH
SIWA
7
John Jarvis

"He practically lives on Vitamin tablets!"



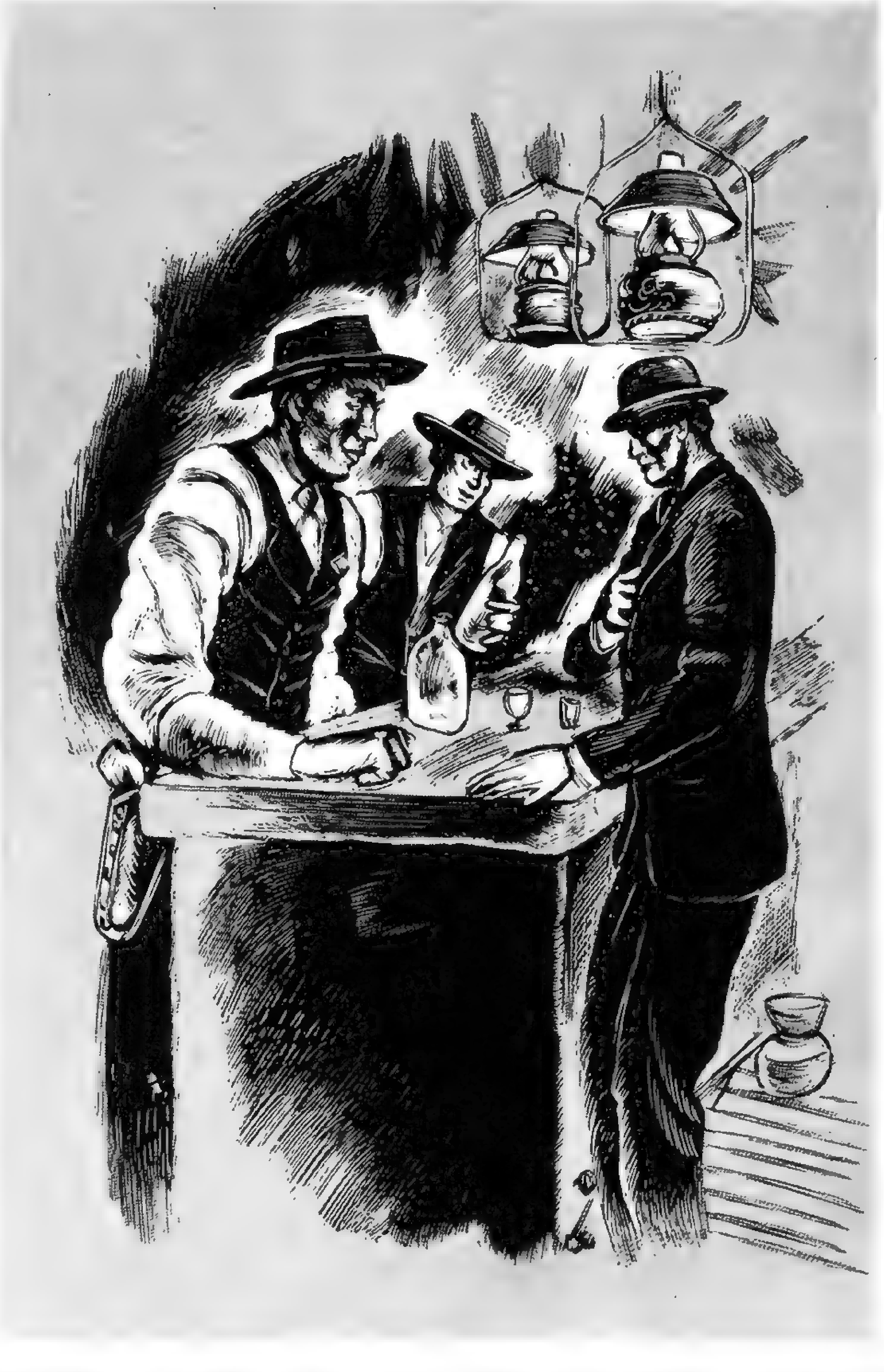
"Listen, Moe . . . that parachute you sold me—"

Hank Johnson's Brother

Getting off the stagecoach he soon learned the whole town was waiting for him to have it out with Elston

by SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

• FICTION •



As a string of dust began showing at Grizzly Point, stretching thin and red across the mesquite plain, expectancy ran through the little single-street town as tangibly as a cool breeze. The weekly stage was an event always; but this stage might carry a special passenger. Most of the men drifted over to the express office, to lean against the porch posts or squat on their heels in the shade. Across from the express office at Elston's place, the Palo Verde, Elston's bouncer came out the swinging doors and leaned against the unpainted wall in the porch shade, picking his teeth with a sharpened match. At the windows above the porch roof appeared the painted faces of Elston's girls. The old men of the town, who'd been whittling on the porch of the store, next to the Palo Verde, carefully closed their knives against their pants legs and just sat, watching the end of the street. Across from the store and next to the express office, the blacksmith stood in his wide doorway while the glowing horseshoe in his tongs deepened from cherry red to blue.

Tessie, the waitress at the Eagle Cafe, came out and stood in the dry afternoon sunlight, fingers twisting at her apron. Her auburn hair made a point of light in the rising heat waves. Tessie had a delicate skin that freckled easily; she was careful about the sun but she'd forgotten that now.

"Jim!" a homesteader's wife called shrilly from the seat of a buckboard before the store. She'd come out with her husband, loaded with purchases, and then he'd gone back in for some item he'd forgotten. "Hurry up, Jim! Johnson's brother might be on that stage!"

There was something harsh and almost embarrassing about her shrill cry; it was hardly in good taste. While everyone waited to see if Johnson's brother would arrive today, it was something you didn't say in so many words. Her husband came out of the store, hurrying with his boot heels loud on the wooden porch, stuffing a red can of tobacco into his hip pocket. He climbed over the buckboard wheel, swung the team around and whipped them out of town. The red dust rose from wheels and hooves making a thin cloud through which the stage abruptly broke as it came into the end of the street from the mesquite plain, gear rattling and wheels rumbling, and the drum of the lathered horses beating back and forth from the false fronts.

A drummer stepped down at the express office as the stage pulled up, and gallantly offered his hand to a new girl for the Palo Verde. Elston had an eye for girls, and this one was a shapely blonde; but today the men passed her by with a glance, watching the third passenger. He got out carefully, squinting in the dry sunlight, a frail man with face a pasty white but for a spot of unhealthy pink on each cheekbone. He stood in the thin rising dust, looking up and down the single street. Seeing the sign of the Tooler Hotel he picked up his carpetbag which the driver had pitched down and started that way. Then he stopped, coughing with the dust, cringing as he coughed. From his breast pocket he took a tin box and slipped a pill in his mouth. This stopped the coughing, and he walked on.

"Name's Johnson," the driver observed.

"Poor devil," somebody said, mostly with disappointment.

It had been almost two months since Elston had shot Hank Johnson. It was known that somewhere Hank Johnson had a brother. Inevitably, the news would get to Johnson's brother, wherever he might be, and as a matter of course Johnson's brother would come to have it out with Elston. That was natural and inescapable since Hank Johnson had been provoked into a gun duel in which he had no chance at all against Elston. Elston had let Hank Johnson make the first move towards his weapon, which of course in the eyes of frontier law made it a matter of self defense on Elston's part, regardless of the fact that he was an expert gunman who practiced every day and that Hank Johnson was just an ordinary, awkward fellow who wore a gun simply because all freighters did. The marshal, opening Hank Johnson's gun after the killing, found the cartridges so old the brass was corroded. There'd been some talk of a lynching at the time. But, still, Hank Johnson *had* pulled his weapon before Elston shot. And there was the fact Johnson had a brother.

"I'll go talk with him," the marshal now observed, watching the frail white figure with the carpetbag entering the Tooler Hotel. It was too bad that the burden of justice should fall on such shoulders. This pasty-faced fellow wouldn't have a chance.

Across the street, Elston's bouncer flipped away his sharpened match and went through the swinging doors of the Palo Verde to tell Elston. The bouncer came out presently, sharpened another match, and leaned against the unpainted wall picking his teeth.

Going to the hotel, the marshal met Tessie at the doorway.

"Is—is he—?" the girl asked.

The marshal nodded. "Ye-ah."

"But—he's so thin and white. And Hank was a big man."

The marshal shrugged. He was a tall, lean, gangling fellow, six feet four inches without his high heels. "I got a runt brother myself," he said. "And two more bigger than me. Never can tell."

"You've got to stop him. He hasn't got

a chance against Elston," the girl begged.

The marshal shrugged again. "I can't do nothing until there's something to do. A man's got a right to come to town, ain't he?"

"But you know what will happen. And I—I can't have two men killed on my account." Tessie began saying something more, but her voice broke and she buried her face in her hands.

"I'll do what I can," the marshal said, and went inside.

Johnson had put his bag in his room and was coming down the steep wooden steps to the lobby, gripping the two-by-four rail with a white hand as he descended. He paused for breath at the bottom, then crossed to the settee before the front window and sat on it carefully, looking out at the bright street. The marshal took a seat alongside, his lank frame collapsing into a jumble of bony angles.

"Hello, Johnson."

The pasty face turned, the eyes moving to the silver badge and then again to the marshal's horse-like face.

"Hello."

"Staying long hereabouts?"

The frail man shrugged, his lips making a brief wry smile. "No; I guess not." He brought out a handkerchief and hacked into it.

"Got a cold?"

"Call it that."

"Summer colds is bad." Then decisively, the small talk over, the marshal gathered his lank frame straight on the settee, spat at the brass spittoon, and said, "Now, look here, Johnson! I know why you're here!"

"I guess it's—obvious," Johnson said. "But as long as I mind my own business, it's none of yours."

"You're his brother."

"Whose brother? I haven't got a brother."

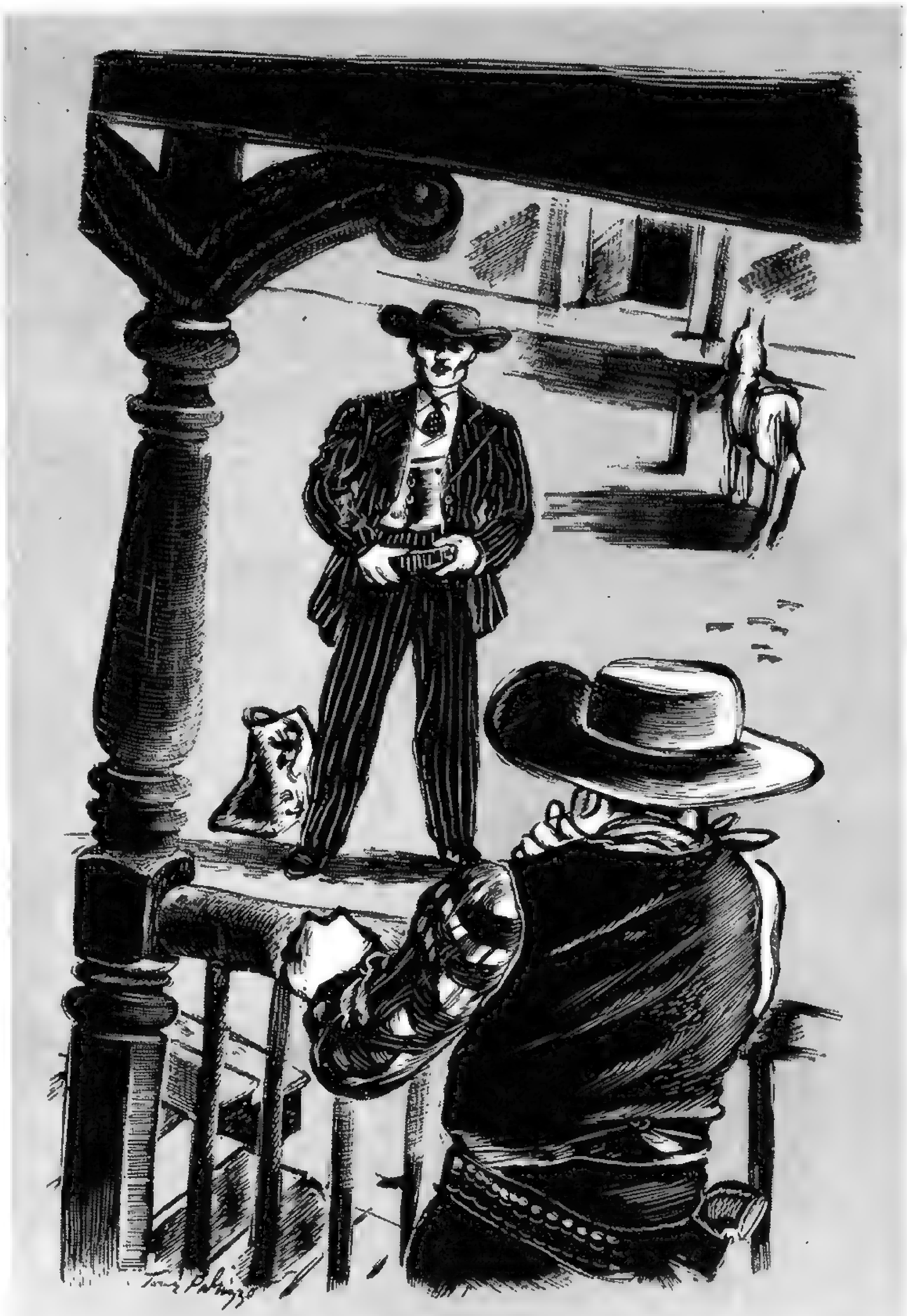
The marshal began saying, "You *had* a brother," but swallowed the words. There was no use beating around the bush. Of course Johnson wouldn't come in town announcing that he was Hank's brother, and coming to get Elston. That way, he'd be guilty of murder if lucky enough to get Elston; and, too, he'd lay himself open to arrest before anything happened. In fact, except that it was a common name, the brother might be expected to arrive under an alias, and reveal his identity first to Elston. As it was, if the marshal accused this fellow of coming to shoot things out, the man could always say, "You're crazy, and you're looking for another guy. There's plenty of people named Johnson."

But the marshal had his duty. Too, he was angry. What sense was there to the unwritten code that would send a frail white fellow like this against the invincible Elston? This poor specimen must know he didn't have a chance. And his death would hurt Tessie. The poor girl had enough to go through, without this.

"Now, look here, Johnson!" the marshal blustered. "You're coming here to die, that's what you're doing!"

The unhealthy pink spots on the pasty face flamed with anger, and with thin venom the frail man called the marshal a name that would have made a fight under different circumstances. "Get out of here and leave me be!" Johnson finished, and there was a dry fire to his voice that made the marshal recoil. "If I came here to die it's none of your damned business!"

In the street, the marshal mopped his forehead. Plenty of spunk in the guy, he reflected, but spunk's no use against cold lead.



He turned into the Eagle Cafe, swung a leg over a stool, pushed back his black hat and put his elbows on the counter.

"Coffee," he said to Tessie.

The bottom of the heavy cup chattered as she put it on the counter.

"What did he say?"

The marshal shrugged.

"He's just like Hank was," the girl said barrenly, without hope, accepting the inevitable. "Hank knew he didn't have a chance against Elston. He knew it. He knew Elston would make a fight if he kept seeing me. But Hank wouldn't quit seeing me and he wouldn't stay out of Elston's way. Why don't you do something?" she cried, her voice rising high suddenly, ragged and splintered like a bent stick throwing up slivers just before it breaks. "You're the marshal, why don't you do something?"

The marshal blew into the steam of his coffee, took a slow sip, waiting for the girl to regain control, and then said, "You see him. You talk to him."

"No; I couldn't do that. It was my fault his brother got killed."

"He don't see it that way. His brother done what any man had to do. He don't blame you."

"I blame myself. I could have done something. I could have kept Hank from knowing I loved him. When it was too late I told him I didn't love him, but he knew I was only saying it to get him away. But I should have done it before it was too late."

The marshal looked at the deep brown dye of his coffee. Elston had picked this girl for his own and had let it be understood for everyone else to keep away from her. This had nothing to do with the girl's own feelings, and she had told him plainly enough what she thought of him, which only amused Elston. She hadn't gone away or tried to go away, knowing perhaps that Elston would be amused and content to wait only to a certain point. The marshal arose, stepping backwards over the high stool.

"If you feel that way," he said at the door, "then it's up to you to see him. I've done all I can."

Johnson remained on the settee, looking out the lobby window at the sunlight. As the news got around, the town gradually filled with men; the women stayed away. Homesteaders rode in on work horses. Ranchers and their hands arrived on wiry cowponies, and driving buckboards. They lounged about, sitting on their heels in the shade, drifting into the Palo Verde for a cool one, gathering into small groups, waiting. The hotel owner, Tooler, began sweeping out the lobby. This made Johnson cough. He got out his tin box and took a pill.

"Sit still," Tooler said as Johnson began arising. "I'll let it go." He came to the settee and sat on the arm. He was a short stocky man, with the reputation of a gossip. "You're his brother," he said.

"What's wrong around here? The town marshal accused me of being somebody's brother."

Tooler nodded understandingly. "Sure, it's just a coincidence that the names are the same; I know. You wouldn't know nothing about Hank Johnson and about how Elston killed him on account of Tessie Reynolds, the waitress, now would you? You're just a guy named Johnson and you just happened to stop off here for no reason at all."

"For my health," Johnson said.

Tooler winked. "Sure; for your health. It's so nice and healthy here for guys named Johnson."

"There's a mistake somewhere," Johnson said. "I'm a bookkeeper, see? I've never had a brother. I've never been west before. I just picked this town from the map and came out

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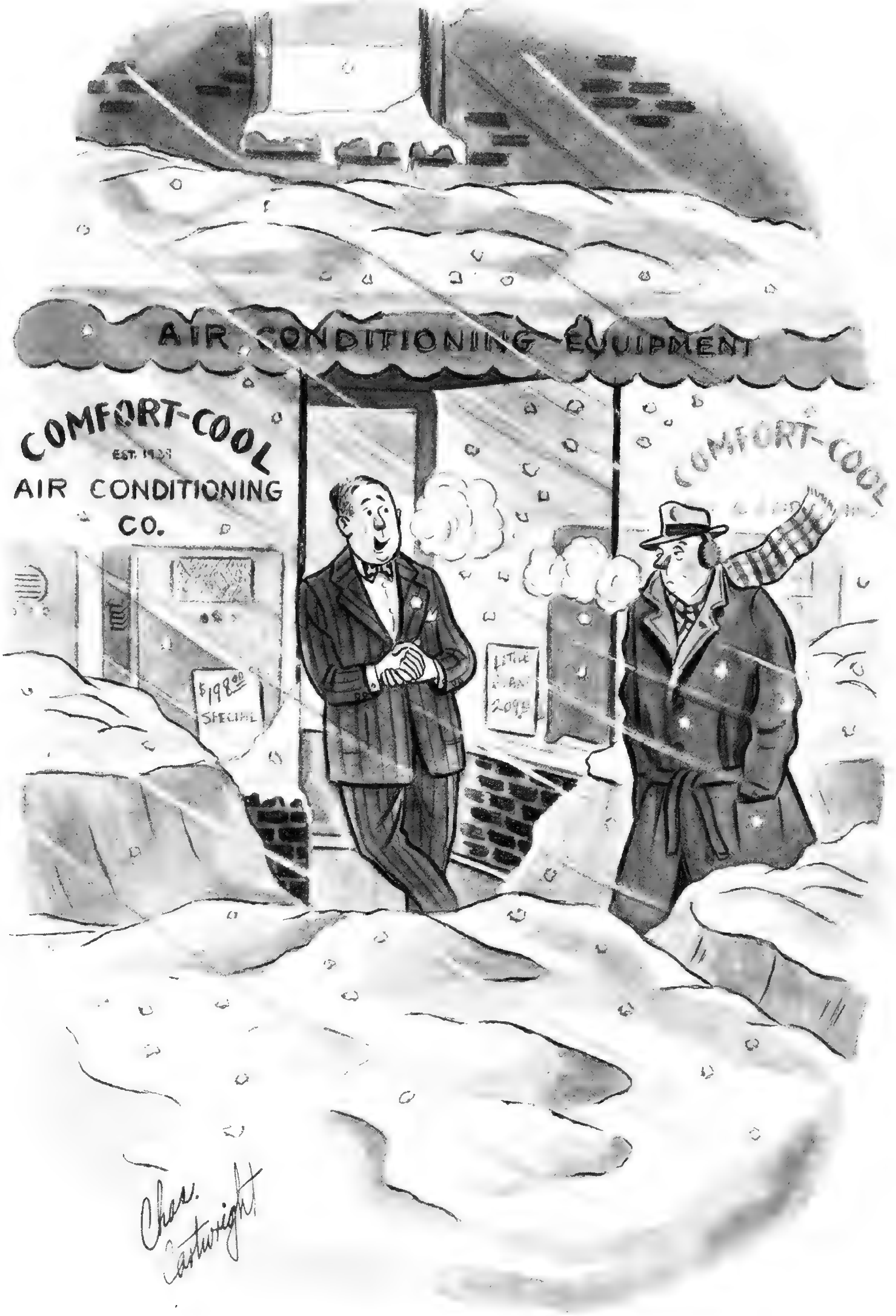
AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT
COMFORT-COOL
AIR CONDITIONING CO.
$198.00 SPECIAL
COMFORT-COOL
Chas. Cartwright

"Good morning, sir! Bit of summer in the air, isn't there?"

Inside the Funny Page

Creator of Ella Cinders volunteers the lowdown on some cartoonists who grind out popular newspaper comics

by CHARLIE PLUMB

• ARTICLE •

I HAVE been drawing Ella Cinders for seventeen years: 6,046 daily strips, 809 colored Sunday pages, altogether two and a half miles of modernized fairy story about the little slavey who climbs endlessly from rags to riches. In those seventeen years I have drawn Ella at home (when I had one), on boats, in Pullmans and Gopher Prairie day coaches, in hunting camps, trailers and planes. I'm still at it in a bougainvillea-smothered house in Mexico across a big tropical garden from Martin Torrence, the Esquire escapist whose article on *Paradise for a Dollar a Day* saved me from a fate worse than the Chicago Loop in a late thaw.

Wherever I hung my hat and set up my drawing board, the multitude plagued me for autographs and sketches. High school reporters interviewed me. Women's clubs, school principals, and vocational directors insisted on gratis chalk-talk lectures.

I came to Mexico from San Antonio because when I walked into the neighborhood grocery one day the proprietor asked, "Say, you're the fellow who draws the Ella Cinders funnies, ain't you?"

To get out of the place I had to draw eight autographed portraits of Ella, and one of Blackie for a flap-eared kid. Thereafter, every time I entered that store, I was introduced to more of the neighborhood and had to dash off dozens of drawings on wrapping paper. I once went with my arm in a sling, but that couldn't last. The news of my good nature was spreading to the drug store, the meat market, the cleaner's and the Shoe Hospital. I staged a revolt at home—and being desperate, I won. We phoned our orders.

So the delivery kids clamored for souvenirs, and when they got them came back later with their pals. I developed a haggard and hunted look, along with a definite hunch, born of the questions they asked, that Joe Doaks and all his family were interested in everything that pertains to the "funnies."

As you goggle over the no-longer-funny funny page, you might remember that these paper characters are disporting themselves in every part of the world where there is a newspaper. Even the depression, Naziism, and a super world war haven't abolished the imported American comic. From Stockholm and Amsterdam to Cairo and Ankara and on to Bangkok and Hongkong you keep on meeting Jiggs and Maggie, Li'l Abner, Superman, Ella Cinders and others, speaking whatever language is spoken by the man in the street. Nothing is so international as American strippery. Around the planet, toys, bibs and chamber pots carry likenesses of these cockeyed characters.

Now that I am no longer browbeaten into lectures and chalk-talks, I rather like the idea of making a few homespun remarks about the lads who create the comics and how they go about their world-shaking chores.

The popular conception of a cartoonist is: a fat uproariously funny fellow who knocks out pictures in fast motion, with a blonde seated on his knee, a mint julep at his elbow, a two-dollar cigar in his mouth, and a chauffeur waiting to whirl him off to his yacht. We'll admit that most members of the Comic Artists Union are peculiar ducks, and even if they're not funny, at least they're funny looking. Streetcar conductors run pretty much to type, but not we strip artists. Compare Krazy Kat's George Herriman with Frank Willard, creator of Moon Mullins.

Herriman has the biggest inferiority complex in the craft; you could pile all the bricks that Krazy ever threw at Ignatz and not fill it up. He is kind to all his fans, and corresponds with any kid who writes to him. He hates crowds and likes to stay at home. Wears his hat when not in bed, and works on a flat-top table in the kitchen. Once he felt he wasn't earning his salary, that Krazy was slipping, so he wrote to King Features and suggested that his salary be cut. Hearst cut it. All this in spite of the fact that Krazy Kat is the only comic strip filed and treasured in the Library of Congress, and the only one that ever had serious music written to it—John Alden Carpenter's *Krazy Kat Ballet.* The highbrows have loved Krazy for more than a dozen years. Gilbert Seldes went lyrical over Kat, Mouse, and Brick. There's supposed to be some Freudian significance in this triangle. Herriman lives in a pink Hollywood stucco that resembles the architecture he draws in his comic.

The guy who delineates the doings of the Plebeian Moon Mullins and his pals, the Plushbottoms, is the exact opposite of Krazy Kat Herriman. Frank Willard is like his characters, ruff and tuff. He chaws tobacco and scratches matches on the piano. Frank says he was a lot like little Kayo when he was a kid. If Willard had a motto it would be, "Be yourself!" His characters are like that, and the public loves it. He enjoys being hot. Even in the summer heat of his studio in the Chicago *Tribune* tower, Frank can be found batting out comics while bundled to the ears in a sweater and leather jacket. He has to his name a handsome home in Florida, a yacht, and a divorce or two.

The late Segar had something in common with Adolf Hitler—both were house painters. Maybe all house painters are emotionally suppressed from seeing the wrong things through windows. The suppressed Adolf broke out as a world killer, and Segar popped up with Popeye, the Sailor, the most violent character in strips, barring the Superman type of hard-working, cosmic buttinsky.

Segar's sudden rise to fame was accidental. For years he plugged along, drawing a medi-

Continued on page 110

STOCK TICKERS
Franklin Folger

". . . and when things get too bad rope comes out"

A Feathered Phantom

It ain't etiquette in Alabama to shoot wild turkeys in trees, instead you lure them out with mating calls from yelpers

by HENRY VANCE & ZIPP NEWMAN

• SPORTS •

Few persons can go on a wild turkey hunt without *Please Do Not Disturb* signs springing up throughout the mental recesses of their minds. Take Frank Thomas, Head Coach of the Alabama Crimson Tide, for instance. We have accompanied His Corpulency, Coach Tommy on several hunts and have had it demonstrated that while he's a football expert, in the more intricate pastime of turkey hunting he never seems to know when or how to shift; his backfield usually is in motion at the wrong time, and arriving back at the Capstone campus he has been known to speak to his young gridiron hopefuls in whispers for days at a time. The furtive glance and the cautious manner in which the palms of his feet are placed on terra firma always makes the fellow just returned from a turkey hunt look the fugitive from a tintinabulation. (The word is Poe's.)

The turkey country in South Alabama as a rule is flat, but around Bellamy and a 100,000 acre tract Ed Leigh McMillan of Brewton owns, about forty miles south of town, there are some hills. Besides planting billions of trees the Creator also sowed in rather promiscuous fashion cable vine seeds, briar patches, undergrowth, thistle and cockleburr. The cable vine is the most ferocious of all vegetation, wearing fang-like thorns in profusion.

Ed Leigh McMillan usually has about eight guests from "up Nawth." "Nawth" in this instance could mean Nawth Alabama, Nawth Carolina, or the Nawth Shore of Chicago. These "githerin's" will loosen one's tongue just as extensively before a blazing camp fire and put in circulation just as many lies as Doc Goebbels can think up during an inspired week end.

About eight guests usually assemble fairly early in the afternoon, putting up in the main camp house. Others come straggling in from Brewton and from the hinterland as the afternoon hours roll on. The latter are quartered in the cabins which surround the administration building.

Many who come out to spend the evening don't stay the night. Others who bed down have no intention whatever of joining the early shift posse. Only those quartered in the main hall answer the before-dawn summons. They shiver into heavy coats and imbibe a cup of coffee.

Guides, of course, have established semi-liaison with the quarry the afternoon before and know for a fact that turkeys are in the neighborhood (the latter being a very elastic word in South Alabama). They have found signs, even though they were printed in what would have proved Sanskrit to an embryonic huntsman. Your natural woodsman can track a turkey as easily as the average layman could track the Fourth Division's tank corps in a six-inch snow. He sees where they have been scratching for acorns, berries or grain—their main food—and can tell by the way the leaf mold has been thrown the direction in which they were headed. The correct expression: "Turkeys have been 'usin' ' here." So the guides have followed the rather dim path and near dusk have a fairly clear mental picture of the trees that Mr. and Missus Turkey have chosen for the night's lodging.

In the fall turkeys travel in caravans of from eight to fourteen, depending of course on just how many of a hatching have been able to survive attacks by banditry of the forest and high waters of the spring freshets. A covey of turkeys will stick together from birth until next spring when a young man's fancy lightly turns. At that time the biological urge shoots into what is left of the covey and the family breaks up housekeeping permanently.

All hands have been coffeed and armed and the trek begins. The zero hour is on. There is always a bounce down what country folk call "a dim road" in a hunting car. Then you come to the Conecuh. Business of piling into flat-bottomed boats, later disembarkation on muddy banks about a mile upstream.

A hickory nut falling from a tree in the dead hours sounds as pronounced as the back-fire of a flivver. Would-be assassins of Meleagris Gallopavo must be hep to the manifold idiosyncrasies of the gobbler and able to get through underbrush as noiselessly as a dip in easy-walkers negotiating the length of an Oriental rug on a pocket-filching pilgrimage. The crackle of one twig is guaranteed to make any turkey gobbler pull 5,280 feet from his mileage book before he three-points to safety on the limb of a long leaf pine.

A libertine raccoon sounds his eerie screech. A male squirrel who has been out trifling is denied entrance to the nest and a shrieking family argument ensues. An owl keeps putting the eternal question: "Hoo? Hoo? Hoo?" And you say to the guide: "How come I've got to be as silent as the X in Xerxes with all that noise going on?" The pitiful look he gives you penetrates to the marrow as deeply as the atmosphere which has as yet shown no signs of becoming defrosting conscious. "Them noises is natchal to a turkey," he explains. "He hears 'em every night and don't pay 'em no mind. Any sound that you make is plum furrin to him. His ears is as keen as a swish-blade, and he's on the alert after that."

And all the while you go creeping forward, the underbrush counter attacking at times and slowing the progress. Suddenly the Buffalo Bill of the expedition stops in his tracks. You do likewise, and the entire group goes into a huddle. "In them pines just ahead," explains the guide. "They're settin' purty far apart; There's four gobblers an' they ain't

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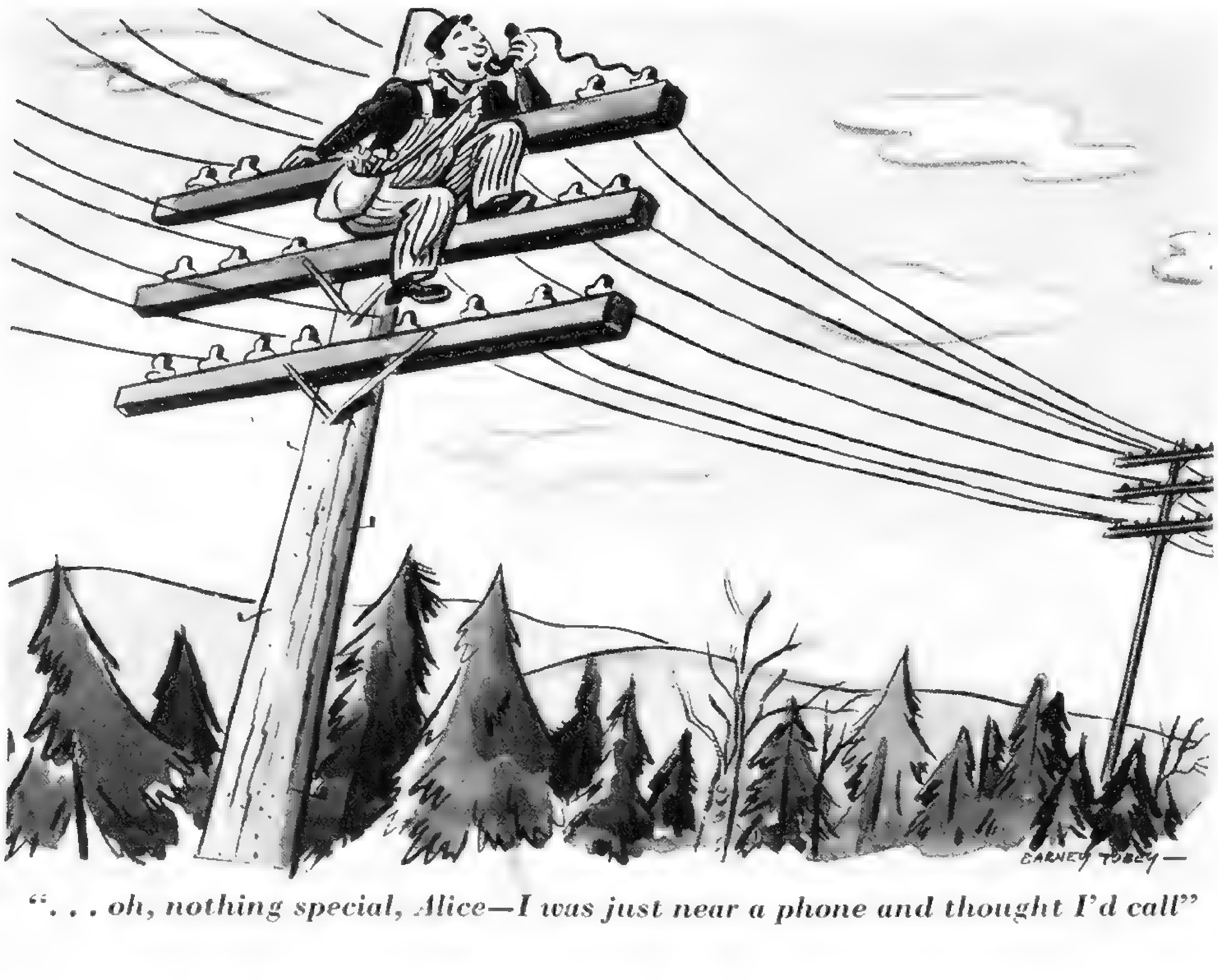
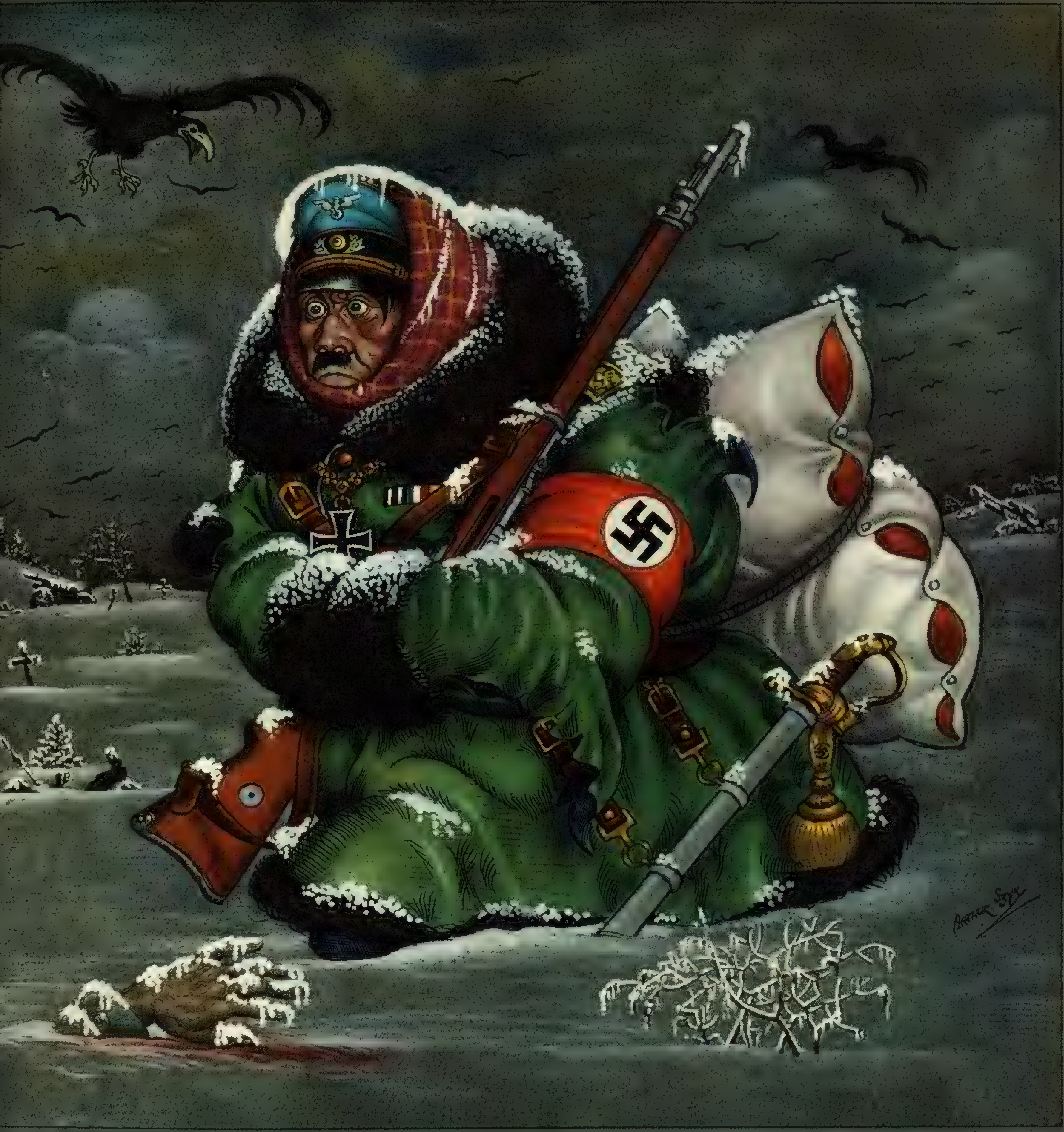


". . . oh, nothing special, Alice—I was just near a phone and thought I'd call"



"This damn winter is just another intrigue of Roosevelt and the international bankers"

DETOUR ON THE GLORY ROAD

by

ARTHUR SZYK

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 165

THE BALI GIRL

Kodachromed by

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 165

Double-Dummy for Three

At last, a good three-handed game of contract bridge, pleasantly cut-throat and entailing as few rules as possible

by ALBERT A. OSTROW

• ARTICLE •

When Charley took his family back to town before the Labor Day week end he left the three of us—Henry, Joe, and myself without a fourth. It was a forty-eight minute run to Penn Station, and if you've seen the scenery along the South Jersey Shore once, you've seen it.

I scouted around the car, but the best I could turn up were a couple of pinochlers, an auction player, and a gin-rummy hound. Dear old Charley. He took a year to play a hand, even the lay-downs, and he could master mind himself into a set on some of the simplest contracts—but he'd been a fourth, God bless him.

We talked a little about the war, and the Beloved Bums.

Henry was a Giant fan and could take only so much. "It'll be a different tune with you guys next season," he said with a wry smile. "Instead of wait till next year, you'll be crying wait till last year."

That got a laugh, and a truce was called. Henry picked up his *Trib* and turned to Florence Osborn's column. "Hope the problem hand's not too easy this morning."

It wasn't. The hand was bid to small slam via the Blackwood convention. Henry folded the paper on his brief case and we studied the hand without looking at the solution. It turned out to be a progressive squeeze, and it took us a little time to solve it, even double-dummy. Somebody had sent the hand in from Philadelphia where it was supposed to have been made in tournament play.

"You really think it was played that way?" said Joe. "Or did he go down on it like any ordinary mortal, and figure it out later double-dummy. I've done it myself more than once and thought about sending the hand to a columnist as a sample of my style at the table." He grinned. "Except that my friends know me too well."

"I've seen some tough ones made at the table," said Henry. "Von Zedwitz pulled a miracle on a three no-trumper I'd have sworn he was beat on. Some of those boys really can do it."

"Me, too," said Joe. "Double-dummy. With two hands open on the board I'd be a rootin', tootin ring-tailed marvel."

"I don't know," I said. "How many squeeze situations can you recognize? Or coups? Or other set-ups for getting the extra trick? And don't forget, the defense knows all the cards, too."

"All the same," said Joe, "I'd take my chances with the best of 'em, double-dummy."

Like all of us bridge players he lived in a dream world where he slugged it out trick for trick with Ozzie Jacoby or any of the other knights of the square table.

Before we scattered Henry said, "I guess what this country needs among other things is a mechanical fourth."

"How about a good three-handed game?" I asked.

"Yeah," said Joe, "something better than three fellows bidding for a blind hand and hoping for the best."

I had an absent-minded time of it that day. The business about a three-handed game kept percolating in my skull. Along about afternoon something else besides air bubbles started coming up, and by the time I got aboard the 5:28 I had a full-sized brainstorm.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I bring you glad tidings: a three-handed game of contract with oomph."

Henry didn't even look up from the box-scores. "You don't say."

"Listen to this," I said. "You deal four hands. Each player gets one and the left-over hand remains face down—blind." Anyway Joe was giving me his full attention. "Dealer gets first bid. He may open the bidding as though he had a partner. Second hand may support or overcall, or make an opening bid over a pass. Same goes for third hand."

"Let me get that straight," cut in Joe. "You mean if one guy bids, let's say, a spade either of the other two hands can raise in spades?"

"That's right."

"Go on," said Joe. Henry was listening, too.

"Now," I continued, "here's what happens when the final contract is reached. Declarer may choose any hand for his dummy. If he picks one which raised in the suit he's playing the contract at, they split bonuses and overtricks. But they each get the under-line score. If declarer decides for some reason to take the third hand he gets all scores for himself, bonuses still halved. However, if he chooses the blind he's rewarded with full bonuses. Is that clear so far?"

"In other words," said Joe, "if I were the original bidder and you raised me in my suit and we win the auction, I wouldn't have to take your hand for my dummy. I could pick Henry's or shoot for all the marbles with the blind hand."

"Correct. And if you took Henry's hand he'd have to pick up the blind hand and play it on defense."

Henry put aside his paper. "If declarer's supporting bidder becomes a dummy and the blind hand is opened, it appears you've got a double-dummy."

"Exactly. Both declarer and defender play a dummy hand." Joe perked up.

"What about the scoring?" said Henry.

"I thought about dispensing with rubbers. A man who was vulnerable in this game would be worse than a leper. The others wouldn't have anything to do with him for fear of pushing him into game. You can imagine the phenagling that would bring on. I figured

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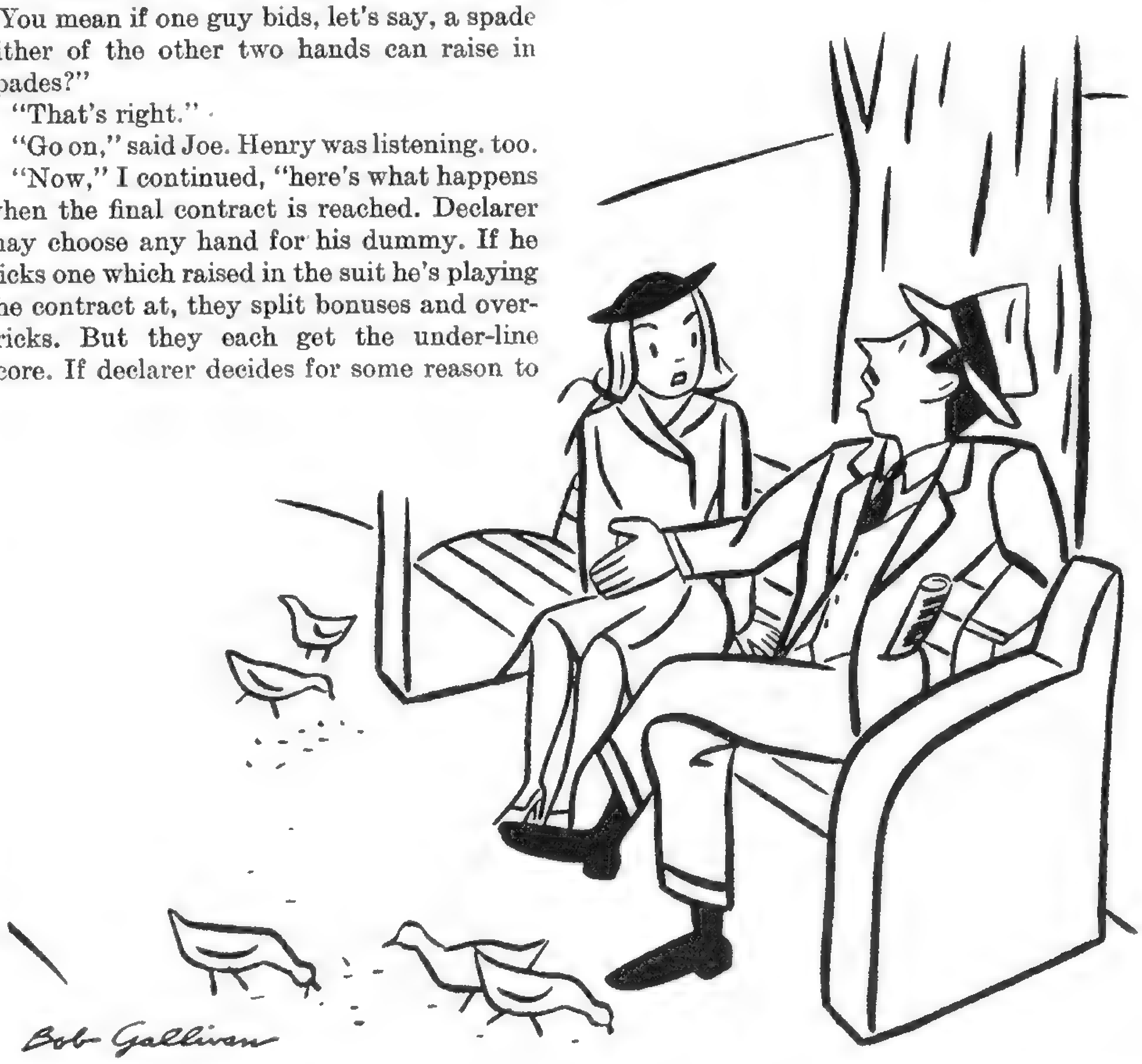
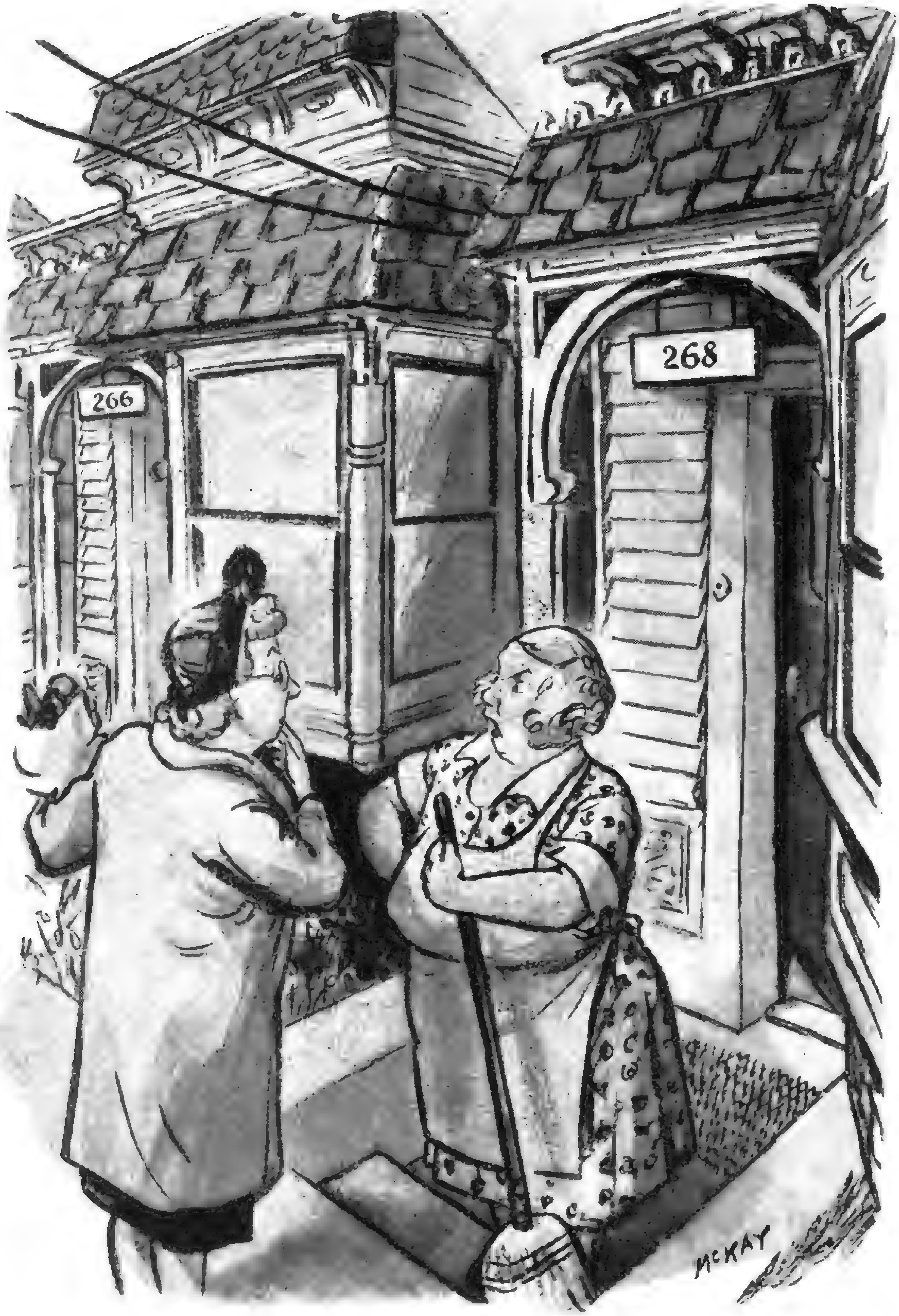


"Well, the bubble has burst! I'm no longer assistant manager of the Gem Theatre"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McKAY

"I'm going to change milkmen—three times this week he's left my husband on the doorstep next door!"

Restatement About Liberty

We care little for civil liberty since we have never missed it but we do care plenty about the enjoyment of our fun

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

THE original statement on which the present restatement is based was made in this magazine some four years ago; I mention this not because I am anxious about priority, as no one else in the world may care for the idea. I merely want to make it clear that I am aware of repeating myself; with a difference.

At a given point I got tired of a kind of pedantry about Freedom and said that freedom was something enjoyed as you listened to a radio serial, read a cheap novel, or hummed the least worthy of popular songs. And the next step was purely political: I suggested that we ought not to attempt to improve our ways of popular entertainment too much, because people would no longer associate them with their pleasures. And would no longer fight for them. In practice: that millions of people would sooner fight for the right to hear Fred Allen and Kate Smith than for the right to listen to Bertrand Russell on Mathematics (which happens to be a fascinating subject, too). To hear Mr. Russell talk on any subject is an exciting experience; but you have to be trained to listen to close reasoning and no system on earth has yet trained forty million people to do that. Mr. Russell has the honor of the trained minds of the world, he has the prestige of being attacked by morons, and he knows that the future will deal well with him. Fred Allen and Kate Smith have the Crosleys. They deserve them, too; they deserve the constant fidelity of millions of people. And they are a factor in the fight for liberty. So is this magazine and so is Superman.

We simply expect—and are fighting for—the right to take our fun where we find it, good clean fun or silly fun. Also the right to look at baseball games instead of being compelled to do gymnastics. The sports angle of our politics has never been stressed enough; but if you will think back to the newsreel shots of sports crowds in Germany and crowds in America you will at once be aware of the profound difference (omitting for a moment the beautiful difference that the swastika and the harsh face of the Fuehrer never appear in American newsreels). The crowds in the German pictures are all doing something which is good for them; fifty thousand of them are doing a drill which will pull in their stomachs and straighten their backs. And the crowds in America are hunched over, with a hotdog and a bottle of pop or better; and are watching a football game. By this time you have heard it over and over again that we are a bunch of saps and weaklings; that we won't give up our silly pleasures; that we are permanently adolescent. Could be, could be. But we take our fun where we find it. And so help us, we are fighting for the right to be stoop-shouldered if we want to.

Or say the right to sing *The Chattanooga Choo-Choo*, a song for which, a couple of months ago I entertained a high affection, so that I still remember it. Think of the song under any good high-minded totalitarian government (not a particularly Nazi tyranny, but any form of dictatorship). The song is out. To begin with, it is sung by a non-Aryan who seems, the rogue, to be having a much better time than most people with the right face-color; second, it is spendthrift, for obviously it encourages unnecessary travel, shiftlessness about polishing one's own shoes, and a certain lavish feeding on railroad trains; the love interest is not solemnized by bell and book, so far as we are told; and no one should be hell-raising and enjoying life unless they are doing something worthwhile for the State. If you want to sing songs, sing the one in honor of the pimp Horst Wessel.

The odd thing about that list of deep damnations is that about half of them represent the feelings of bigoted fascists and the rest are small exaggerations of the sentiments of bigoted reformers. The latter would add something about the music, implying that better music could be heard at symphony concerts. The interlock between the totalitarian's mind and the reforming mind is always to be watched—and I am not making any political statements about the New Deal when I say this. I am referring to a special type of mind which cannot bear the pleasures of the simple. To this mind nothing is clearer than the uselessness of most human pleasures; and it would indeed be *so* much better for you and me if we never thought of anything less noble than *The Excursion* by Whatshisname, the good Lake poet. People with minds like this are in love with *what they could do to the human race*; and so is Hitler, except that Hitler prefers to do it with torture and blood. And, to him, little of the race is human except the Germans.

The impassioned and hysterical love which dictators declare for their own people is their mask; for what they love is the thing they are going to make their people do. In one case, it is to conquer the world; in the other, it is to conquer the worldliness of the spirit. All great reformers have and cultivate the strain of unworldliness (Hitler, who does, is a reformer; Mussolini, who does not, is an opportunist, or, to use Churchill's word, a jackal). The good reformers come after the great ones, and with a little kindliness for humanity, they put over the reforms which the saints had preached.

Now you can arrive at the totalitarian frame of mind from another direction which touches our fun closely. You begin with the idea that people are no good; or that people must be *used* for a purpose they themselves are indifferent to. One type gives you the snob-aristocrat; the other the tyrant and uplifter. In any case, if you believe that masses of people are pretty second-rate stuff, you

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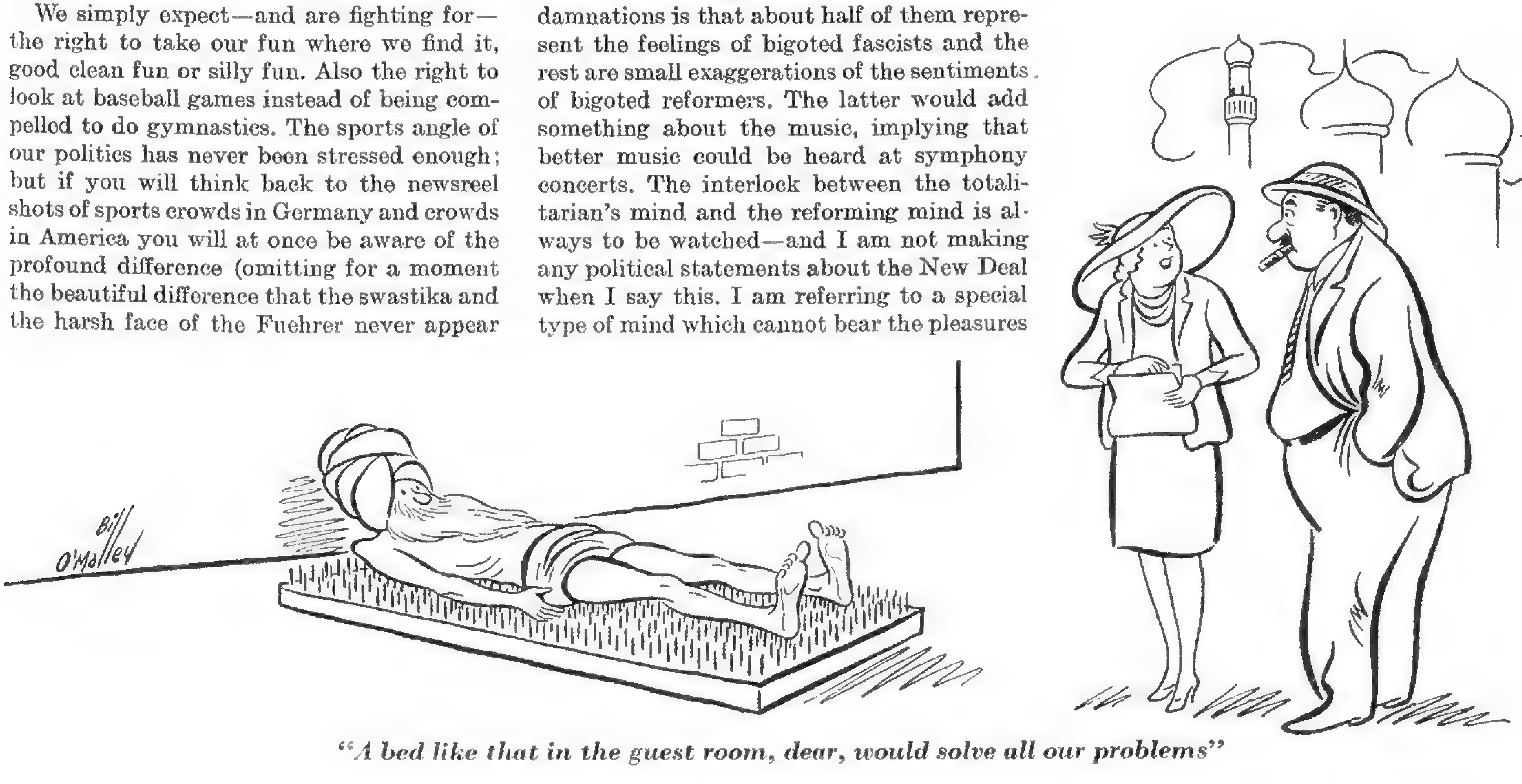


"A bed like that in the guest room, dear, would solve all our problems"

The Hanging of Hey Olferen

While the old house was undoubtedly haunted, Gaffer had yet to meet the man or thing that could frighten him

by EDMUND GILLIGAN

• FICTION •

℞

Many years ago, before all the haunted houses in the Catskill Mountains had fallen into final ruin and the ghosts had trudged reluctantly away, Grandfather Doonan waded into a pool far above Greeny Deep to take one more trout before nightfall. Tomorrow the season would end. Even now, while he watched the twilight darken the pool, he could see an early autumn leaf, bright as candlelight, glide toward him from the far shore. September rumbled in the high caverns.

A fat-bellied trout slid below the leaf, looked up at it, and sank gleaming down. Gaffer tied a white-winged fly onto his leader and laid it out beyond the leaf. The fly fluttered down and floated in the leaf's slight wake.

"Come up, come up, wherever you are!" whispered Gaffer.

Twenty feet away, the dim, green shape lifted slowly from the bottom and sped in an emerald flash toward the lure. At the splash, Gaffer gave him the iron and the trout, well-hooked, ran sparkling into the evening air. Three times the fish leaped and then yielded to the pressure of the rod. Gaffer slipped him into his creel and waded ashore.

Night had come and he was far from his fishing lodge. Ordinarily this would mean little to him; for he required nothing more than a match and a trout to make a pleasant night of it in the hemlock forests. But tonight he felt the need of a roof over his head and a sleep in a warm bed to keep him fit for the last campaign against the trout. He waded from the pool and looked about him. The evening star, a bell of tinsel, shone for him. He took down his fly rod, pouched his reel and strode into the forest. The evening star sank beyond Mount Solomon. The new moon showed a horn, tipped with pearl, among the bars of a mackerel sky.

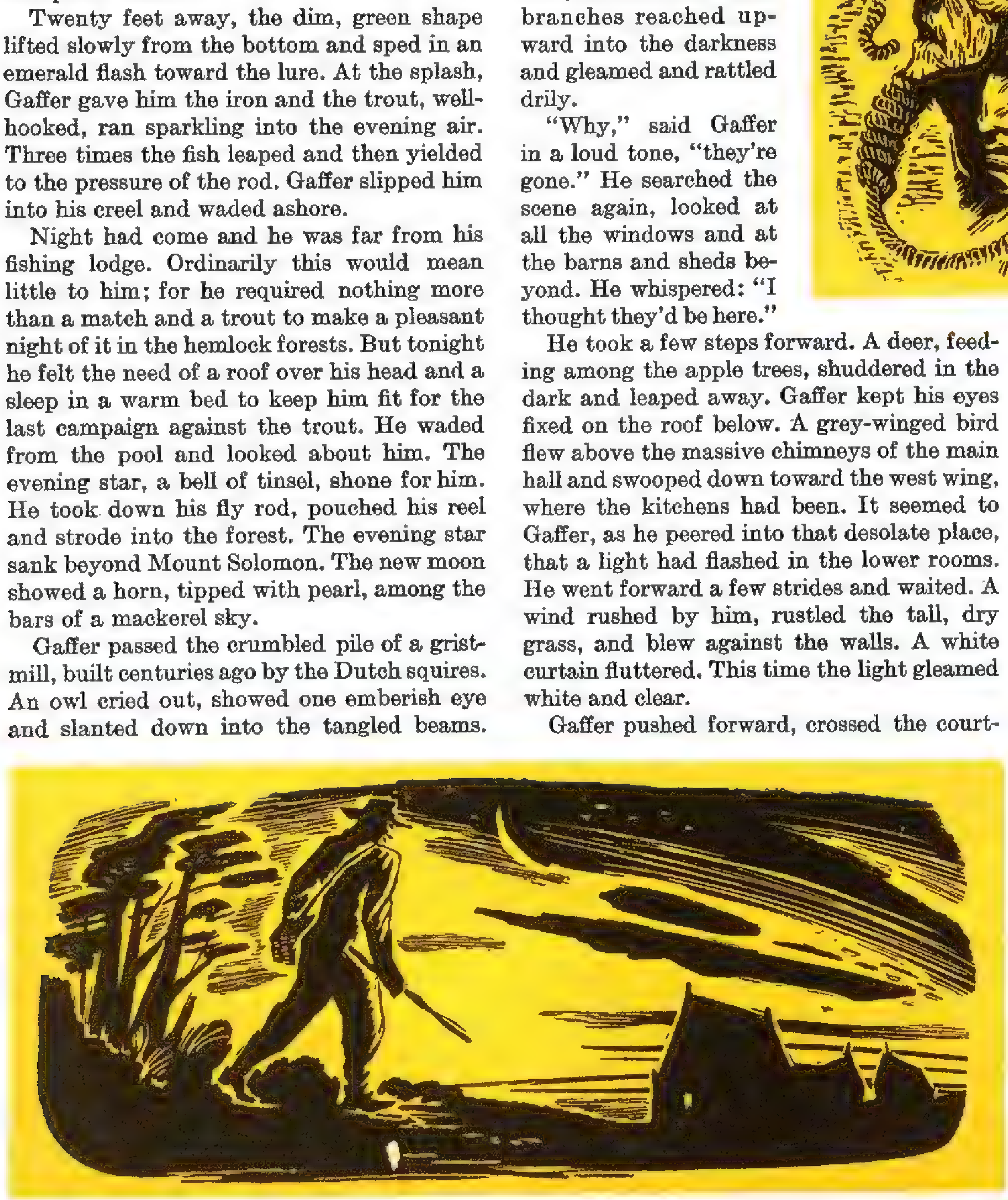
Gaffer passed the crumbled pile of a gristmill, built centuries ago by the Dutch squires. An owl cried out, showed one emberish eye and slanted down into the tangled beams. Gaffer crossed the dam, where the creek seeped through the shattered wheel. There he turned into the ruts of a wide road, buried under drifts of pine needles. He clumped onward, letting his hob-nailed shoes fall softly in the leaves.

He halted at the forest's edge and peered down at the ancient house that lay in the meadows below. A sigh of disappointment came from his lips. The mansion, well-made of stone and Holland bricks, lay lifeless in the somber shadows. No lamp light gleamed in the windows. Here and there a broken pane caught a pale moonbeam. One solitary tree, a beech long since dead, held its bare boughs above the roof; and the bone-white branches reached upward into the darkness and gleamed and rattled drily.

"Why," said Gaffer in a loud tone, "they're gone." He searched the scene again, looked at all the windows and at the barns and sheds beyond. He whispered: "I thought they'd be here."

He took a few steps forward. A deer, feeding among the apple trees, shuddered in the dark and leaped away. Gaffer kept his eyes fixed on the roof below. A grey-winged bird flew above the massive chimneys of the main hall and swooped down toward the west wing, where the kitchens had been. It seemed to Gaffer, as he peered into that desolate place, that a light had flashed in the lower rooms. He went forward a few strides and waited. A wind rushed by him, rustled the tall, dry grass, and blew against the walls. A white curtain fluttered. This time the light gleamed white and clear.

Gaffer pushed forward, crossed the courtyard, and knocked loudly against the door No answer came. He rapped again and listened. The sound of hushed voices came to him. He cried out: "Hello, there!"



A knocker, brightly polished, lay high on the door. Gaffer put his hand on it and cracked it down vigorously. A brassy echo sped backward into the house.

Gaffer cried out again. A man's voice, thin and quavering, hailed him from within. "Who's there this hour of night?"

"A fisherman. Gaffer Doonan. No stranger to you, sir. Come, open up and let me in."

The door opened a foot and a man, white-haired and bent with age, looked out narrowly and in fear. He said in a low tone: "Are you sure?"

Gaffer snorted. He held up his rod and thumped his left hand against the creel until his gear rattled. "That's a strange question, friend. Am I sure that I am myself?" He grinned and added: "If it will help you, I declare that I am absolutely certain about it."

The man let the door swing open another inch. The look of fear left his face and a kindly smile took its place. He gazed slowly up and down Gaffer's tall figure, made note of waders, belt and creel, then let his eye pause on Gaffer's thin, weather-dark cheeks and the silvery moustache. He said: "You were here years ago and cooked your trout and went on. In June. You didn't stay the night." He sighed and sorrowfully repeated: "No, you didn't stay the night."

"Right!" said Gaffer. "And now may I come in?"

The old fellow swung the door wide open and waved his hand toward the passageway. Lamplight and firelight filled a door at the end. Gaffer clattered down the passageway. A little fire of apple boughs burned red and hot on the hearth. An oil lamp hung from the smoke-blackened beams. It shed such a brilliant glow that Gaffer blinked. He laid his rod on a table and slung his creel to the floor.

It was then that he saw the old lady, smiling and nodding in her chair by the window. Gaffer bowed and greeted her. She nodded and smiled again. She didn't speak, but it was plain that she was glad to welcome him. The old man, too, made Gaffer feel at home. He bustled about, built a fire in the stove, put on water for tea and brought out a fine lump of butter for the frying of the trout. He chirped about in the most cheerful manner while Gaffer ate his supper and made him promise to fish a certain creek that ran round the base of Mount Solomon.

Gaffer pulled a chair close to the fire, for the autumnal chill seemed to be creeping into the house. When he urged the old lady to join him, she shook her head firmly, drew her shawl closer, and then spoke a sentence that startled Gaffer. "I have to sit here and watch out against the dark."

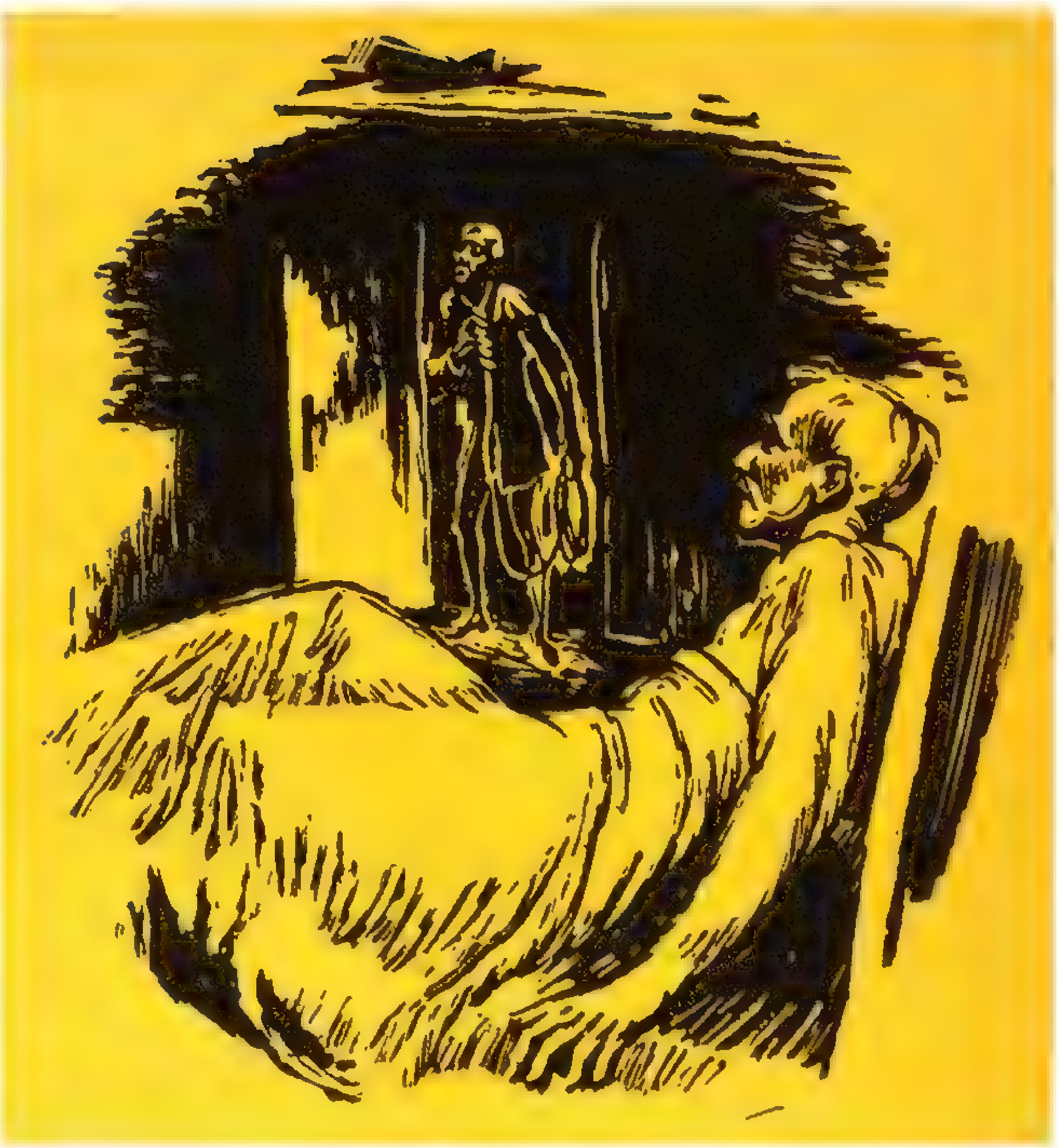
Gaffer looked at her hard. The smile had gone from her lips. She was, indeed, staring out of the window, but her eyes were turned upward, not outward into the night. He knew then that she was keeping watch on the windows of the main halls, on the great, tenantless expanse of parlors and chambers, where once the wealthy Dutchmen had danced and entertained their company in the old times. No such gay remembrances stirred the old lady. She kept her watch with a secret fear.

Gaffer put a hand over his yawn and politely inquired if he might have a bed for the night. "If I can, I'll fish downstream tomorrow and end the season in Greeny Deep, which is my custom."

At this question, which seemed harmless enough, the old man sat bolt upright in his chair. "Sleep here? Sleep at night? Ah, yes, if you wish. Certainly." He glanced then at his wife and added: "If you can sleep."

To this odd remark, Gaffer replied that he had never yet found a bed that was too strange or so hard that it could keep sleep from his eyes. The old man said no more. He took up a small iron lamp, lighted it, and nodded to Gaffer, who followed him into the gloomy passageway. Half-way down the wall, the old man turned to the left and, after mounting a flight of stone steps, entered another dark passageway. Mice ran before them and the tramp of Gaffer's boots rang loudly in that silent place. They went along in silence until they came to another door.

The old man put his hand on the knob, began to turn it, then looked in sudden helplessness at Gaffer and whispered: "You could not find your way back at this hour, could you? There's a back road you might take. But I won't lead you to it. No, I don't dare do that."

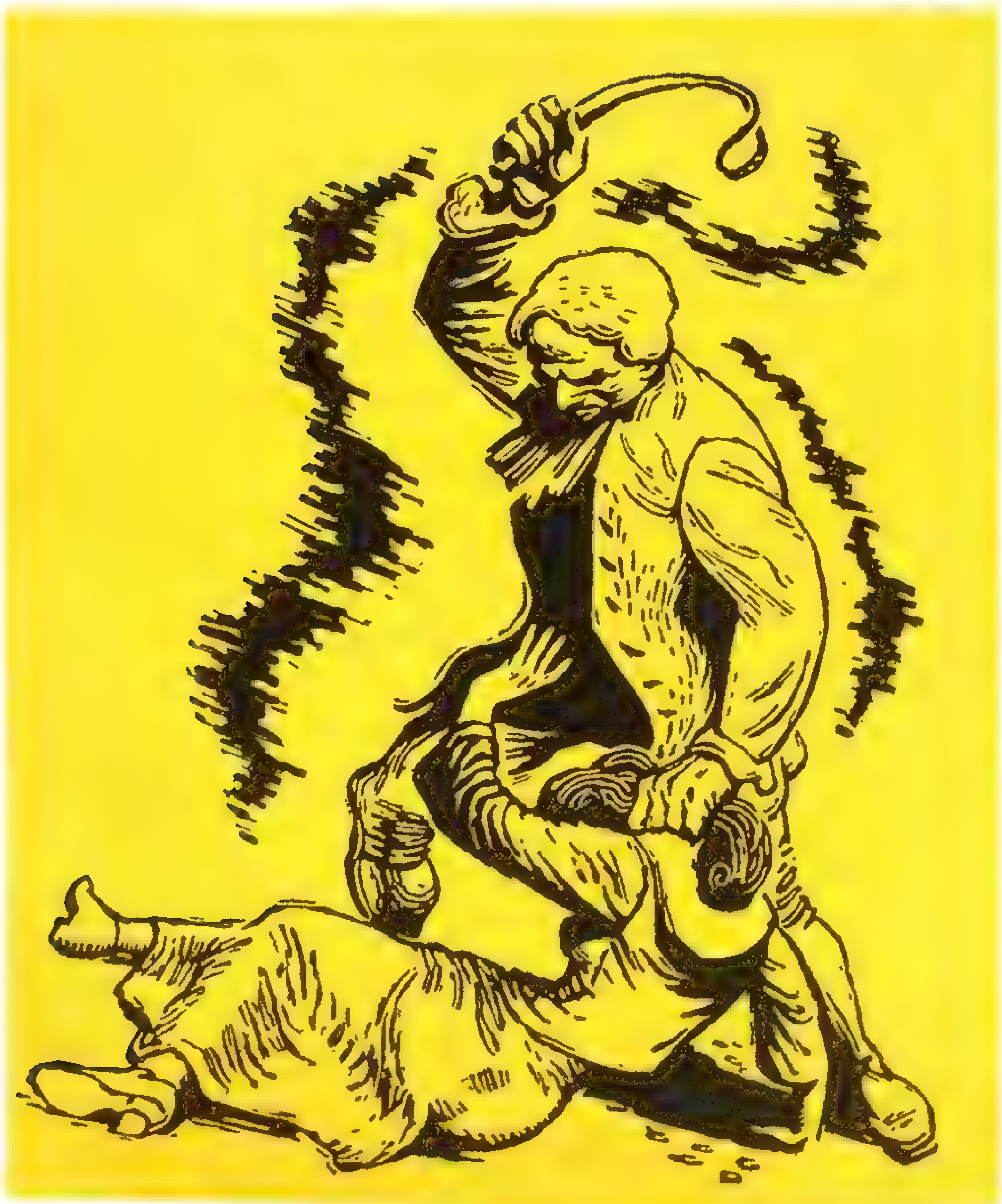


Gaffer spoke firmly. "You have welcomed me, sir, and I prefer to stay. I'd rather fish my way back than walk. Please consider the matter settled." And, seeing that his host still hesitated at the door, he himself seized the knob and quickly flung the door open.

There was nothing remarkable about the room, except its great size. A comfortable, well-made bed lay in one corner. The other furniture seemed suitable enough. Even the window-panes were sound and the air seemed fresh. There were signs of age and disrepair, such as a gaping hole in the ceiling, but that was nothing to mar a man's sleep. Gaffer courteously thanked the old man, held the lamp at the doorway to light him down the hall and said good-night. He then took off his waders, turned them inside out and hung them up by a window to let them dry. He fell asleep at once and lay there for hours, stirring only once when a rascally trout jumped out a dream net.

Suddenly he awoke. He sat up in his bed and listened. A locust rattled in the bone-bright boughs. A deer's hooves struck hard upon the sod under the windows. Moonlight streamed through the panes and shed a dim light over the bed and throughout the room. Gaffer rubbed his eyes and peered about him. He then closed his eyes, bent his head forward, and listened. He nodded at each familiar sound; then sought another. At last, he thumped his pillow and lay down.

"By hackle!" he whispered, "I swear I heard a man groaning."



He set himself for sleep. Yet he couldn't keep his eyes closed. An eerie and mysterious matter, afloat in the quiet, dark air, made his heart beat so fast that he could hear it plainly. And then, while he was staring in half-anger at the far door of his chamber, that very door opened noiselessly and smoothly, as if its wide hinges had been greased well with goose-fat as they had been in the old Dutch days.

Gaffer shrank down into the bed. He slid his lanky legs far to one side so that he could get to his feet easily and give the intruder quick and rough handling.

For a little while, the doorway stood empty, and its stealthy opening seemed to have been only a prank of the wind pushing down the corridors. Yet Gaffer stared. The empty space held him in a snare, kept his eyes fixed as if he were sure that somebody or something would soon appear to show him a mystery. He lifted himself up on one elbow and waited.

A cry of pain and longing rang in the upper passageway. The locust ceased his chatter. The deer stamped and fled among the vines. A cloud passed in front of the moon and all the vast chamber fell dark. A cold sweat lay on Gaffer's forehead and the elbow on which he leaned began to tremble with the pell-mell rush of his blood. He tried to speak. His lips were so dry that he could not shape a word. He ran his tongue over his lips and cried out hoarsely: "Who the devil is that?"

The figure of a man stood on the threshold. He made a terrifying sight. He was old, so old that his bones showed clear under the crackling parchment of his skin. Yet his eyes glowed. They were full of a ghastly light and they stared upward at the high ceiling. There the eyes searched, seemed to be seeking something. And they sought in a pitiful manner that seemed horrid, too. The figure became clearer, then dimmer, in turn, as the moonlight waxed and waned. In a brighter moment, Gaffer saw that figure was attired in an antique costume: a jacket with enormous silver buttons and knee-britches clasped at the bony knees with buckles of silver. The big, long-skulled head was hidden under a wig of powdered and beribboned hair. Stranger yet was the thing he wore around his neck: a halter or noose of rope. In his hands he bore the coiled and twisted rope itself and the strands of it were stained a crimson hue.

Standing thus, the tall and trembling figure surveyed the moonlit chamber. But those beseeching, searching eyes never once turned downward to the bed. Nor did they turn to the window. Always they searched, this way and that, in the great expanse of the ruined ceiling, as if salvation, or release from intolerable pain, might be found there.

Gaffer, who had yet to meet a man or thing that could frighten him, sat upright in his bed and coolly said: "Whoever you are, my friend, I strongly advise you to get to the devil out of here and let me sleep."

A happy cry came from that tortured mouth in the doorway. The cry was not an

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The Sporting Scene

Defending maligned P. E. instructors, peeking behind the ice carnival gate and suggesting golfers bet U. S. bonds

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

NEWEST of sport's major developments in the United States is the ice carnival. As this season's skating shows close it's estimated that they will have drawn through the doors during their amateur and professional history, about $26,775,000.

Since 1936 Sonja Henie has magnetized about $10,000,000 with her shows. Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson have pulled a like amount in the same period with their Ice Follies. The Ice-Capades of the Rink Owners' association has done approximately $2,000,000 as a late-comer.

More than twenty-five years ago the Toronto Skating Club began staging its season's finale to the pattern now basic with ice shows. That amateur production had sold to the extent of $2,500,000 in its history. Ten years ago the ice carnival as a popular public affair was given impetus by the figure skating clubs of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The Philadelphia organization has the unique name *Humane and Skating Society.* These groups have drawn about $2,500,000. The Chicago Figure Skating Club in its eight years of carnivals, generally held in rinks having rather small seating capacity, has pulled about $175,000. Detroit's figure skaters have grossed probably $100,000 with their shows.

It was a Chicago Figure Skating Club show that started the rapid expansion of the pro shows. The outfit got ambitious and held its show in the Chicago Stadium, the huge indoor arena conceived by the late Paddy Harmon. The Stadium was a back-breaking financial load for Paddy and continued to be in the red up to the rafters until Sonja skated it out of hock.

The Chicago amateur figure skaters' historic show was April 7, 1935. It drew so well it was repeated a week later. Guest stars of the Chicago show were Vivi Ann Hulten who now is a pro, the team of Fraulein Maxie Herber and Ernst Baier who now are teamed in matrimony, and Zwack and Papez. German, Swedish and Austrian figure skating organizations represented by the guests were sent $461.98 by the Chicago Club as a good will offering.

Expenses of the visiting group which included Miss Hulten's mother and Miss Herber's father, were $100 each a week, paid by the Chicago amateur organization. Costume bills of $475 were paid. Gifts to the foreign stars and visiting native talent costing $425 were taken out of the kitty.

Expense arrangements for the visitors were made by Dennis Scanlan, an ingenious and versatile fellow. Denny had a surgical instrument factory in Sweden. He was on a westbound boat with the ice immigrants and was enlisted by them as fiscal agent. A minute's chat with Mr. Scanlan would convince the most cynical Ellis Island authority that no arrivals who came under Denny's astute direction would become public charges.

Three months after that 1935 show, when the books were closed, the Chicago Figure Skating Club found that it was in the black about $600 for a highly successful venture into the big time. Harry Radix, President of the Chicago Figure Skating Club, relates that after viewing the promotion charge billed the society by the Stadium, the Chicago amateur skaters considered themselves lucky not to have to do janitor service and the dishes at the Stadium in return for supplying the Stadium with an exceedingly profitable show.

Arthur Wirtz, head man of the Stadium and now also the impresario of the Henie shows, recollected in print that the foreign skaters got "only four dollars a day expenses" and were so ragged it broke his heart to think of these virtually bare fannies risking a fall on the cold hard ice.

Mr. Wirtz is not one to waste time shedding scalding tears to alleviate the distress of down-trodden humanity. So, according to the story of a skater participant, he told the guest stars that if they'd go into a show under strictly professional promotion they would do much better than the formal amateur expense allowance.

When the skaters brought up the matter of amateur status they were assured that the pixies would sneak in when the skaters were sleeping and tuck a bundle under each skater's pillow. An amateur who stays awake to ask questions of pixies is foolish.

Somebody blabbed, with the windup being that the U. S. and foreign figure skating organizations declared that if the ice stars turned pro under strictly professional promoters' management the stars were no longer amateurs.

This curious and sordid attitude of the amateur bodies was a shock to Mr. Wirtz. But after the sniff of big gate possibilities which had pleased his nostrils the astute Mr. Wirtz was not to be denied an ice show.

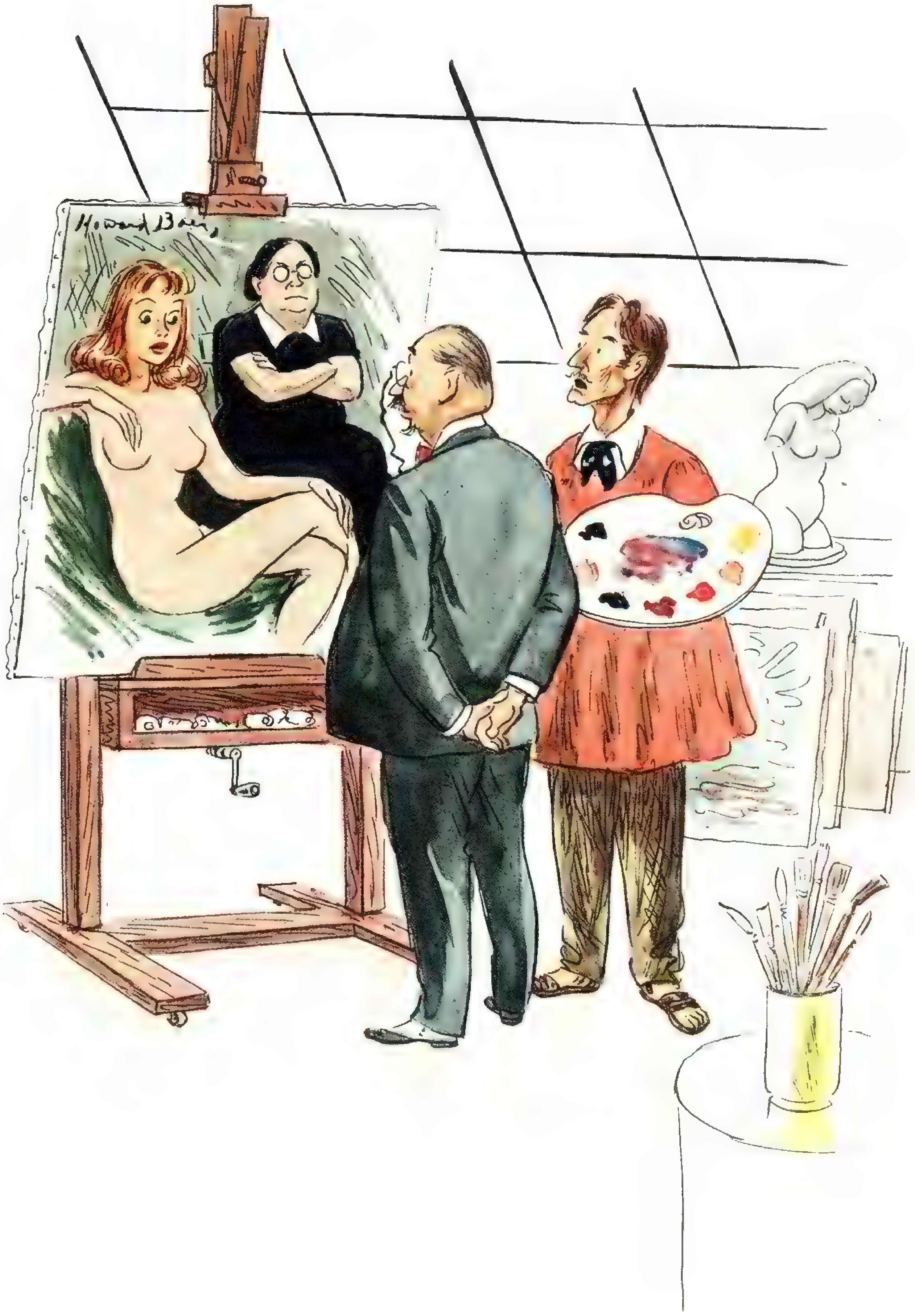
He booked the Shipstad and Johnson Ice Follies as his next ice opera. Meanwhile Scanlan also was agitated by thoughts of the gate possibilities of ice shows. On a later trip abroad in 1935 Scanlan had signed Sonja Henie. When Wirtz got around to presenting the Shipstad and Johnson affair he wanted as an added attraction, Sonja Henie, the standout skating star of Europe. He got her, but only after he'd felt the nozzle of Denny's pistol in his ear.

Scanlan is a master of the fine art of developing possibilities to the fullest extent. If the afflicted promoter suffers too much from Scanlan's demands Denny will sell him an iron lung in which to recover. Scanlan also is the promoter of the respirator which has per-

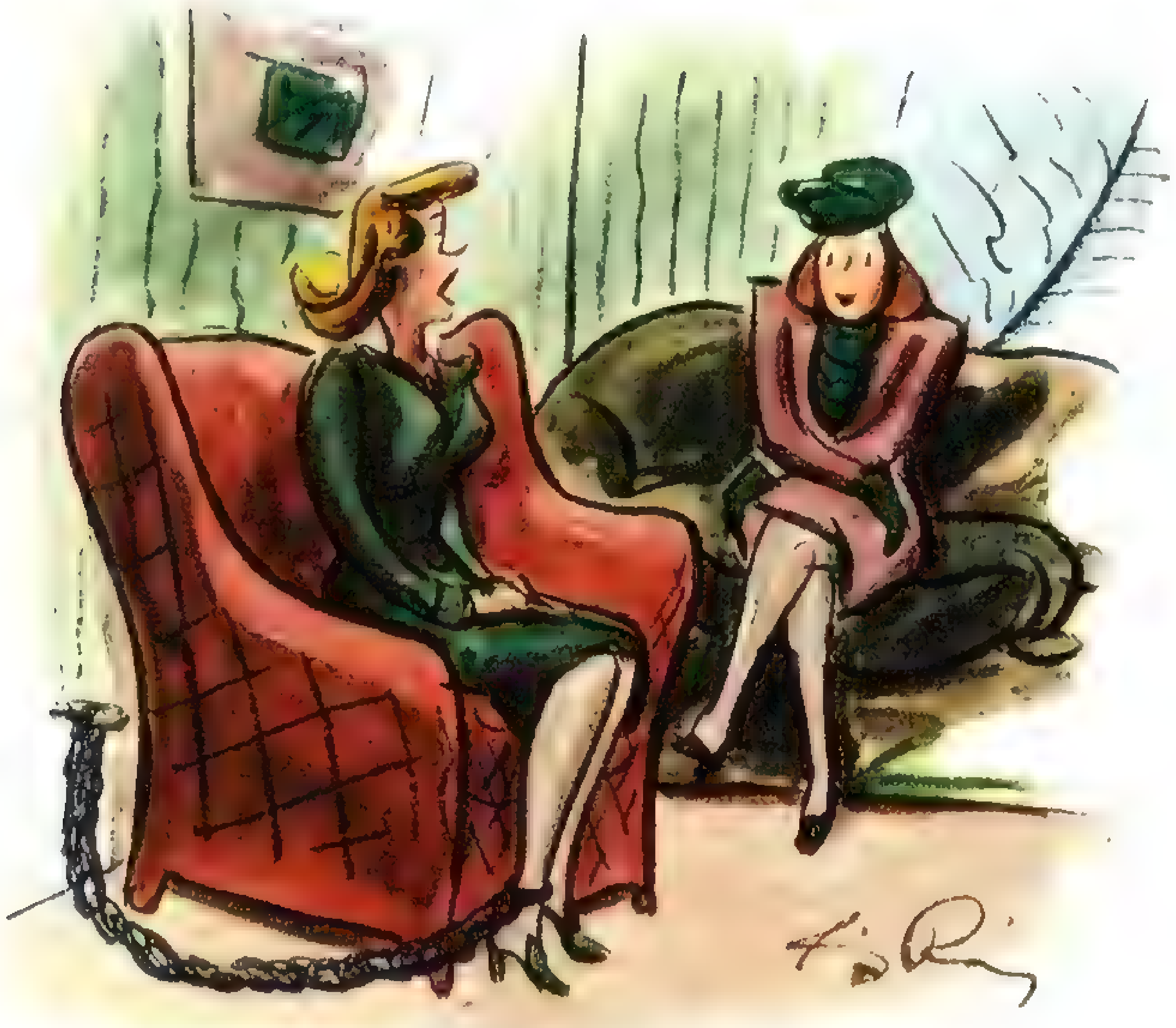
Continued on page 170

SALE
SALE
ERNIE GARZA

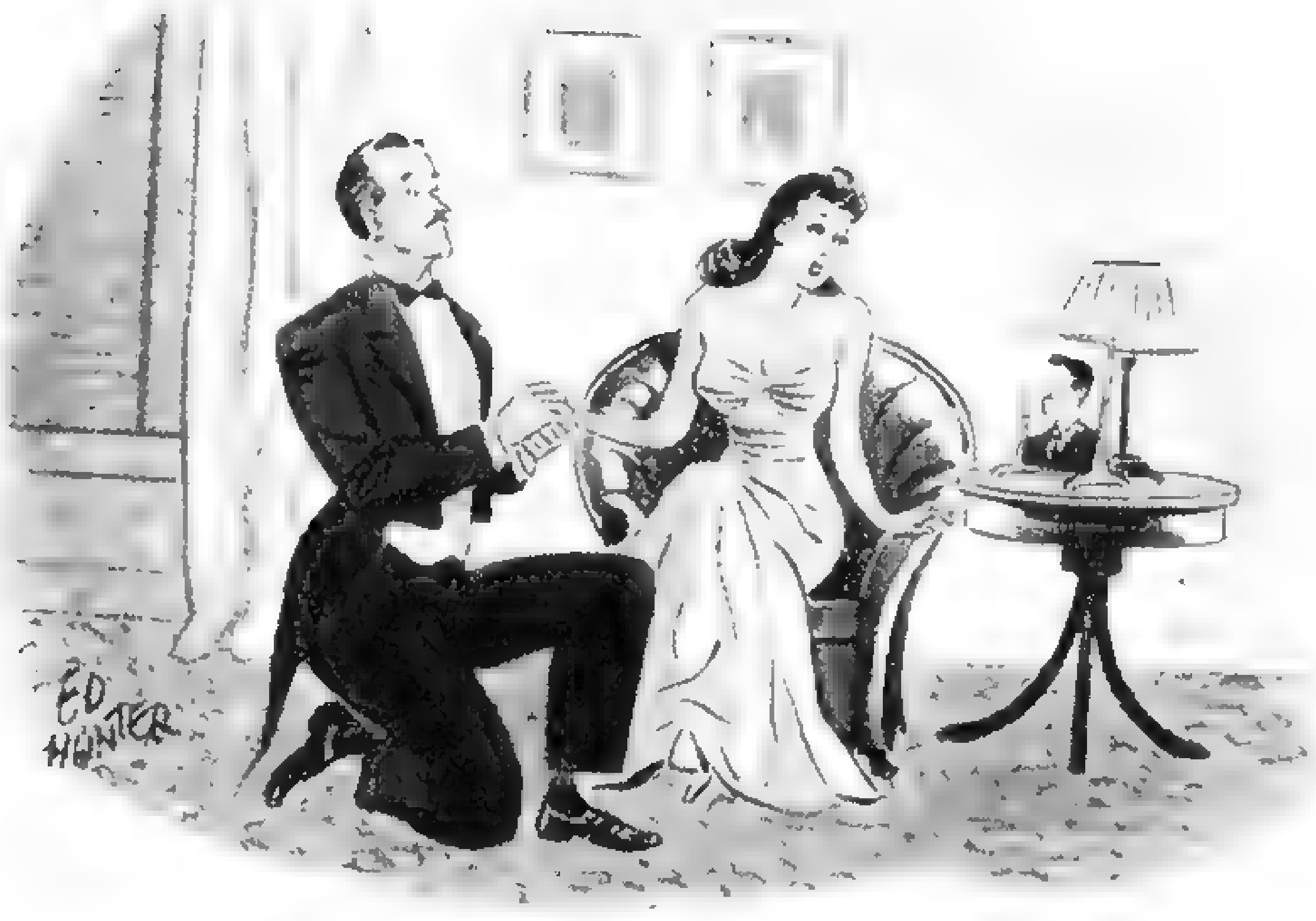
"Yesterday, I learned to ski—!"


Howard Baer

"She never goes anywhere without a chaperone"



"Yes, Bill was drafted"

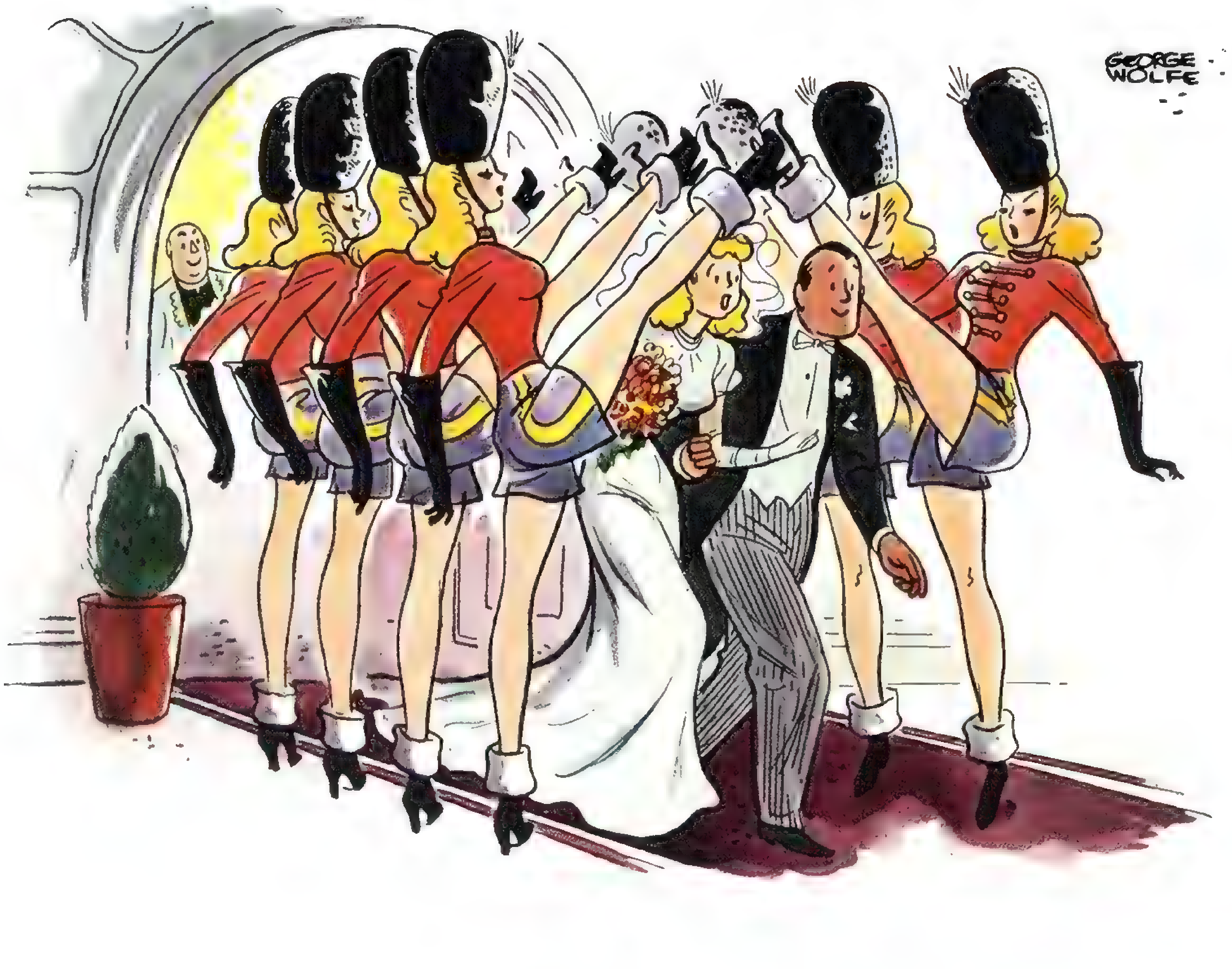


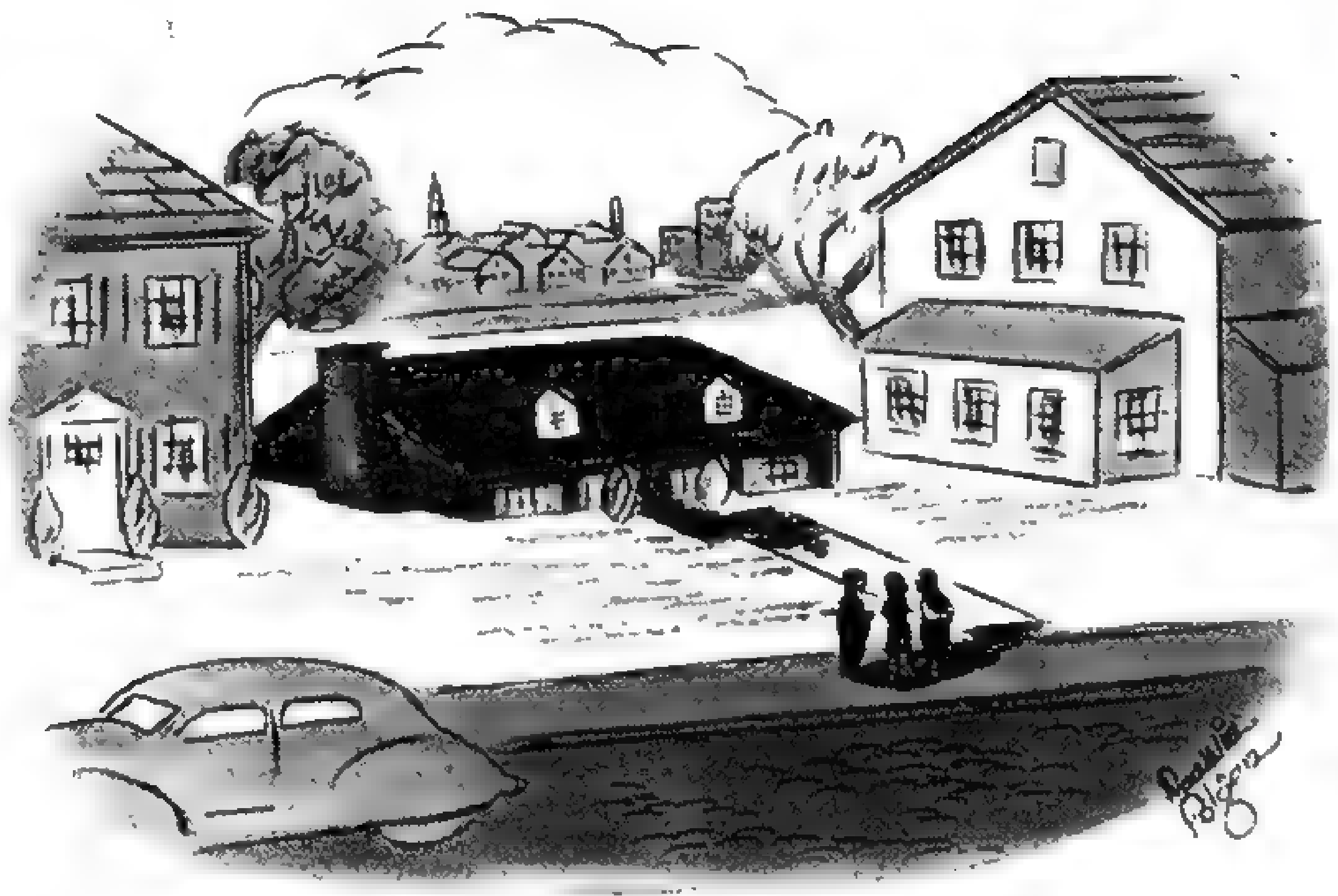
"I suppose I should give Freddie two weeks notice"

Time Table of a Garage Mechanic

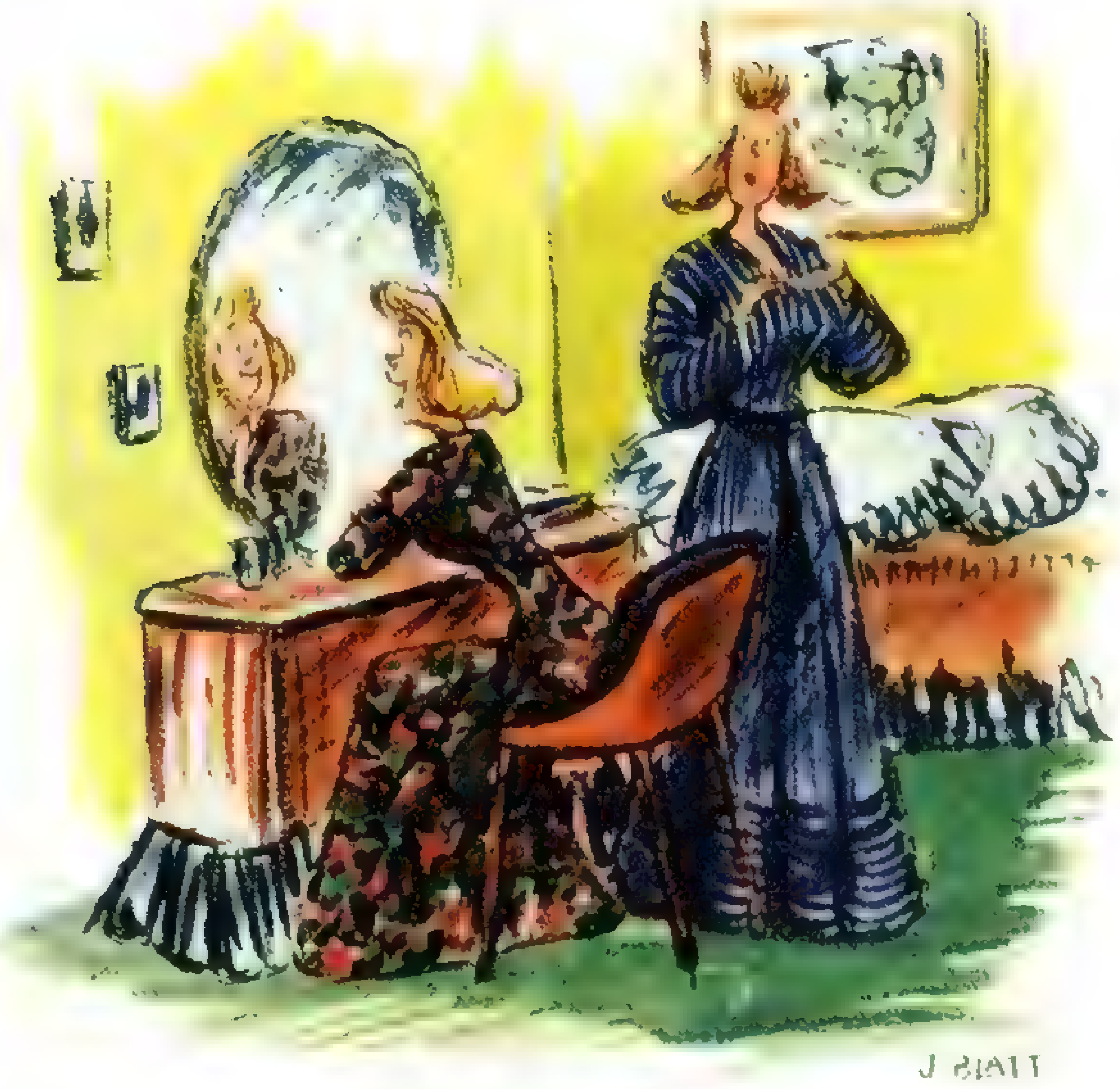
(Who Tells You When Your Car Will Be Ready)

"An hour" = one hundred and fifty minutes.
"In a few minutes" = forty-five minutes.
"In a very few minutes" = thirty minutes.
"Right away" = fifteen minutes.

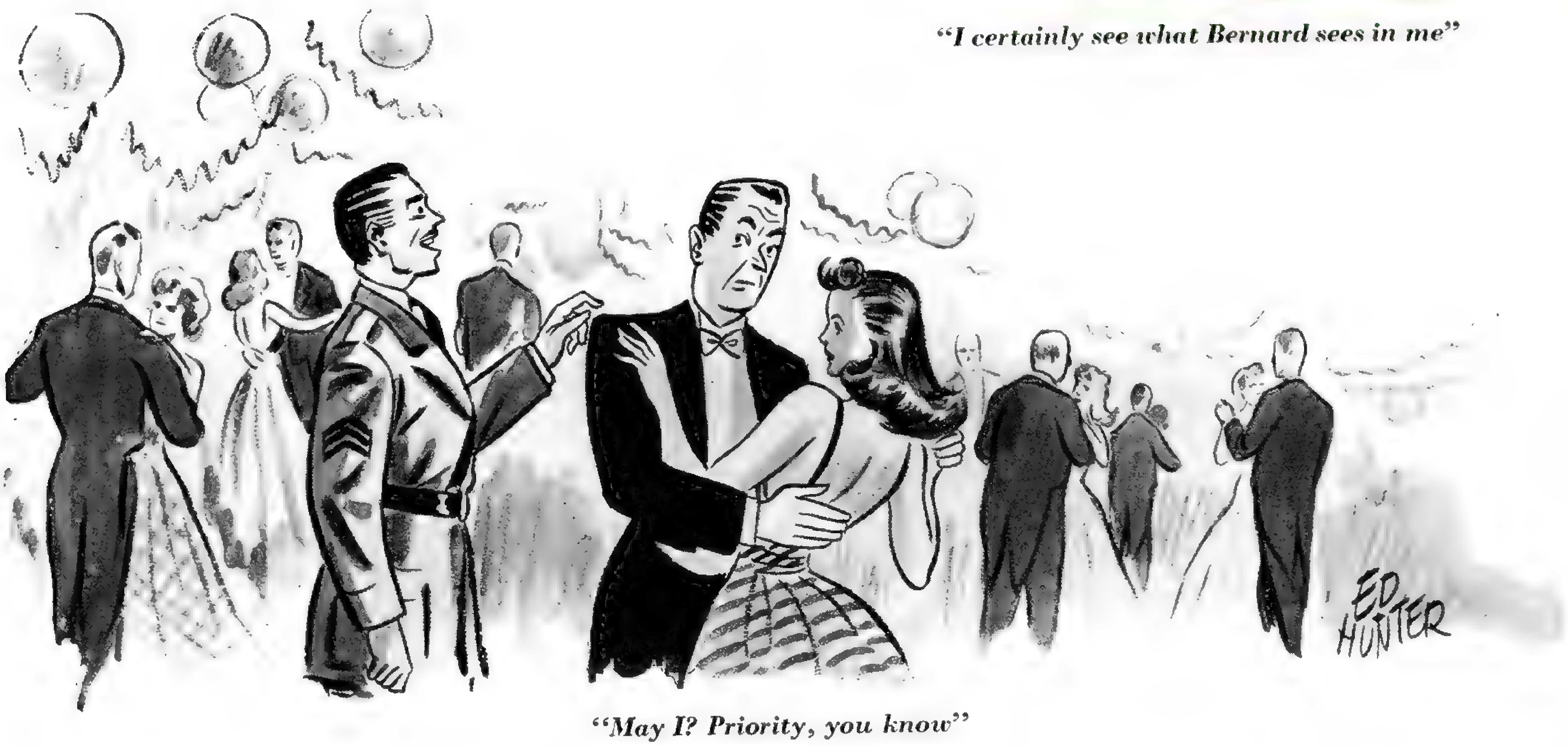




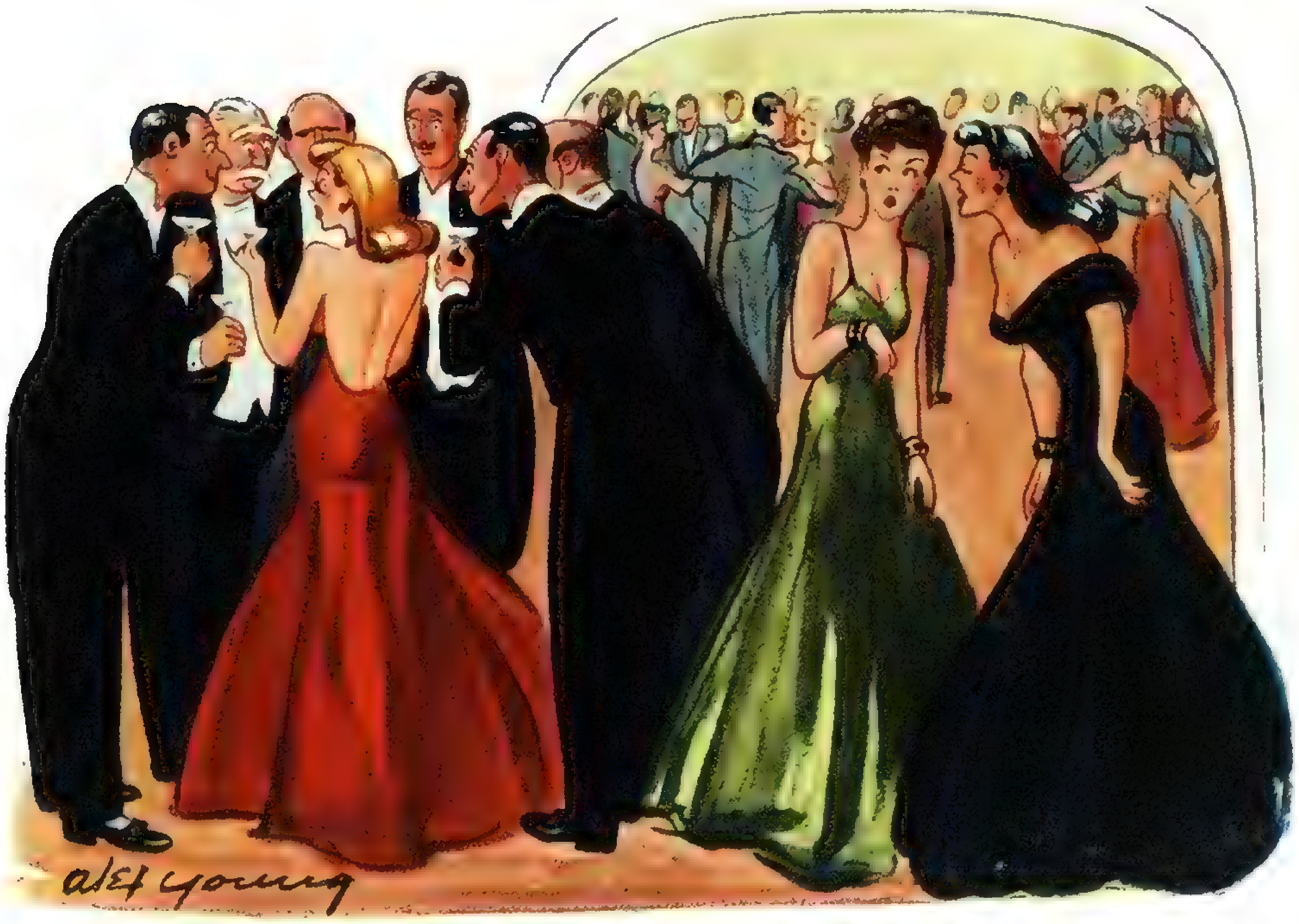
"They all settle a little at first"



"I certainly see what Bernard sees in me"



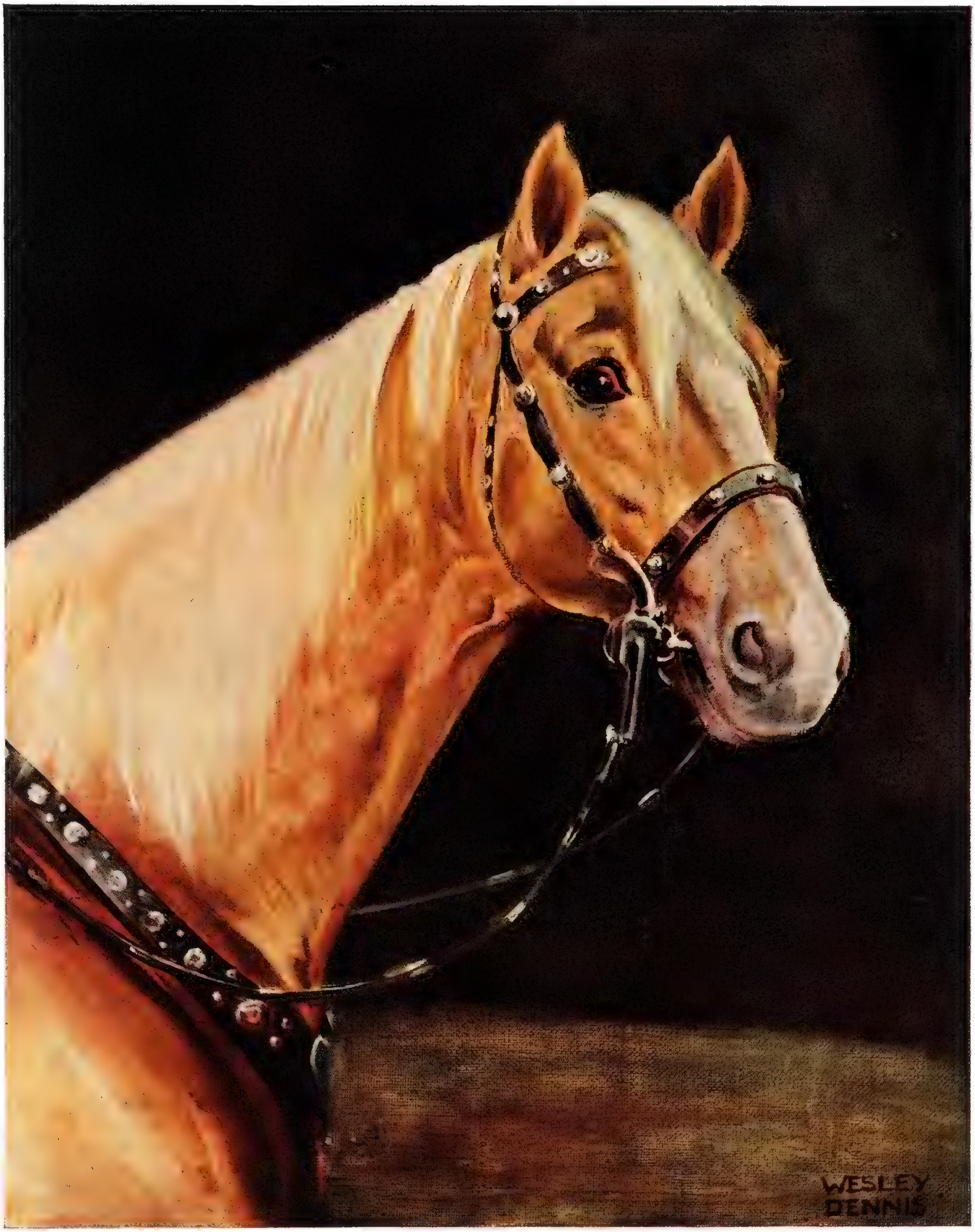
"May I? Priority, you know"



"First she's the life of the party—then the talk of the party"

Musical Note

Sherlock Holmes may have been a master at disguise but he had nothing on what some of these swing bands can do to the melody of a classical tune.



Robin Hood

Centuries ago, when democracy wasn't even in the vocabulary and invidious distinctions were in flower, the aristocratic breed of "golden horses" known as the palomino was rigidly reserved for the use of nobility. Today, so horny-handed a democrat as Gene Autry rides one of the finest palomino geldings in the world—Robin Hood, pictured above. Pampered for generations, the palomino makes an inept pupil and Robin Hood is one of the few of his breed that actually work for a living. After a vexatious apprenticeship for both master and rider, however, he now performs with acclaim in Autry's rodeo. Skeptics often run a finger over his golden coat to see if the "gilt" comes off.

NO. 12 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

King of the Hills

Black Boy was nineteen, too old for a dog to hunt, until after he took a good swig of the Honorable Herbs

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

"Poor Black Boy," Finn said as he stood beneath the pine tree in our front yard and watched Black Boy wallowin on the pine needles. "His short hair is not black as a crow's wing like it used to be. Black Boy is gettin old. He's gettin too old to hunt."

The October harvest moon like a big wagon wheel rolled above the autumn-colored hills. It was one of the prettiest nights I had ever seen for the moonlight on the hills and fields was bright as day.

"Most dogs are in their graves when they get as old as Black Boy," I said. "He'll be nineteen years old tomorrow. Black Boy is older than you are."

"I know it," Finn said. "That's why I hate to see him get so old he can't get up when he lays down."

"That dog taught me to hunt," I said. "I didn't teach him."

"He taught me to hunt too," Finn said. "We ought to try somethin to make him live longer. Try somethin that will put pep in him and make him happy."

"You're right, Finn," I said as I watched Black Boy make several tries before he was able to get up from the pine needle bed and stand on his feet.

"After he gets on his feet, he's all right," Finn said. "It's just hard for him to get back on his feet after he lays down."

Now Black Boy came up to us and smelled of our pants legs. He put his nose against my hand. The soft tip of his nose rubbed against my arm as he sniffled the familiar scent of me—a scent that he had tracked in the huntin woods—a scent that he had known all his life. I rubbed Black Boy's head and petted him. After I had petted him, he walked lazily over to Finn and sniffled the scent of his hand—sniffled another old familiar scent that he had known most of his lifetime. Finn patted his head and rubbed his nose. Black Boy was so pleased that he barked to Finn.

"Watch Black Boy strut after he gets up on his feet," Finn said. "You couldn't tell that he was an old dog only by the gray hair around his mouth and on his head. And he's lost all his teeth."

There Black Boy stood between us. He was kickin the pine needles high in the air with his hind feet. As he kicked the pine needles he growled as if he were still master of the place. He looked like a small black lion except for his gray toothless mouth and his gray head. Black Boy had a big mouth, big neck and his barrel chest rested on strong forelegs that were set wide apart. His hips were narrow like a lion's hips; his tail was long but he shortened it by carryin it over his back in two bristlin curls. Black Boy had been for many years, and was still, the king of the hills. But now age was showin its marks upon him; still he had never been whipped by any dog.

Now Black Boy stopped kickin the pine needles high into the air. He just stood and growled. There wasn't anythin near for him to growl at. Maybe he wanted to hear the importance of his own growl—maybe he growled at the wind.

"You're still king of the hills, Black Boy," Finn said. "But you won't be long. Too stiff to get up after you lay down. You can't last much longer. But you need pep today. You need to have one more glorious huntin night, Black Boy."

"He needs a spring-herb tonic," I said.

"Say, that makes me think," Finn said. "Pa's got a pint of Honorable Herbs that he keeps in the barnloft for his 'cold remedy.' That ought to be good for Black Boy."

"I'm not givin Black Boy that moonshine," I said.

"It will be good for him," Finn said. "A hang-over won't bother Black Boy."

Finn hurried to the barn fast as his long legs could step. He climbed up the wall of barn logs, placin his feet and hands in the cracks until he reached the place where hard-pressed hay bulged through a wide crack between the logs. There was a little hole in the hay where Finn ran his hand back and pulled out a bottle. He scurried back down the low-walk and hurried back where Black Boy stood growlin at the wind hissin through the pine needles.

"This is the tonic that will make him young again," Finn said.

"It might kill him," I said.

"Wonder if he'll drink it raw," Finn said.

"Finn, let's don't give Black Boy that whiskey," I said.

"Why not?" Finn asked.

"It will be mean of us to give him whiskey."

"Ah, hell," Finn said as he poured the pint of whiskey in a trough where we watered the chickens.

"Here Black Boy," he coaxed.

Black Boy walked up to the trough, smelled of the moonshine, kicked his feet and growled. But he wouldn't drink it.

"He's almost in a notion," Finn said. "And I know what will put him in a notion."

Finn ran to the cellar and came back with a crock of sweet milk. He poured the gallon of sweet milk in the trough to mix with the moonshine. And Black Boy went to the trough growling and kickin the pine needles with his hind feet. He started drinkin the milk-and-moonshine. Black Boy gorged himself to hold the gallon of sweet milk and the pint of moonshine whiskey. He licked the trough clean as a pawpaw whistle.

"We're goin to see somethin happen," Finn said. "I don't know what it will be. But somethin will happen!"

Black Boy got down on the pine needles and rolled. He opened his big mouth as he

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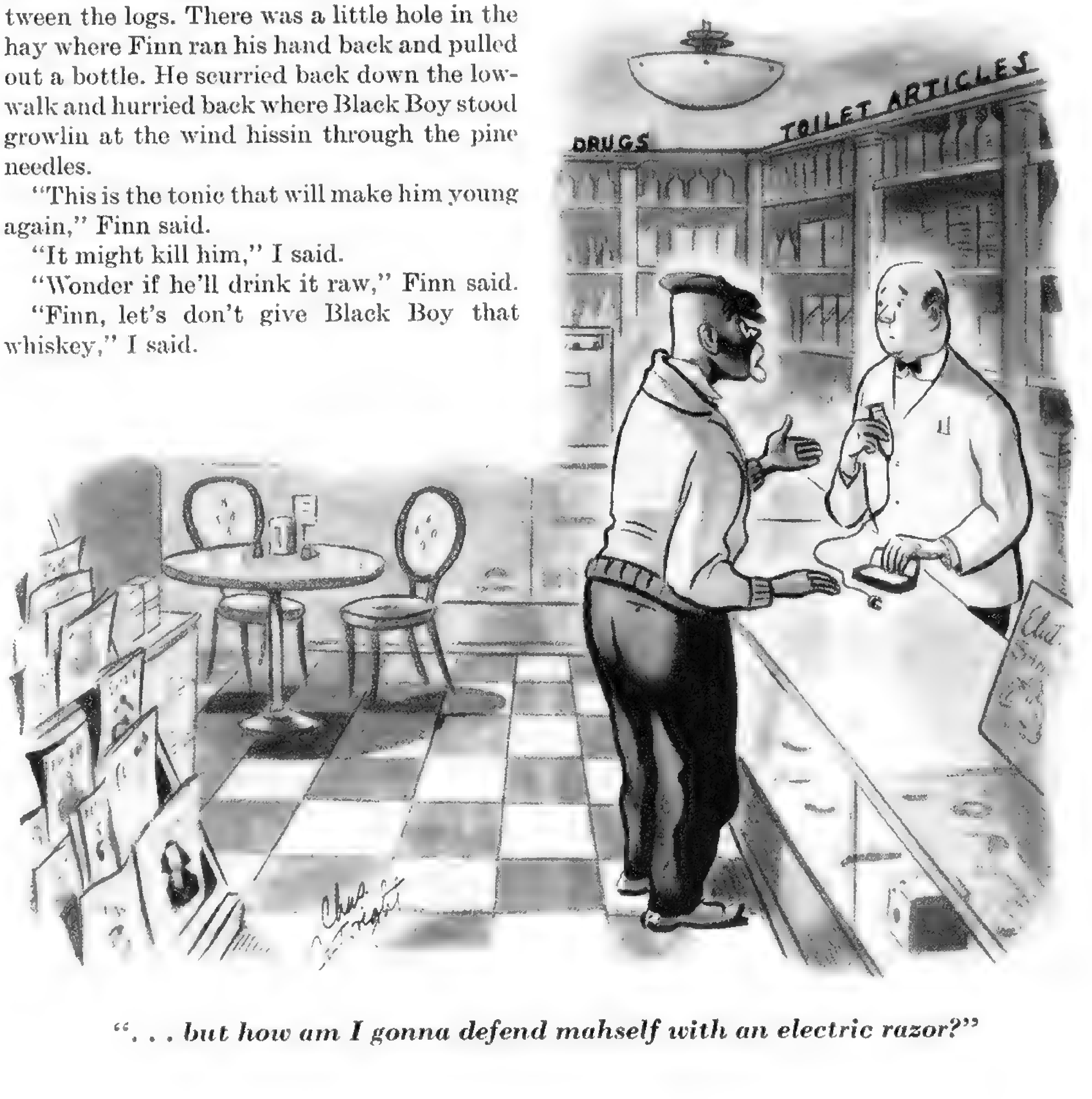

". . . but how am I gonna defend mahself with an electric razor?"

Colds Are Curable!

Dr. D. C. Jarvis finds ten kinds of ordinary colds come from a specific upset in the body's chemical balance

by H. DYSON CARTER

• ARTICLE •

The young man stormed into his doctor's office. To call his condition a cold was putting it politely. His eyes streamed. Soggy tissue muffled a swollen nose. He looked as miserable as he did mad.

"Doc, you've got to do something. Look at me—just twenty-two, tough as nails, healthy work—and here's my third cold this winter. My resistance must be zero."

It took the doctor just three minutes to diagnose this chronic case. The young fellow had called on his girl the night before. No one at her house had a cold. But her mother did have a marvelous recipe for chocolate fudge. The boy ate a heaping plateful. Result: a fearful "sugar cold." Despite its severity the attack was cleared up only twenty-four hours after the start of a remarkable new treatment.

"Your particular colds," the doctor assured him, "are the way your body protests against sugar sprees. Keep your candy intake normal and you'll never have those sniffles again."

In spite of endless research the Common Cold remains our most general and expensive misery. No serum really works. Fancy medical names like Coryza and Rhinitis haven't helped. Today many doctors are insisting that the majority of colds have little to do with germs. Dr. D. C. Jarvis—Vermont specialist whose work on colds, sinusitis and hay-fever has attracted wide attention—says the cure and prevention of most colds is very simple. He lists ten kinds of ordinary cold. Each corresponds to a definite upset in the body's chemical balance. A little detective work will reveal your individual trouble. Then, as with the sugar cold, prevention may be nothing but caution.

Of course, there are diseases like influenza which are undoubtedly caused by germs or viruses. But even these may be greatly affected for better or worse by your internal state of affairs.

If you scoff at this, remember how many times you've escaped catching cold when exposed to sneezers and coughers. On other occasions you've come down with a bad cold for no reason you could give. According to the newest ideas there is no mystery about it. Catching cold isn't a matter of exposure to germs. It's the result of violating your body's rules and regulations, often in ways you'd never suspect.

We're going to consider all ten of the commonest types of cold. To cure and prevent some requires only minor change in your diet; others involve careful attention to eating and living habits; a few need your doctor's help. But all these colds are viewed as effects—appearing mainly in nose, head and throat—of sabotaged blood supply.

For example, unusual digestive strains draw much blood to the stomach region. Other areas go short. The typical swelling and mucus secretion of colds are merely final symptoms in a complicated chain of blood starvation troubles. This is hard to believe after all we've been told about those elusive cold germs. Yet the new system offers proof in the form of astonishing cures. Give it a fair trial and you may banish your own colds with amazing ease. And for good, too.

One teen-aged girl had developed an almost perpetual winter cold. Though her nose did not stuff up, it was usually as wet as a puppy's. During bad attacks it literally ran water. Soreness and swelling embarrassed her until worry began to tell on her nerves.

First glance at the patient's diet gave the doctor his clue. "You're poisoning yourself with citric acid," he told her. "Maybe you've read about movie stars who prevent colds by drinking pints of orange juice daily. Splendid for some people but ruinous for others!"

The girl was mystified. "Fruit juices are recommended by my High School dietician," she protested. "They're the best source of Vitamin C in winter time."

"But besides that vitamin," the doctor explained, "juices contain two principal fruit acids. Citric and malic. Some young people can't seem to handle citric acid. It upsets the water balance in their body tissues, giving the watery sort of cold you have."

He prescribed a simple test: a change from orange juice to the malic acid juices—apple and grape. Two days later the girl came in beaming, to report a miraculous disappearance of her "cold" symptoms. In over a year she has been entirely free of the trouble.

Sounds too easy? Right here and now let's agree that there are two ways to look at the cold problem. Either you suffer in silence. Or you try to do something about it. And the new "chemical balance" method of treating colds has strong appeal to common sense. It takes a different but strictly scientific approach to colds, backed up with proof by cure.

Naturally, the first step is to find out which of the ten varieties of sniffles is your own. Symptoms listed here will often give the only tip you need. But usually some trial and error is required. Starting with the likeliest causes of your colds you try the cures one by one. That's very important. Trying several cures together will only lead to confusion and disappointment. For example, if switching from orange to apple juice has no effect on *your* drippy nose, go right back to your regular fruit drink before selecting the next treatment.

Chronic lingering colds are the easiest to investigate. You can quickly note any improvement in a lasting case. If one doesn't succeed you can try again with waiting.

Suppose your colds appear suddenly, run their course, then disappear? This type demands a little detective work. You can try to remember everything you ate and did for a

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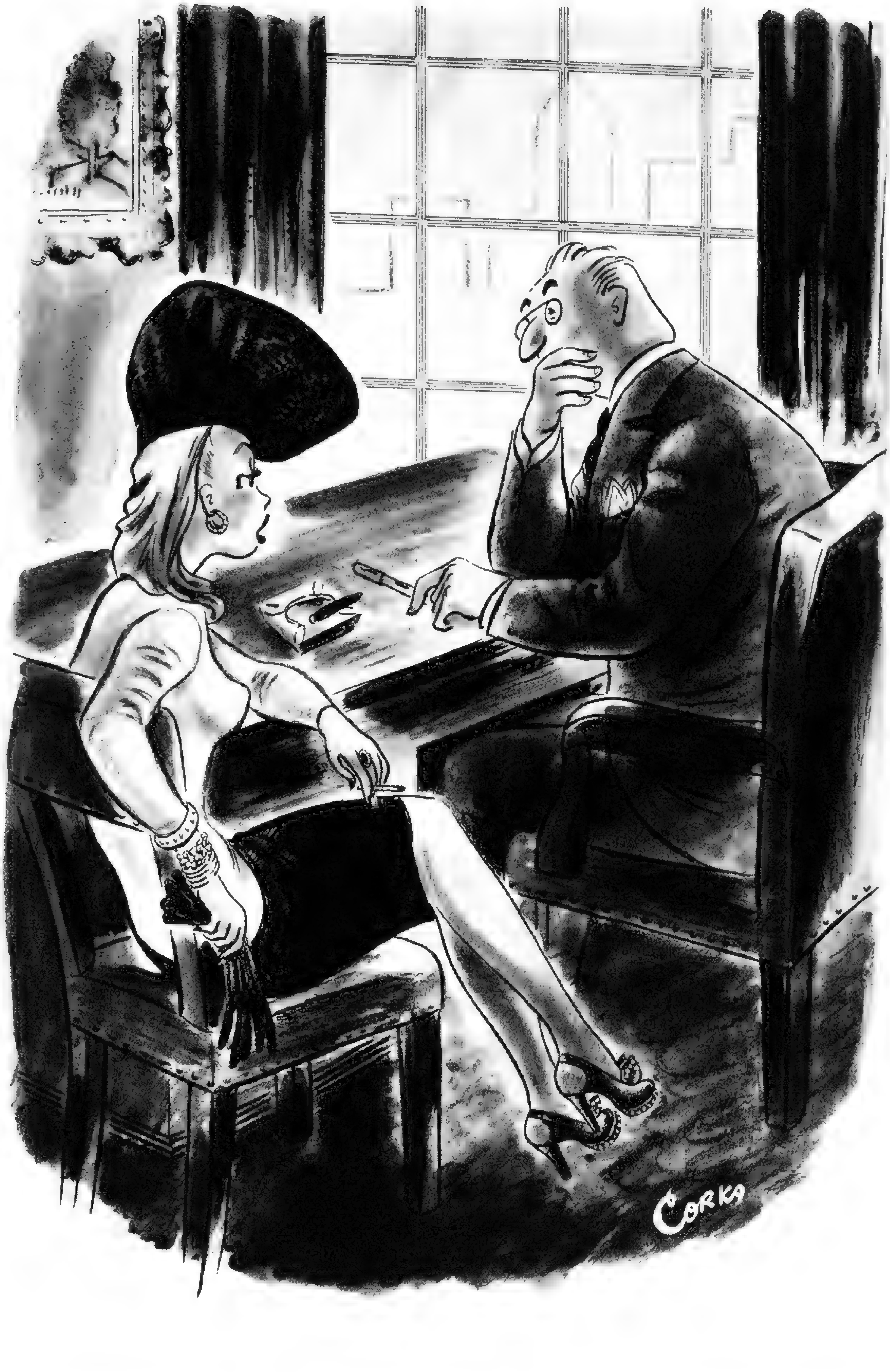
PERFUMES
L'Azur

"It has to be good and strong—he has sinus trouble!"



"And tell him I want liberal alimony if he expects us to remain friends"

The Fourth United States Infantry

While not the oldest American regiment, it can claim the most battles and such soldiers as Grant, Sheridan and Taylor

by CAPTAIN R. G. EMERY

• ARTICLE •

A COLONEL of the Fourth once married a lady with more erudition than insight into things military! At a post party one evening, she regaled the delighted ears of a number of officers of other regiments with the following titbit gleaned from her research. "Did you know," she swaggered, "that the Fourth is one of the very few of our regiments whose colors are on display in the Tower of London?"

That story caused more than one cracked noggin in garrison towns on a payday night. And it is still, by War Department order, a base calumny. A Fourth Regiment of Infantry did lose its colors to the British at Detroit in 1812 but not this one. That regiment, originated in 1808, is now the Fifth. The present Fourth can claim battle streamers by the mile but none won before May 17th, 1815.

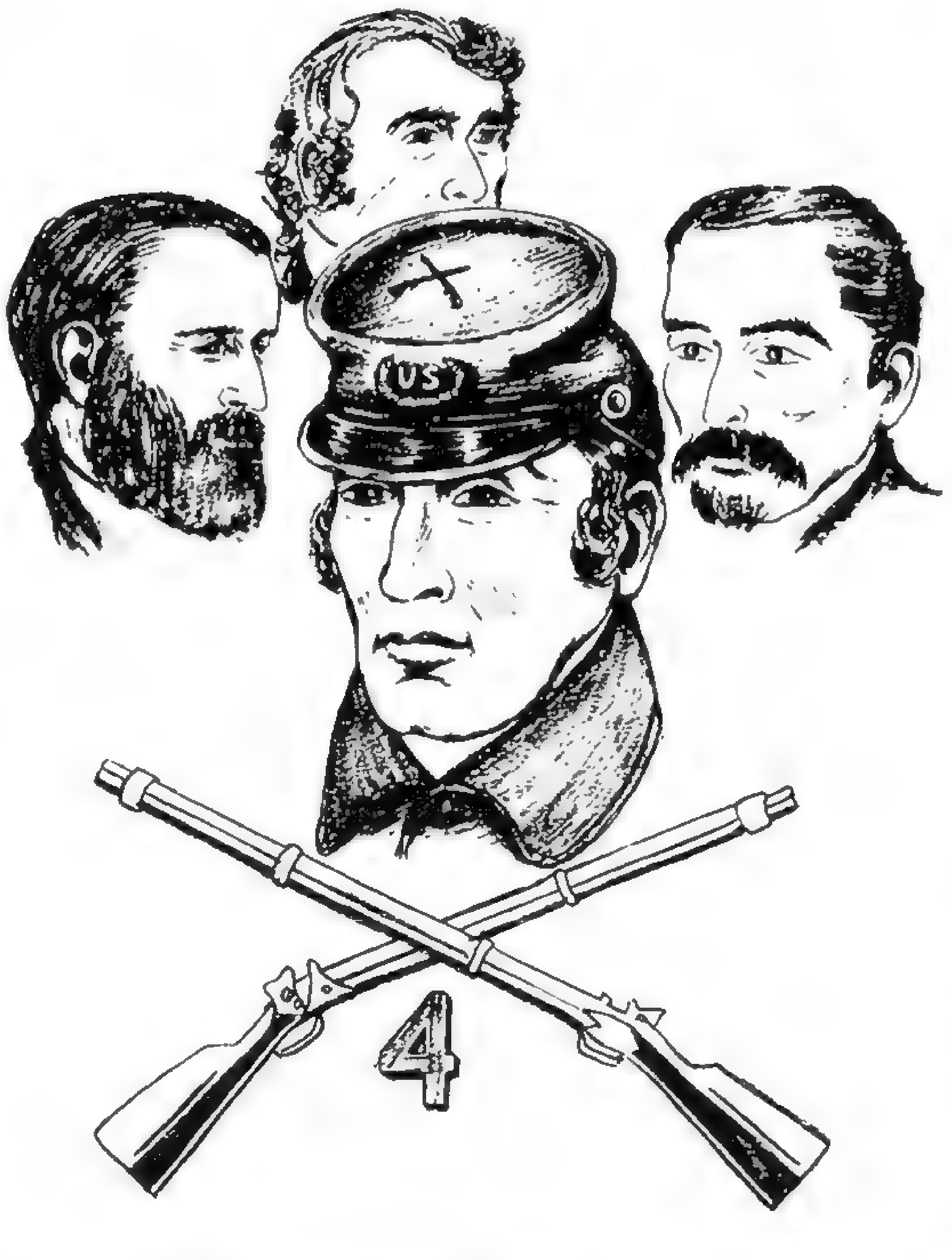
An organization was mustered in Sept. 4, 1792, as "The Infantry of the Fourth Sub-Legion," and fought at Miami Rapids in 1794. In 1796, it was redesignated the Fourth Regiment of Infantry but in 1802 ceased to exist. A new Fourth fought lustily for Harrison at Tippecanoe and, in 1812, was with Hull's ill-fated army.

At the culmination of this campaign, at Fort Detroit, General Hull surrendered his entire command to an inferior force of British and Indians without pulling a trigger. President Monroe, mitigating the court-martial sentence that Hull be shot, ruled: "*the rolls of the Army shall no longer be debased by having upon them the name of Brigadier-general Hull;*" still none of it could help the Fourth get back its colors, which found their resting place in the Tower of London.

But the remnants of that Fourth Infantry were combined after the war with those of five other regiments (9th, 13th, 21st, 40th and 46th) to form the Fifth. It was then that the War Department decreed that "*the brilliant history of the Fourth Regiment from 1796 to 1815*" was to become the property of the Fifth.

At about the same time, a few odds and ends of the 14th, 18th, 20th, 36th and 38th were lumped to form the new Fourth.

The Creeks and the Seminoles were threatening disturbance in the south and the new regiment was bequeathed responsibility for the southern frontier, then at some point now included in Georgia and Alabama. There they chased the elusive savage and died of cholera with equal obstinacy. The death roll of one company for one year also includes casualties from five diagnosed types of fever. The same death roll has the entry "Intemperance" after two more of its names. I. *Orders No. 15, Western Army, August 28th, 1832,*



General Winfield Scott states:

"*The senior surgeon recommends the use of flannel shirts, flannel drawers and woolen stockings, but the Commanding General, who has seen much of the disease* [cholera] *knows that it is intemperance which generates and spreads the calamity and that, when spread, good and temperate men are likely to be infected.*

"*He therefore preemptorily commands that every soldier or ranger who shall be found drunk or sensibly intoxicated, after publication of this order, be compelled, as soon as his strength will permit, to dig a grave at a suitable burying place large enough for his own reception, as such grave cannot fail soon to be wanted for the drunken man himself or for one of his drunken companions. This order is given as well to serve as a punishment for drunkenness as to spare good and temperate men the labor of digging graves for their worthless companions.*"

When not digging graves, the Fourth built posts along the border. A letter of Gen. Lorenzo Thomas' says, "*Each company built its own double block of logs and a house of one story (logs) for officers' quarters. The troops also sawed the boards for flooring, rived the pine shingles for roofs. In truth, the troops did the entire work, the quartermaster department only furnishing the few tools to work with, the nails and other hardware.*

"*Scarcely a nail was used to secure the shingles, they being hung on the rafters with wooden pegs. The spaces between the logs were chinked with moss and clay and afterward the whole was whitewashed. This was the mode of erecting quarters by the Infantry arm in those days, at scarcely any expense to the government.*"

The Fourth did not get down to really serious business with the Indians until 1833. In December, the line of communication and supply to one of the border stations, Fort King, was cut by Osceola's Seminoles. One hundred artillerymen from Fort Brooks under Major Gardner were ordered to re-establish contact.

At the last moment, Major Gardner's bride of a few weeks fell ill. Captain and Brevet-Major Francis Dade of the Fourth gallantly volunteered to go in his stead. Gallantly, because post gossip had it that it had once been a fair wager as to whether the lady would become Mrs. Gardner or Mrs. Dade.

Major Dade's offer was accepted and he joined the expedition with eleven men of B Company of the Fourth. The march was begun on the 20th of December. On the 28th, after a cheerless Christmas on the trail and still forty miles short of Fort King, Major Dade ran his little column into a trap of the wily Indian, Osceola. The only survivors of the affair were three badly wounded privates who reported the command had fought stubbornly from eight in the morning until five at night when, their ammunition exhausted, they went down, outnumbered and out-generalled, under Seminole hatchets.

As late as 1891, Colonel Granville Haller wrote a friend: "*Since the unfortunate termination of Major Dade's expedition, it has been the custom of the Fourth Infantry not to volunteer for any service. The officers and men always have the readiness and willingness for any service required of them but all details, whether of a dangerous nature or in daily routine, are allowed to be made from a roster in the office of the regimental adjutant.*" Period.

The regiment chased the Indians hither and yon with greatly increased enthusiasm after the Dade affair. By 1842, they had caught up with them and Osceola was on his way to the cell at Moultrie in which he would remain until his death. That fall, the regiment was moved to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to enjoy its first taste of garrison service. But in '44, the outfit moved again, by way of New Orleans, to join Zachary Taylor's Army of Observation at Corpus Christi, Texas.

The Army of Observation very soon became the Army of Occupation. It was a very good army. The officers were regulars who had spent practically all of their professional lives on active service and the enlisted men, drawing a base pay of seven dollars a month, were in ranks either because they were patriots or because they just liked it.

And old Rough and Ready was not the man to let a bright sword rust. Grant later remarked: "I do not believe that a more efficient army, for its numbers and armament, ever fought a battle than that one commanded by General Taylor in his first two fights on Mexican soil."

Later, at Monterey, the regimental band of the Fourth found their role of spectators no longer supportable and, throwing away their instruments, they rushed a Mexican light battery, seized it, and swung it about upon their fleeing enemy. According to the official citation, the breast cord of honor given them and their successors was made red, the Artillery's color, "*. . . to show that they were as expert artillerymen as infantrymen.*"

Lieutenant U. S. Grant was with Taylor's army that winter after Monterey. He did not join the 4th itself (as Quartermaster) until the next November. During the months of inaction at Victoria in early '47—while Taylor was staying as far away as he could from his political rival, Winfield Scott—some of the officers of the army formed a theatrical society. The young Grant, not yet quite so beavery it is to be hoped, played most of the principal feminine roles. His leading man was usually a Captain Robert E. Lee of the Engineers.

After the Mexican War, the regiment was ordered to the West Coast, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, on the way and finding that two weeks of Isthmian cholera and Chagres fever were more disastrous than two years in the field. Of the 1,100 officers, men and camp followers who sailed from New York on the *Ohio* on July 5th, 1852, 107 died enroute.

In the West, the regiment scattered and put again into practice "the mode of erecting quarters by the Infantry Arm." The list of posts they built and campaigns they fought is as long as the history of the West. However, the company journal and correspondence book of G Company, still in G's possession, shows that company administration during those glamorous years was principally concerned with the quality of the tobacco ration and unhallowed liaisons between lonesome soldiers and the regimental laundresses.

There was one incident of the fifties which is illustrative of those pre-blitz days. It rose from the so-called San Juan Imbroglio. In 1859, General Harney ordered the occupation of San Juan Island as a part of the territory of the United States. Three companies of the Fourth and one of the Ninth did the occupying. The British commander, fortified by five men-of-war, 2,000 sailors and marines, disagreed with General Harney's geography.

One hundred sixty-seven British guns aboard the five ships were trained upon the Fourth Infantry camp when, in the lull before the first gunner's match was lighted, an officer of the Fourth was invited to an official party of courtesy aboard the flagship. During casual professional conversation around the punch bowl, the American made a remark concerning a battle in the war between the Austrians and Napoleon III's Franco-Sardinians, which was then in progress.

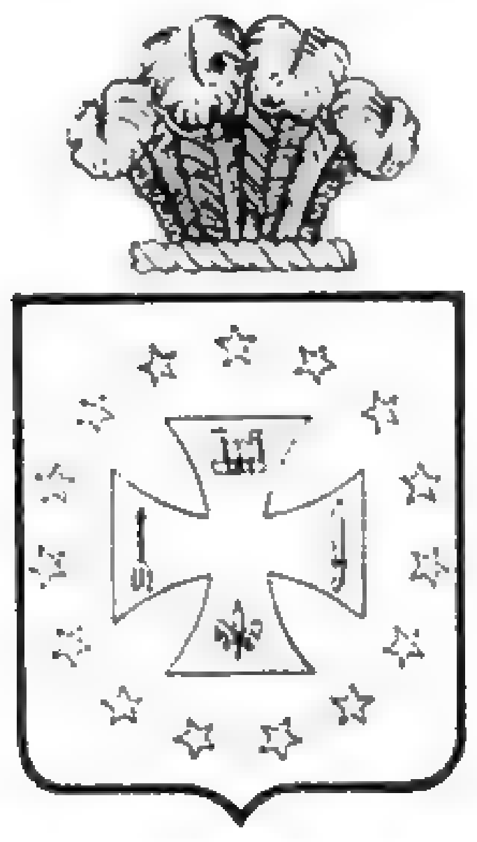
The British admiral heard it. "I presume," he asked, "that you refer to the battle of Magenta, Major?"

"No sir. I spoke of the *second* engagement of the campaign, some weeks after Magenta."

"Hm-m. And how have such late advices reached you?"

"By courier from our Department of State, sir."

It was then September, 1859. Magenta had been fought June 4th. To the British, the conclusion was obvious and upsetting. Evidently, news which reached the Americans from Washington was considerably fresher than that which England could furnish her Pacific fleet. With the memory of Pakenham's bloody losses at New Orleans, in a battle fought after the war was ended, fresh in their minds, the British decided to wait.



FOURTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY

Heraldic and Historic Explanation:

Fifteen Stars: Detachments of regiments which were later consolidated to form the 4th were at Fort McHenry when the *Star-Spangled Banner* was written. The flag at that time had 15 stars and 15 stripes.

Green Shield: Service in the Mexican War.

White Maltese Cross: In the Civil War, the 4th was part of Syke's division of the 6th Corps, the badge of which was a white Maltese cross.

Castle on upper arm of cross: Service in the Spanish-American War.

Arrow on dexter arm: Service in the Indian Wars.

Bolo on sinister arm: Service in the Philippines.

Fleur-de-lis on lower arm: Service in the World War.

Four green ostrich plumes: The Infantry of the Fourth Sub-Legion, the original organization in 1792, wore green piping on their caps, and green plumes.

Croix de Guerre, pendant: Decoration by the French government during the World War.

Colors are: Green shield, silver cross patee and stars, castle, fleur-de-lis, bolo and arrow in red.

As it happened, the English commander was really the best informed man on the scene, as the subsequent arrival of General Scott with orders which vetoed Harney's decision proved. The San Juan troops were quietly withdrawn, but without bloodshed. If the Fourth Infantryman had felt that he needed any further poetic justification, it was given him by news which finally came from Italy that there *had* been another battle after Magenta.

Of course the regiment took time out from its pioneering to add twenty or so Civil War battle streamers to its colors. It saved Wood's and Tidball's batteries at Gaines' Mill; held Sharpsburg bridge at Antietam and it was the rear guard at Chancellorsville. By the time they had fought through the Wilderness to the breastworks of Petersburg, a lieutenant, George Randall, was commanding as senior officer still present for duty.

The phrase is reminiscent of another Civil War experience of the Fourth, worth repeating only because of the manner in which it was recorded. Major Delozier Davidson commanded at Gaines' Mill but the task of officially reporting the engagement fell to Captain Joseph Collins, who writes briefly—even drily: "*. . . at eleven o'clock Major Davidson retired to the rear and has not been seen since.*" However, the major was seen again—at his courtmartial, which cashiered him.

After Appomattox, the Fourth returned to the West, now to Fort Laramie. In 1869, the 30th Infantry, organized in 1866 was consolidated with the Fourth and the regiment retained the designation, Fourth. At one time, in '71, it went back to Louisville to be split into small detachments and chivvy moonshiners about the Kentucky hills for a year. It was West again in time to serve under Crook on the Rosebud. And in '92 and '93, Colonel Robert Hall led it out to escort Coxey's Army through Washington and Idaho. Rather, to stand guard over railway rolling stock until Coxey's Army had gone by.

Then someone blew up the *Maine* and the Fourth shouldered its muskets again. It was at El Caney and at Santiago. It learned again that fever was worse than bullets, disease decimating it for the third time in its history.

There was still trouble in the Philippines and the regiment was shortly on its way, "by way of the Suez Canal." Except for some artillery which assisted the Navy in our Algerian difficulty, the Fourth believes it is the first Army regiment to cross the Atlantic.

Civilizing the insurrectos with a Krag and bringing the heathen light in one way or another, plus two brief stations at home kept the outfit busy until 1914. 'Fourteen caught it on this side of the Pacific and handy to join Funston on the Vera Cruz expedition. The coconut trees around Los Coces station might have been the same ones under which the regiment had bivouacked when Winfield Scott placed it in that selfsame spot, sixty-seven years before.

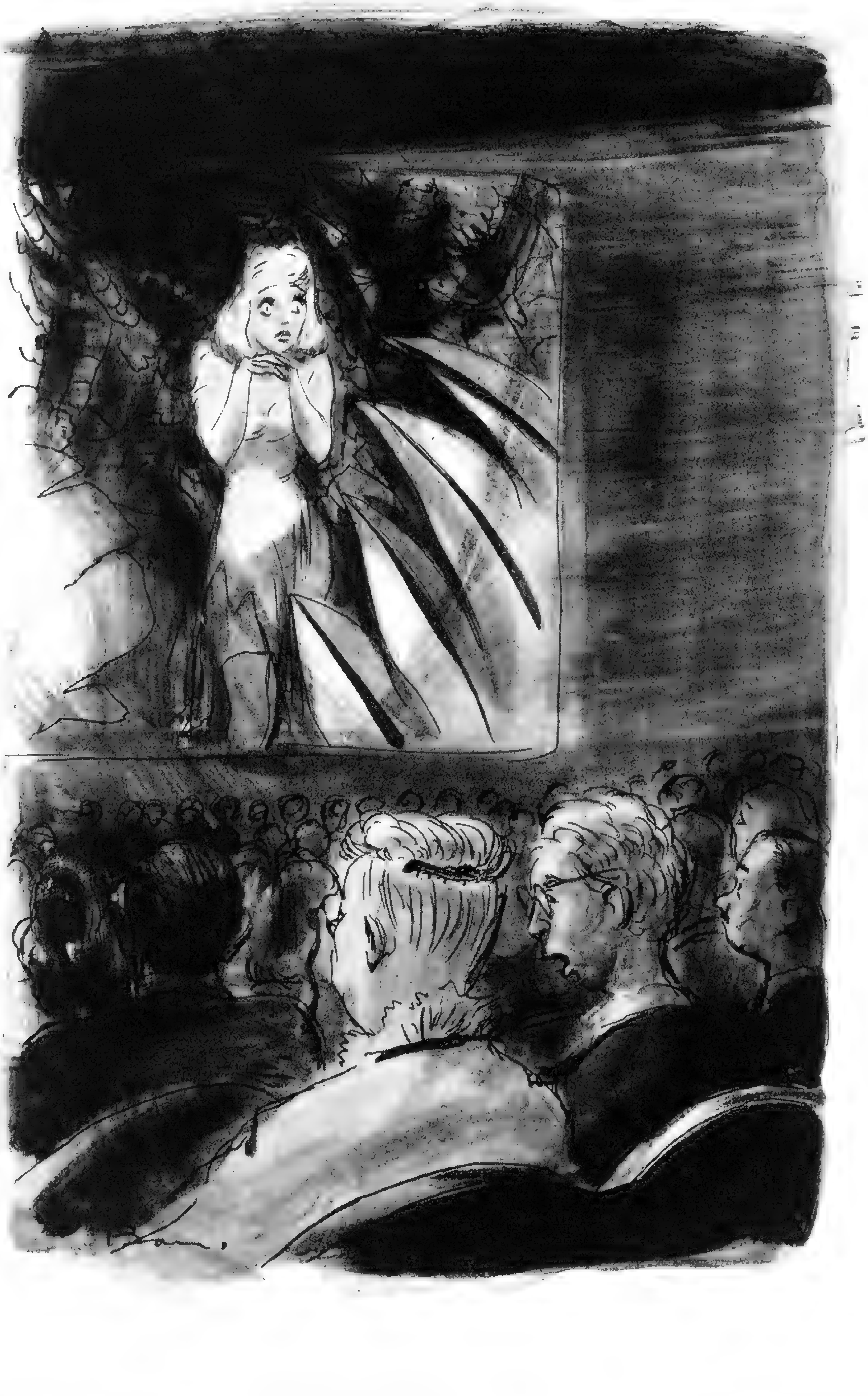
The Vera Cruz expedition returned and the Fourth went to the 3rd Division in '17 in time to make its second trip across the Atlantic. It was blooded at Chateau Thierry and fought on the Marne and at St. Mihiel. Afterward, it added the crossing of the Rhine and a winter in Germany to its historical itinerary.

The Fourth is not our oldest American regiment—the Third Infantry Regiment being the oldest—but its list of battles is the longest. The decorations on its colors show that they have been planted upon the ramparts of the nation, and taken up with honor, more times than any others. Grant stood beneath those colors, and Sheridan and Taylor.

It is those battle streamers and the men who gained them that make the soul of a regiment. And the soul of a regiment is not at all an intangible thing. Some youngster of the Fourth one day will feel a pretty solid presence around him when he needs it the most.

Colonel Bill Foster, who held the hummock at Okeechobee, will be there; and Lieutenant Johnny Gore, who climbed the wall at Chapultepec. Captain Hiram Dryer, who stood to fire three volleys at thirty yards into a Confederate brigade at Second Bull Run, will be somewhere close, and so will Captain Frank Andrus who called his shots at Santiago from the top of the parapet.

They were men who never gave up a battlefield. And they won't be there to see it begun in our time. #



"They should have cast Dorothy Lamour in that part—she wouldn't have had any trouble getting through the jungle"

J. Barleycorn, Draftee

Distillers and wineries aid defense with material for smokeless powder, aside from billions in federal taxes

by LAWTON MACKALL

POTABLES

So our government needs high-proof, strictly pure alcohol for use in the manufacture of smokeless powder—just how many hundreds of millions of gallons nobody knows as yet. But pronto.

If this were ten years ago, there'd be a frantic drawing up of blue prints of wellnigh extinct types of establishments known as distilleries, and desperate search to find trained operators, other than bootleggers and gangsters, who could handle the vast production when the hoped-for plants eventually came into being. What our Army and Navy would do for powder meanwhile, your guess is as good as mine. Frankly it is a conjecture that hits you in the pit of your stomach.

Fortunately—and to the great indignation of the Drys—these plants already exist, superbly equipped and expertly manned. They have answered the call and are turning out the quantities asked of them, ready to step up production as the situation demands.

"Yessir, we're in this on an all-out basis," is the wholehearted manner in which an important distiller put it to me the other day. "Any time the folks in Washington advise us they want our plants, they can have them lock, stock and barrel. And that goes for our personal services, too."

But the government neither needs nor wishes any such takeover. It is satisfied with the daily proof given it that this well organized industry can do the job. Furthermore there is no desire to hamstring America's Number One taxpayer, direct contributor of more than a billion dollars a year and vital prop of the hotel and restaurant industry and their allied interests. So long as ample supplies of Defense alcohol are forthcoming, the flow of benefits to Federal, state, and local treasuries isn't going to be shut off. And luckily there is no problem about raw materials: we have a glut of them, the conversion of which means money in the jeans of Mr. Farmer.

Certainly we are incomparably better off in this respect than the tight little isle of Britain which has to get its grain from across sub-infested waters. Yet the indomitable British keep on making and consuming alcoholic beverages; they'd cease to be themselves without them. Grimly drawing in their belts, they have reduced distilling to 25 per cent of the peacetime normal. But that precious 25 per cent is on sale to everybody. Canteens located beside ammunition plants, shipyards, and airplane and tank factories, dispense beers and spirits in orderly fashion as part of dogged morale maintenance. Needless to say the traditional rum ration of the British armed forces has never missed a pour on land or sea.

Nor did Winston Churchill exactly cool himself in our affections when as a guest at the White House he followed his old habit of champagne at luncheon and took his customary highball with dinner, and while on the train through New England duly participated in a ceremonial bubbling-in of the New Year with a toast to Victory.

"An enemy in our midst," the Drys would say. They figured it all out in a special bulletin which has come to my hand from the National Headquarters of the W. C. T. U. (phew!) wherein these unloved ladies flush as follows, calling beer, wine and whiskey a trifold "Axis":

> "It is not far-fetched to compare beer (the most powerful member of the Axis) to Germany, wine (the artistically clothed deceiver) to Italy, and hard liquor (which is tolerated in the Axis through necessity) to Japan.
>
> "The comparison of the various divisions of the liquor traffic to an Axis is clearly justified by those with perspective. Their joint profit base is alcoholism, their method to free themselves from all restrictions, their goal to make millions of dollars by destroying others. They delude with plausible-sounding and very clever propaganda, they play on basic human emotions to secure new converts from the family circle. They protest their innocence, while they enslave millions.
>
> "This Axis also will march on to more horrible triumphs until the confused and the misled form a solid wall of opposition. Then its downfall will be swift and complete."

Nice gals, aren't they! Strictly angels of malice. And ever busy. Any jocose male who feels tempted to dismiss their pestiferousness as mere rants in the pants is leaving himself and his fellow drinkers wide open for a dirty coup. Already these bluenoses have their war chests (untaxed!) in Washington and various state capitals, and their panzer tactics in individual county and town elections are a mere sideline compared to the main drive behind the Sheppard bill (still on the Senate calendar) to zone us back into National Prohibition. It burns them that our Army and Navy resent their intrusion into disciplinary matters: *they* could do such a lovely job of governessing our soldiers and sailors—with the bootleggers as their aides-de-camp.

In a previous article I stressed some of the damage which this Zone scheme would wreak if enacted into law. The death blow it would mean to countless great hotels and other real estate located miles away from any camp, fort, or naval base, or any official headquarters; in so many words, the drying up of our principal cities. The robbing of camp commanders of all control over retail liquor dispensing conditions in their territories—for blind-piggers just don't co-operate or care. And so on. Now we are getting an advance sample in the vicinities of camps located in legally Dry sections where trailers, populated by women who combine hooch-selling with prostitution, suddenly put in appearance on the roadside, set up for business, disappear at dawn, and bob up at some other handy spot next evening as per whispered announcement. The W. C. T. U. isn't aboard

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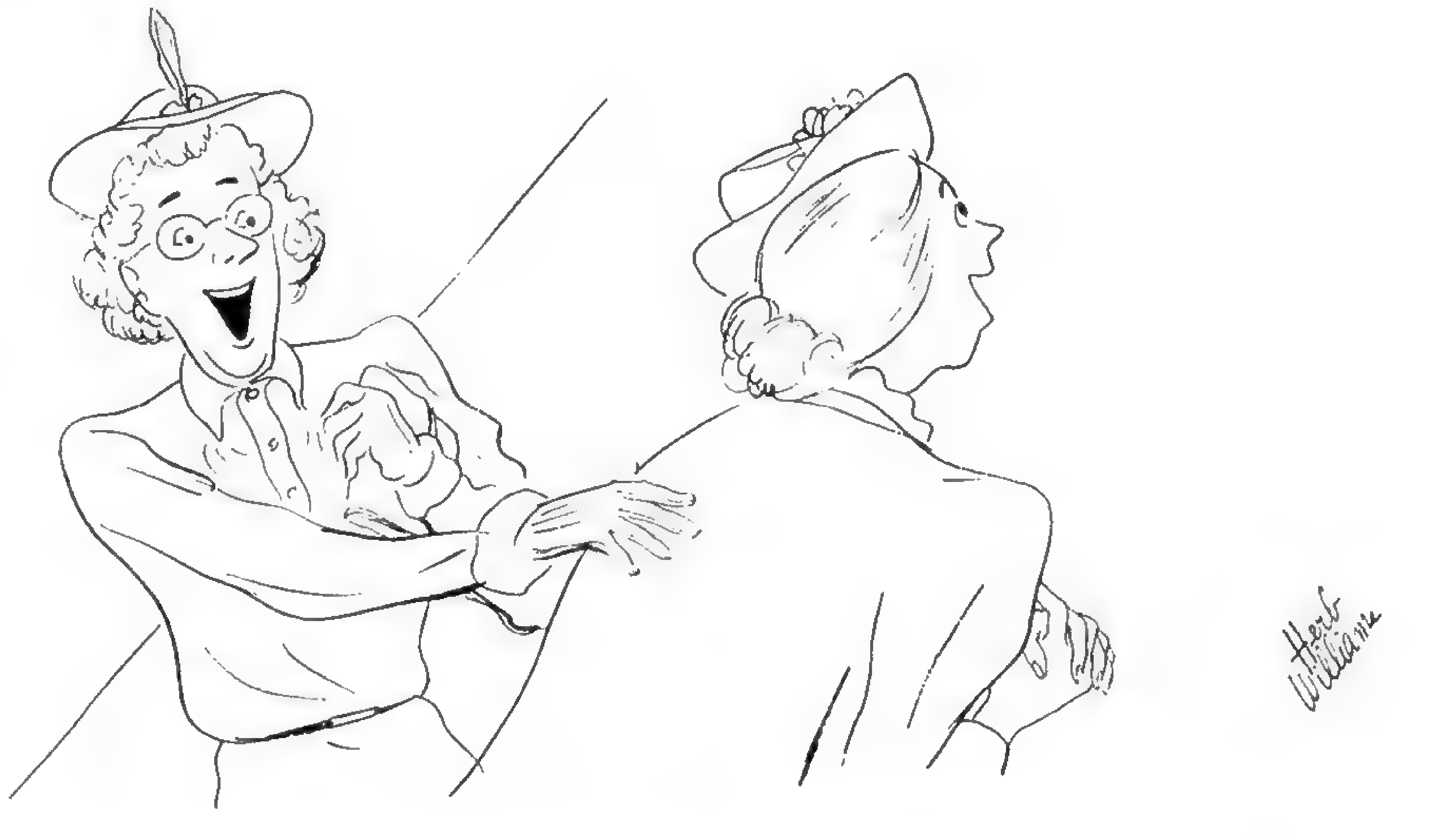
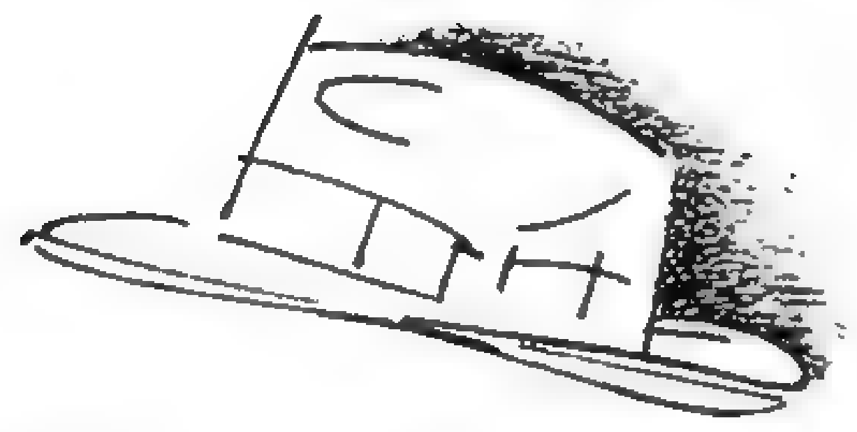
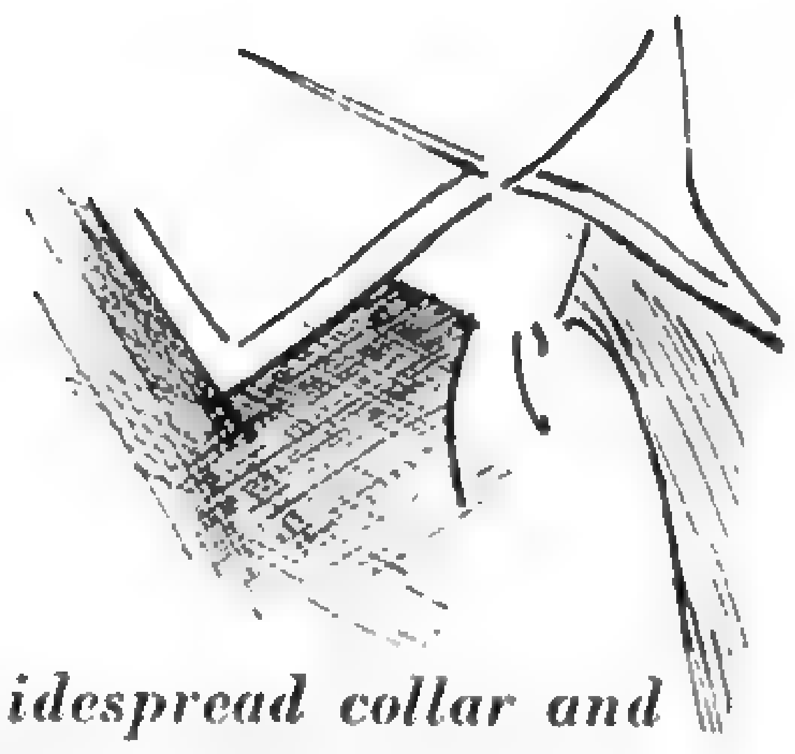


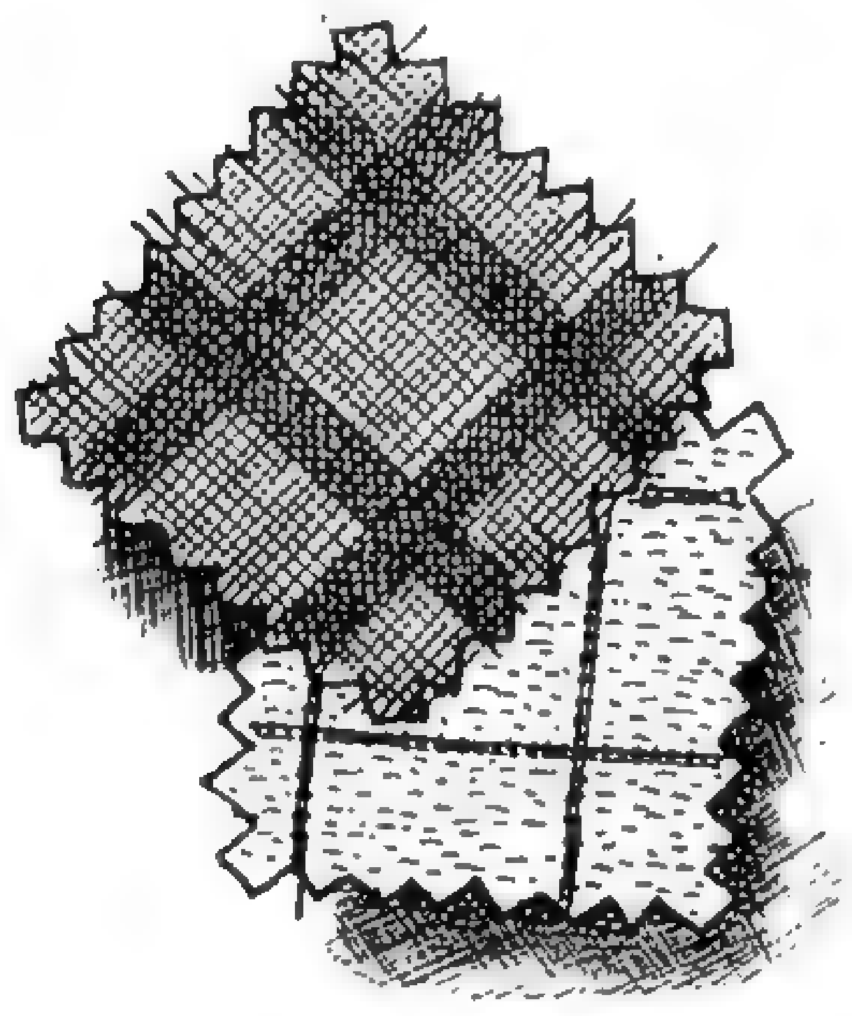
"Look, look, Emma—our prayers have been answered!"



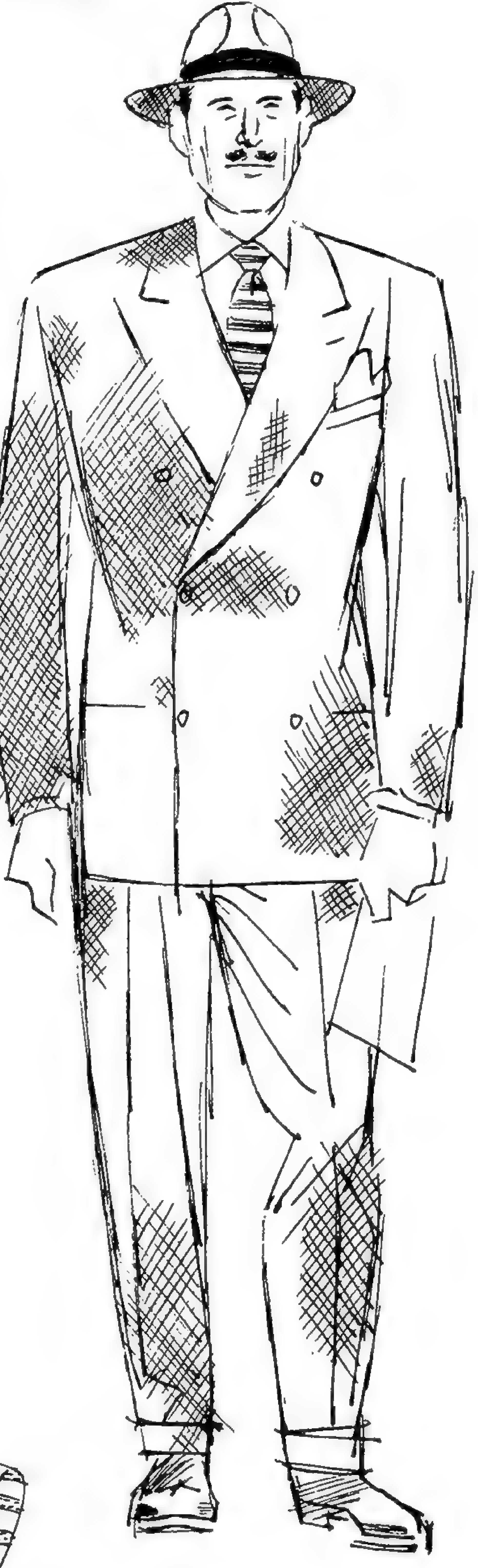
The low crowned hat creates the illusion of width—subtracts from height.



The widespread collar and the Windsor Knot tie tend to widen neck and shoulder lines.



The box-like formation of Glen Urquhart plaids and overplaids is conducive to greater width.

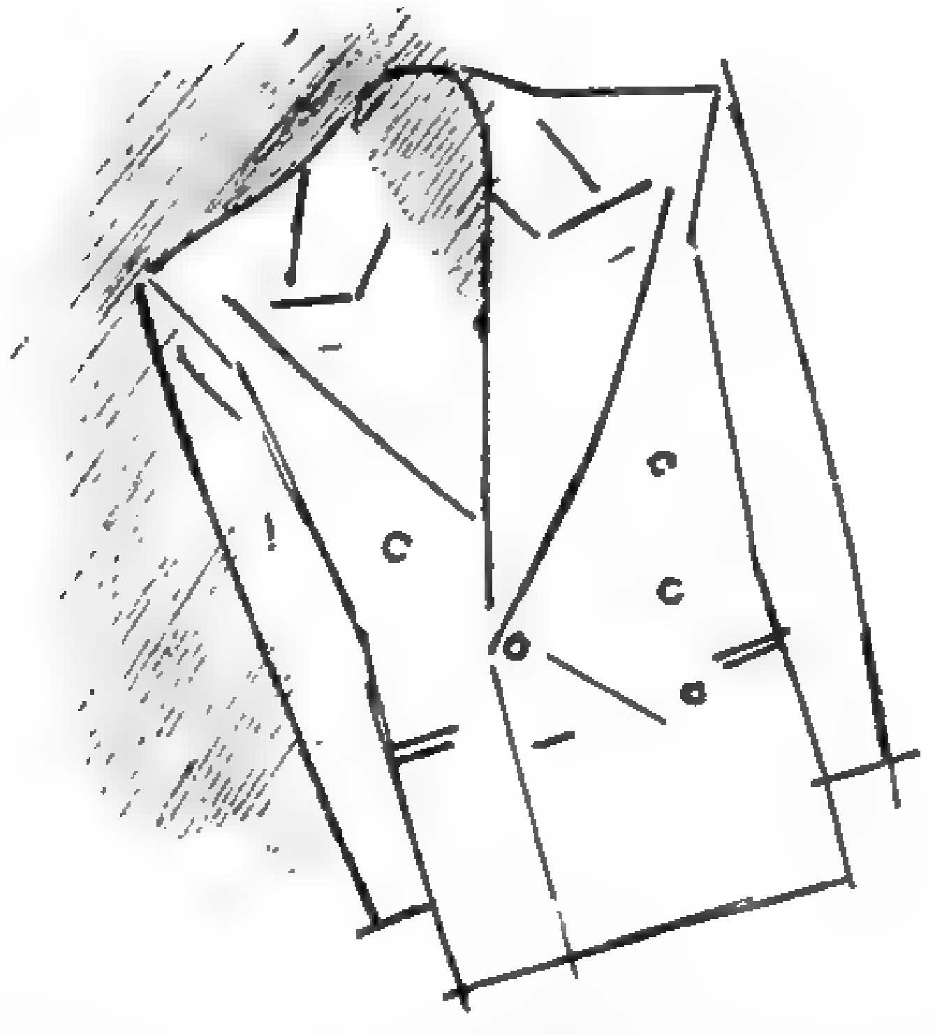


Broader Thin Men

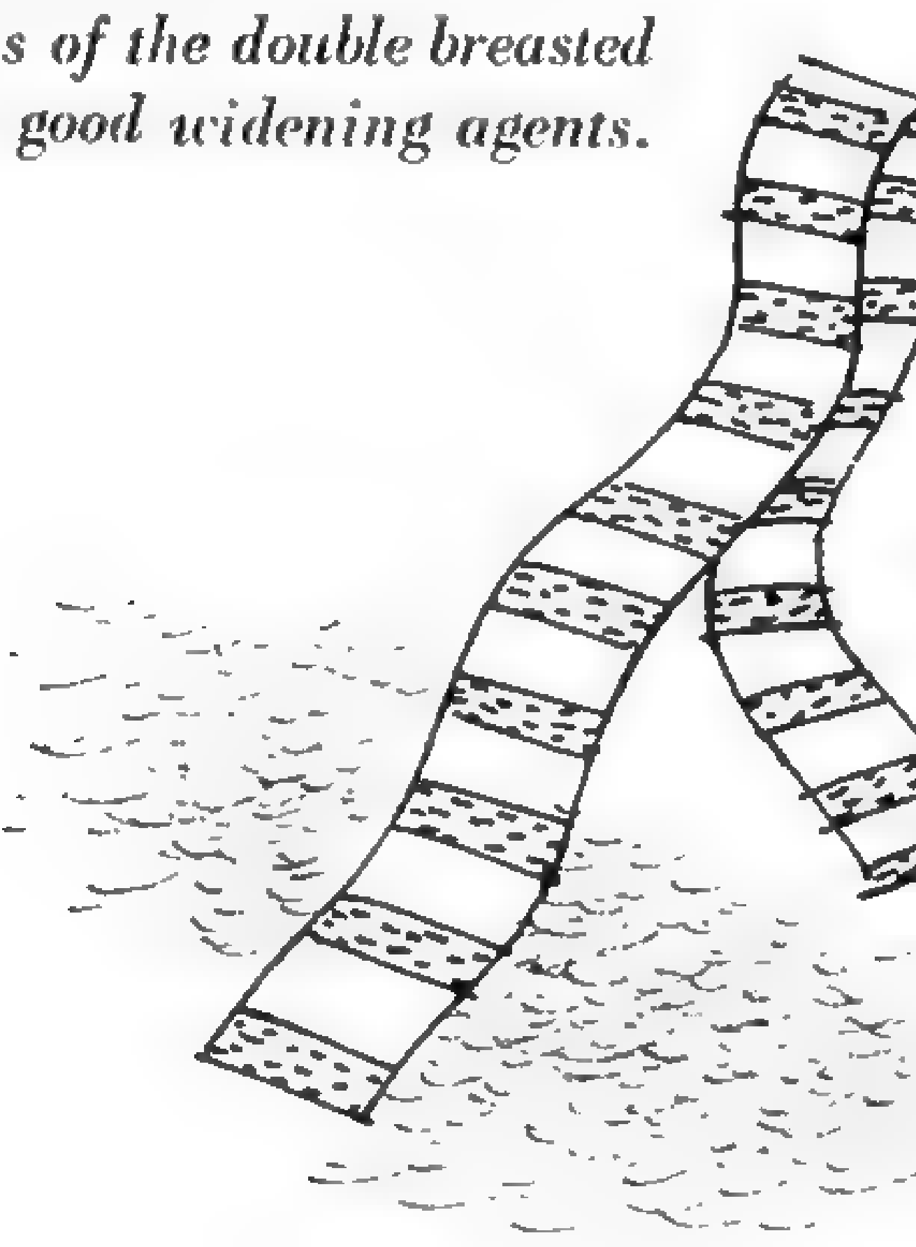
In this enlightened era no man needs to be an Ichabod

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
▪ wearables ▪

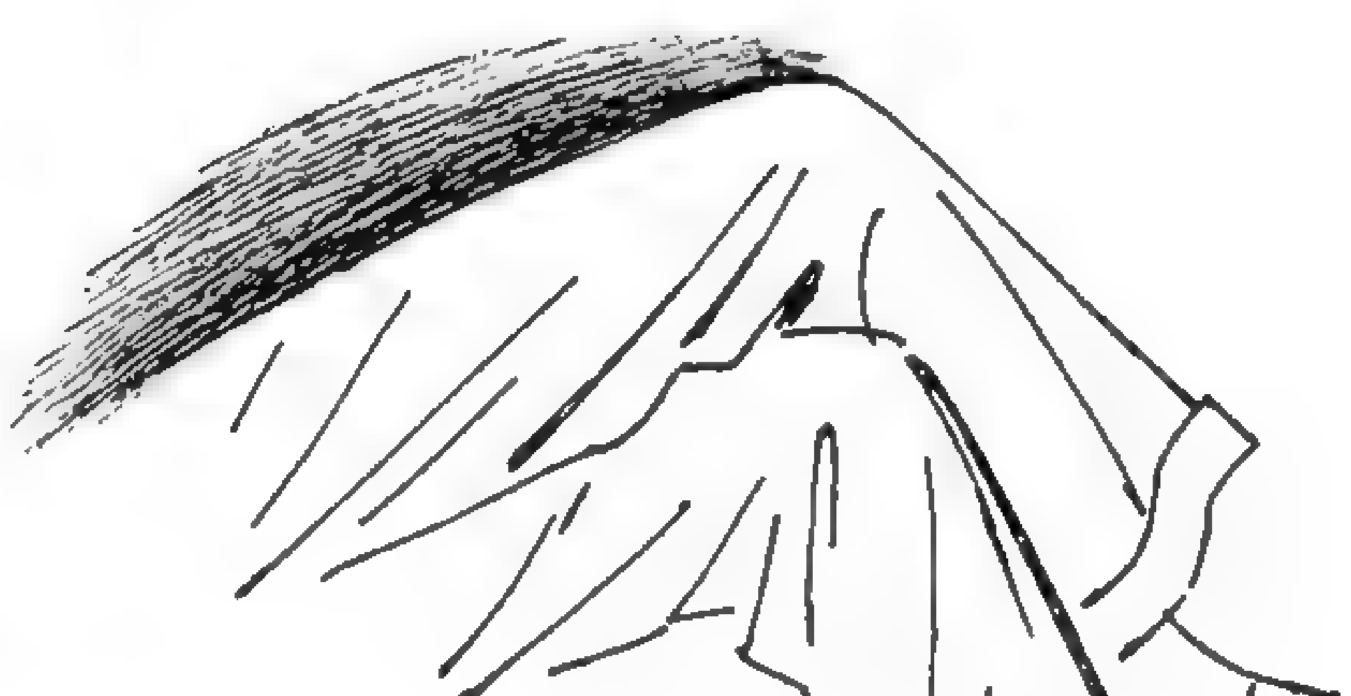
If you are among the group of tall lean men, you can minimize any bean-pole tendencies by picking out wearables that emphasize breadth. The rule to remember for thus outsmarting nature is that horizontal lines create the illusion of greater width. This Aesopian wisdom applies to accessories as well as to clothes. Such lines may be formed by the designs and textures of the fabrics or by the cut of the garments. Tweeds, cheviots and unfinished worsteds are your best bet because their roughish finish tends to add synthetic pounds. The shape of the collar and the size of the knot of your tie similarly give breadth to appearance.



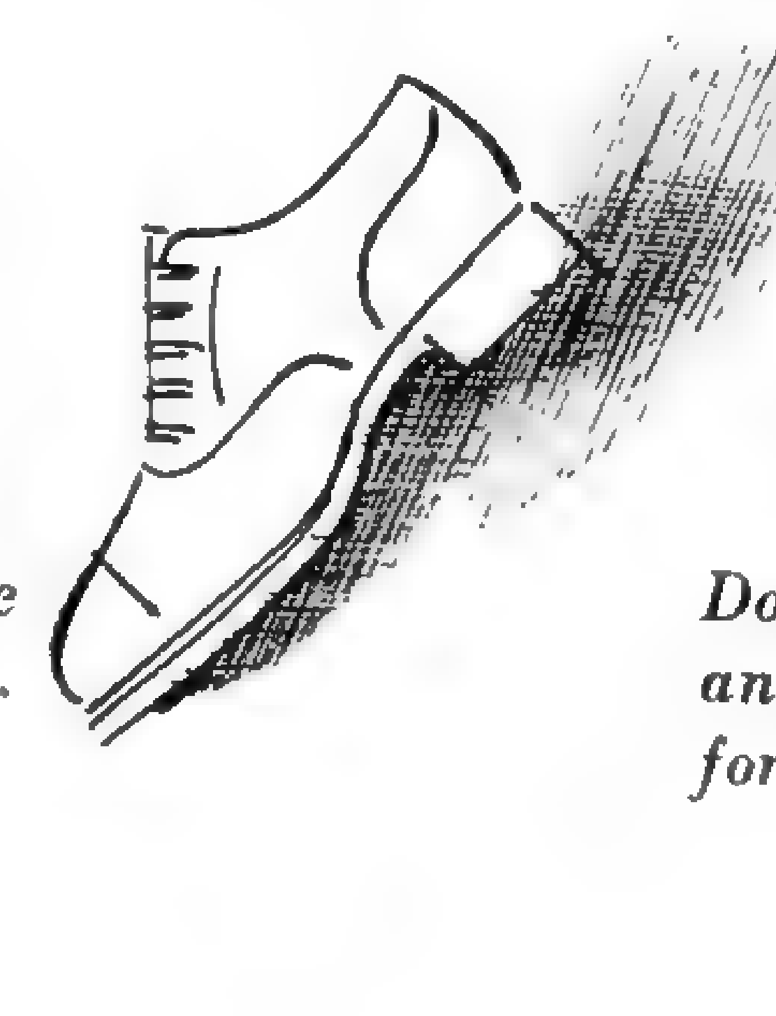
The two rows of buttons and the wide lapels of the double breasted jacket are good widening agents.



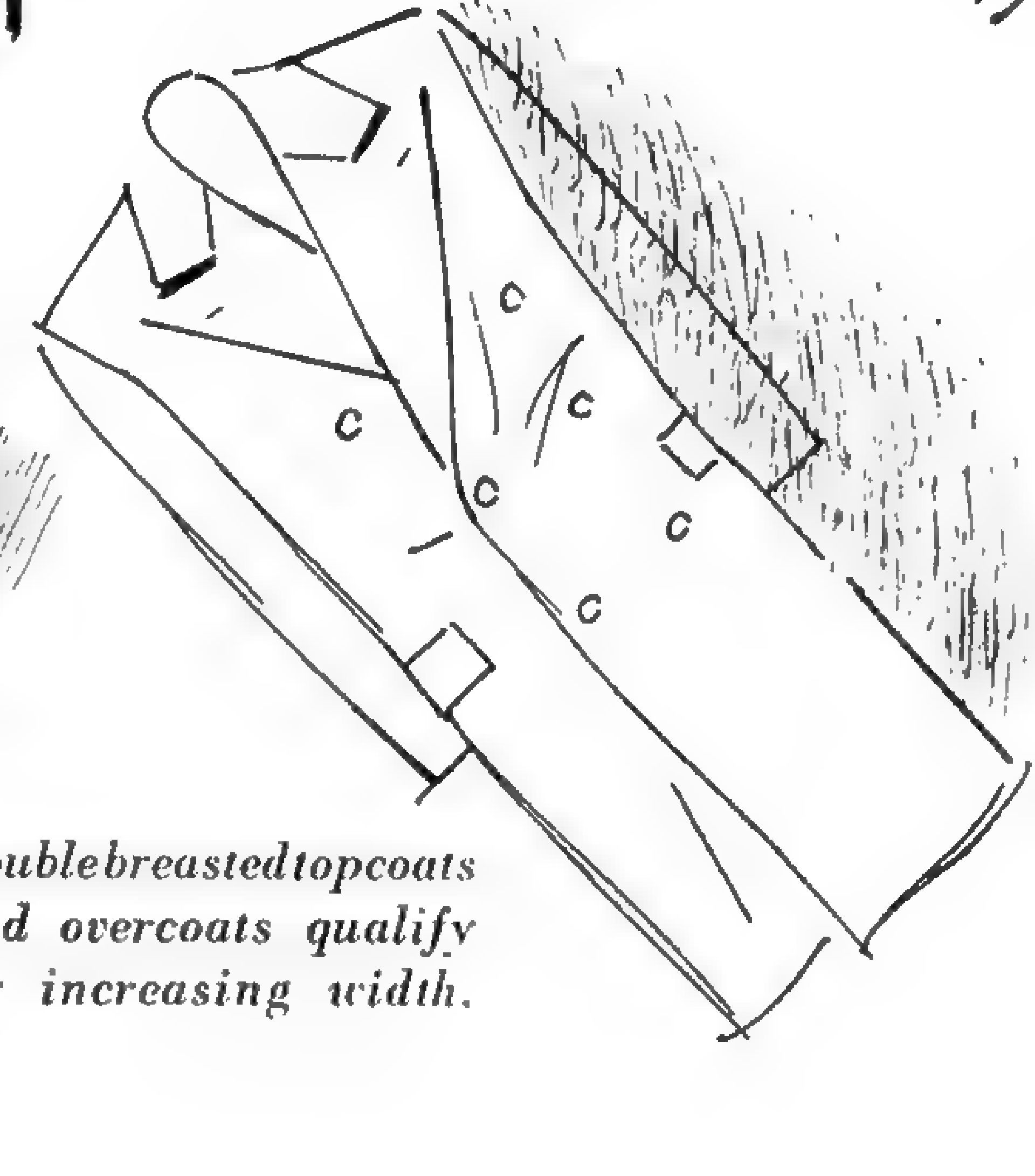
The horizontally striped crocheted tie is one example of pattern and texture of fabric in accessories that broaden your build.



Fairly wide trousers will offset lankiness.



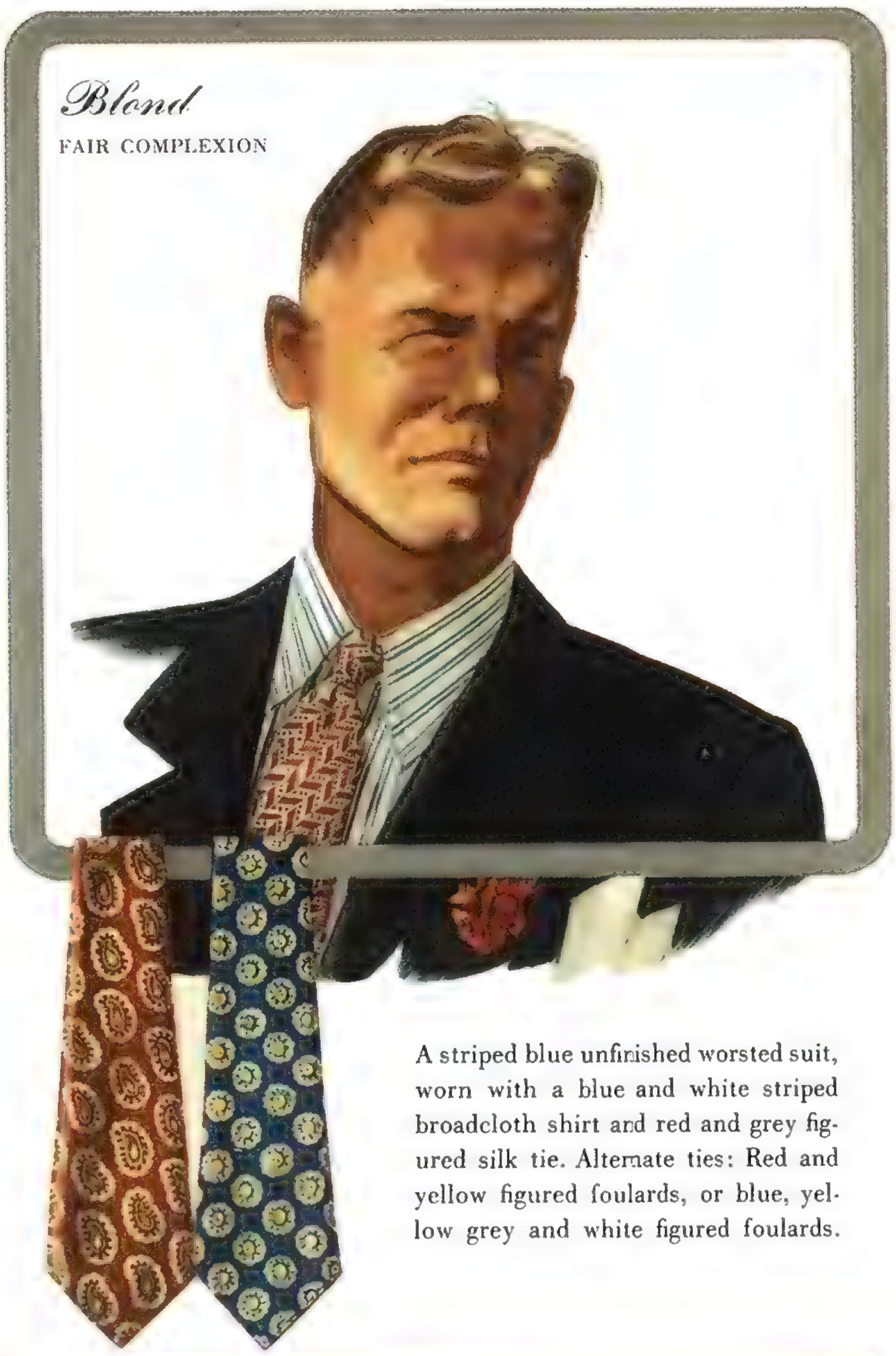
Bulky-looking thick-soled shoes are aids to this general robust effect.



Doublebreasted topcoats and overcoats qualify for increasing width.

Esquires correct color guide

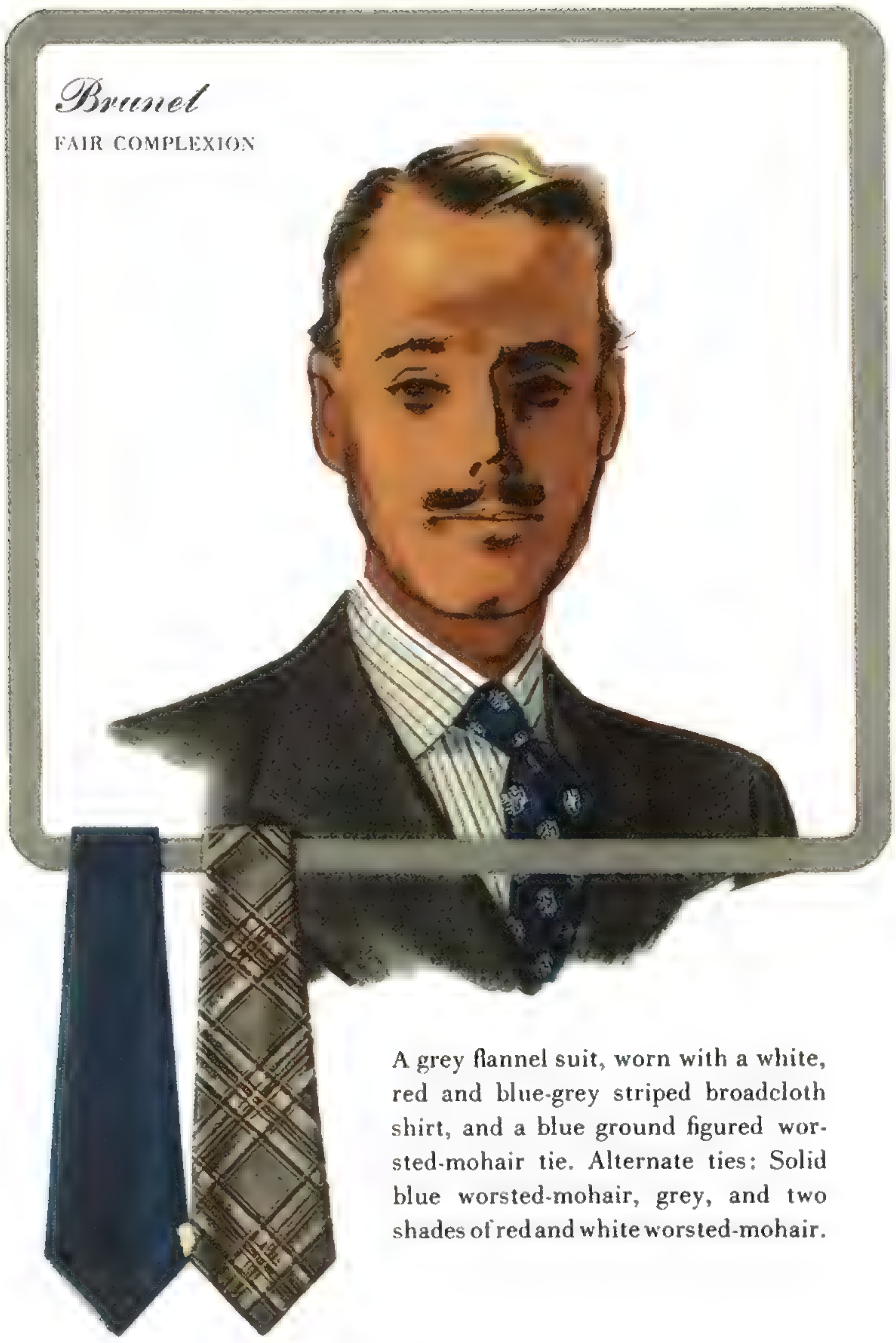
Appropriate colors of suits and accessories complementing men of different complexions are illustrated on this gatefold.



Blond

FAIR COMPLEXION

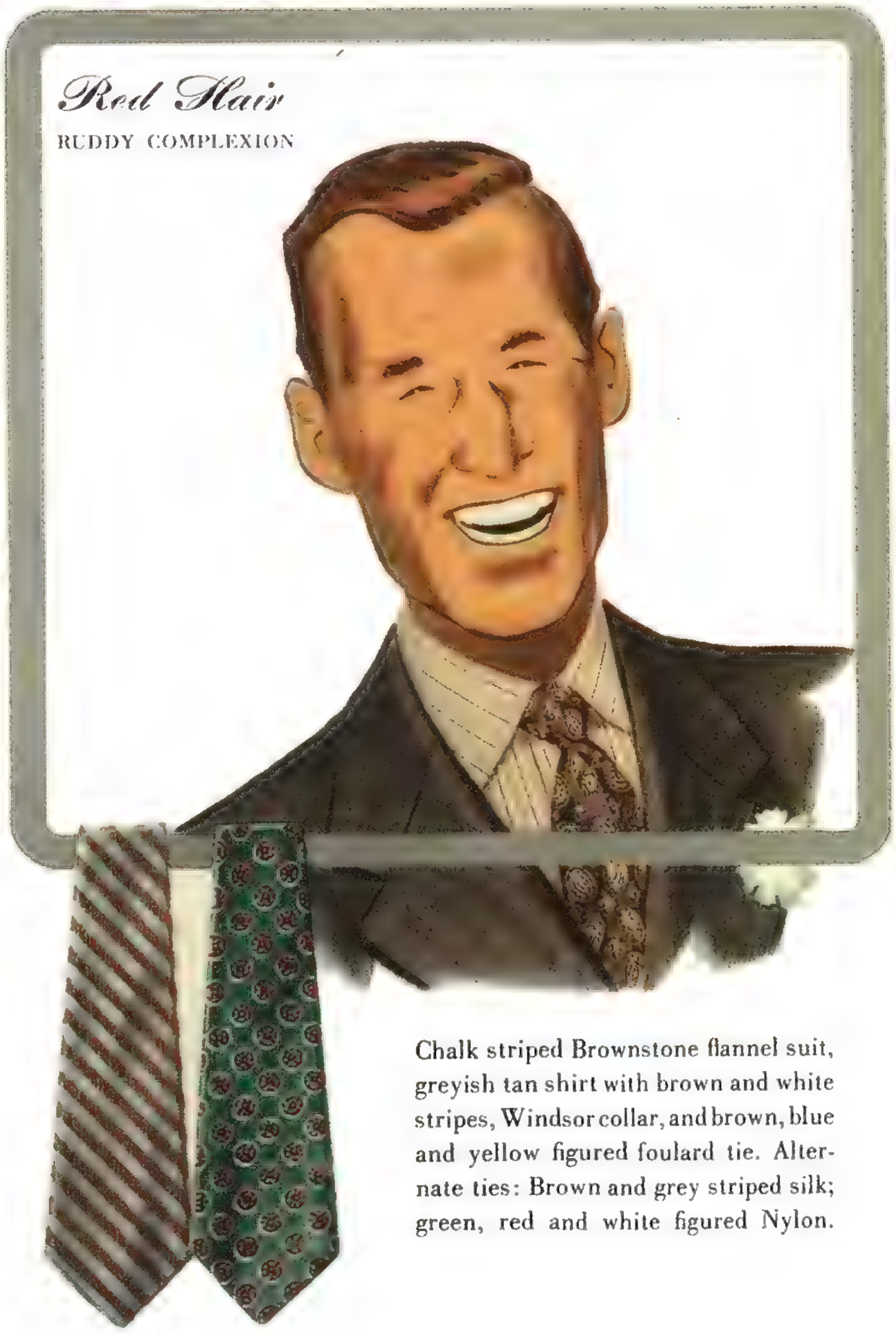
A striped blue unfinished worsted suit, worn with a blue and white striped broadcloth shirt and red and grey figured silk tie. Alternate ties: Red and yellow figured foulards, or blue, yellow grey and white figured foulards.



Brunet

FAIR COMPLEXION

A grey flannel suit, worn with a white, red and blue-grey striped broadcloth shirt, and a blue ground figured worsted-mohair tie. Alternate ties: Solid blue worsted-mohair, grey, and two shades of red and white worsted-mohair.



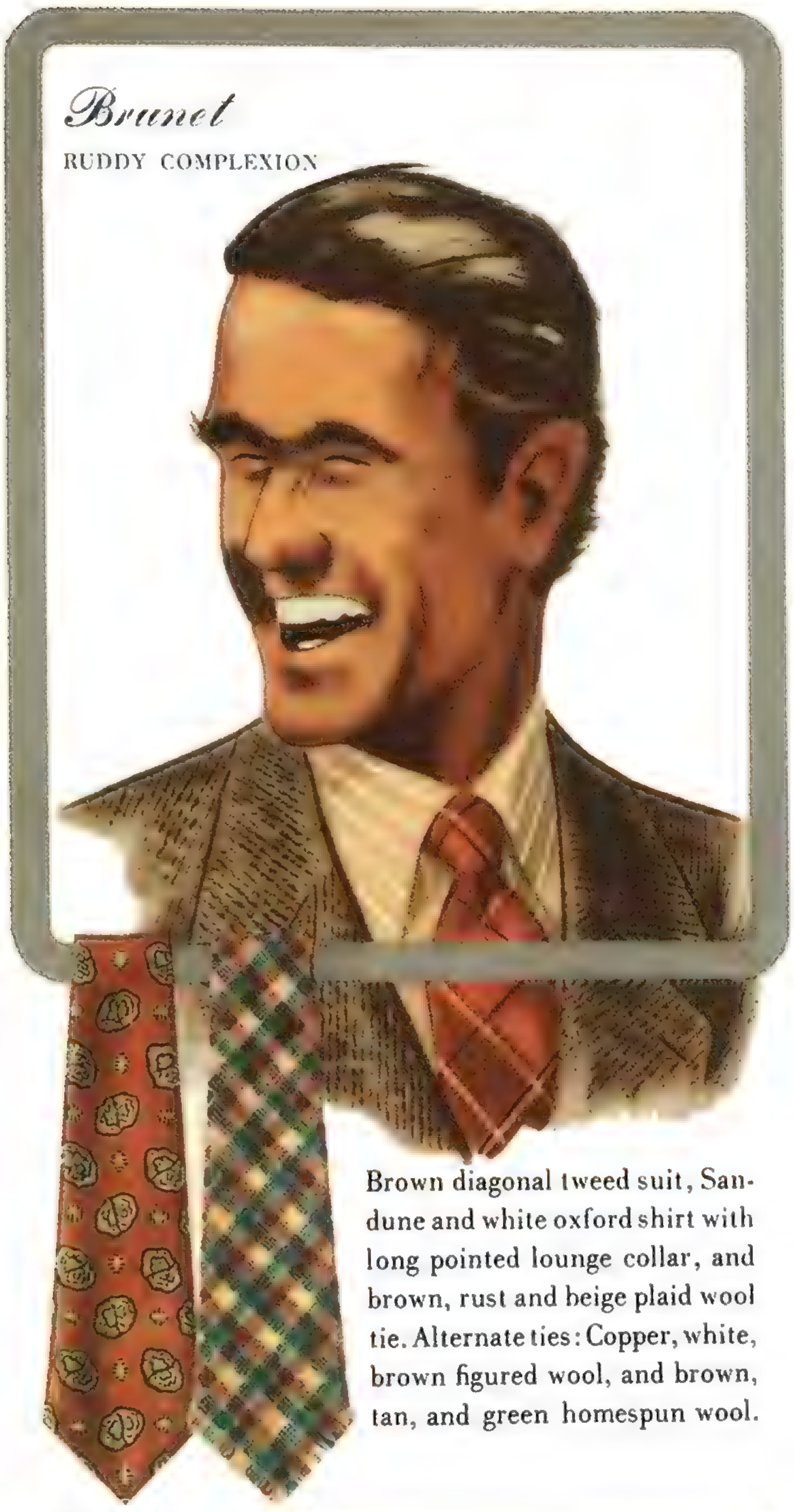
Red Hair

RUDDY COMPLEXION

Chalk striped Brownstone flannel suit, greyish tan shirt with brown and white stripes, Windsor collar, and brown, blue and yellow figured foulard tie. Alternate ties: Brown and grey striped silk; green, red and white figured Nylon.

Brunet

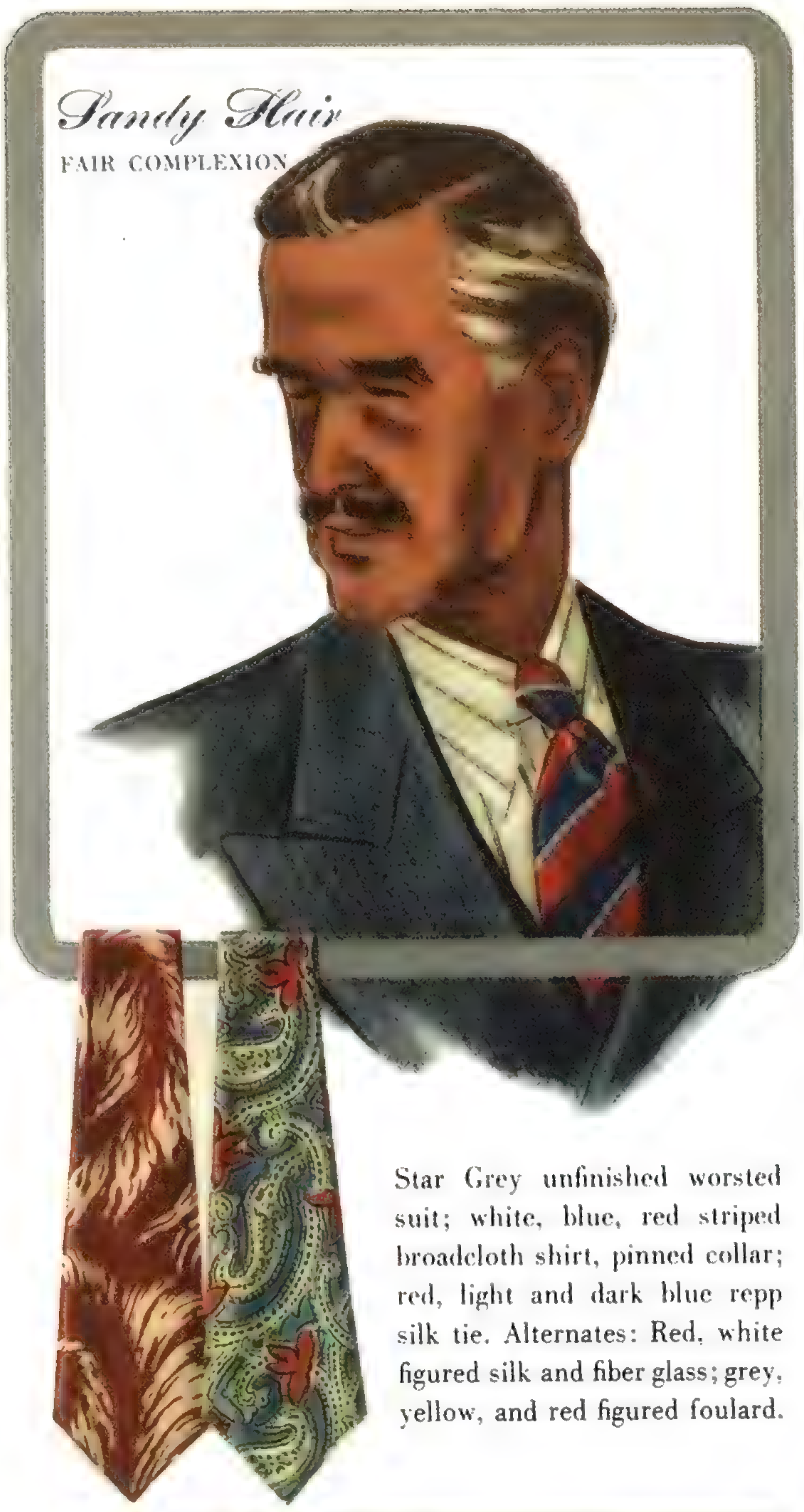
RUDDY COMPLEXION



Brown diagonal tweed suit, Sandune and white oxford shirt with long pointed lounge collar, and brown, rust and beige plaid wool tie. Alternate ties: Copper, white, brown figured wool, and brown, tan, and green homespun wool.

Sandy Hair

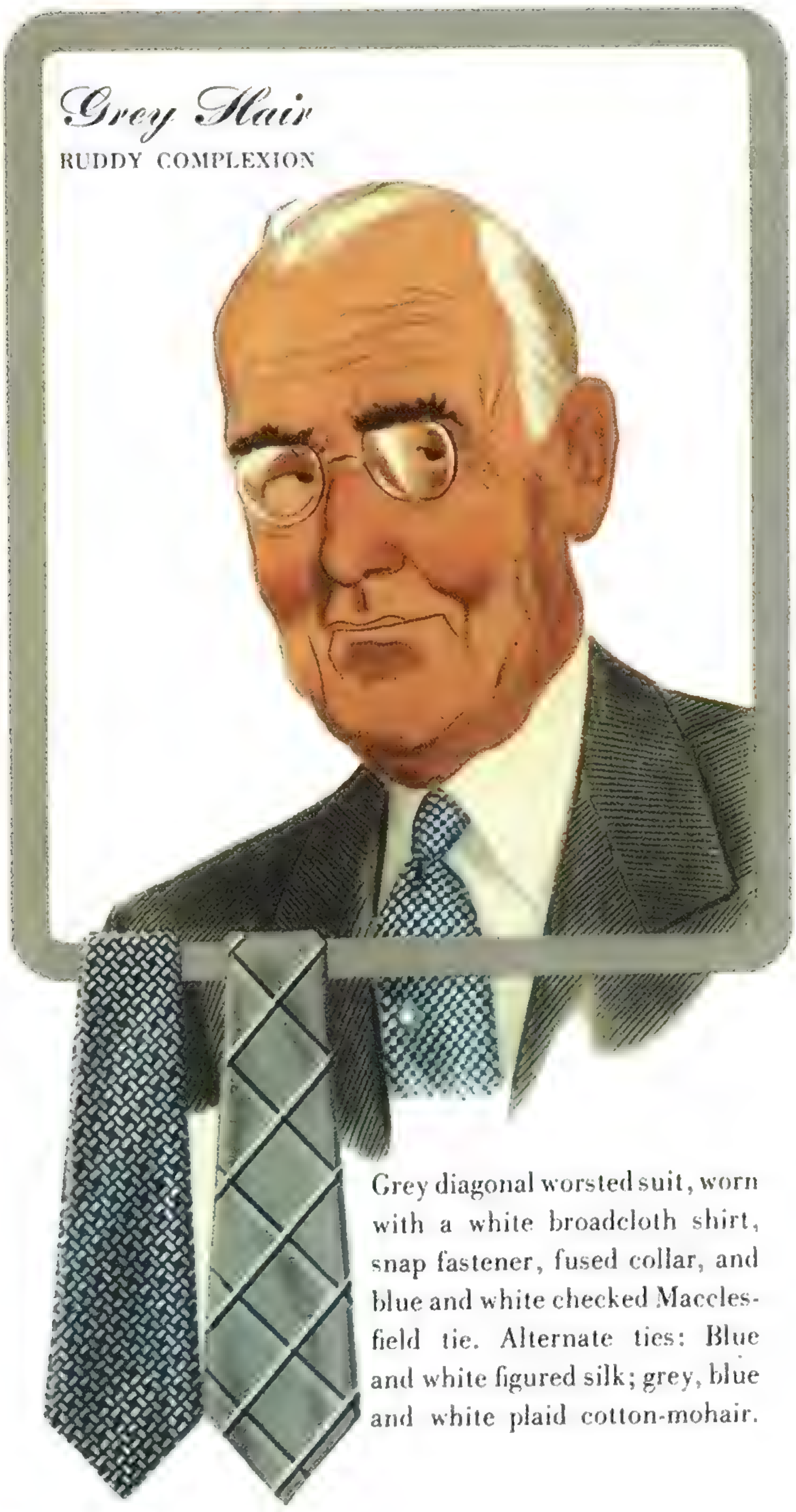
FAIR COMPLEXION



Star Grey unfinished worsted suit; white, blue, red striped broadcloth shirt, pinned collar; red, light and dark blue repp silk tie. Alternates: Red, white figured silk and fiber glass; grey, yellow, and red figured foulard.

Grey Hair

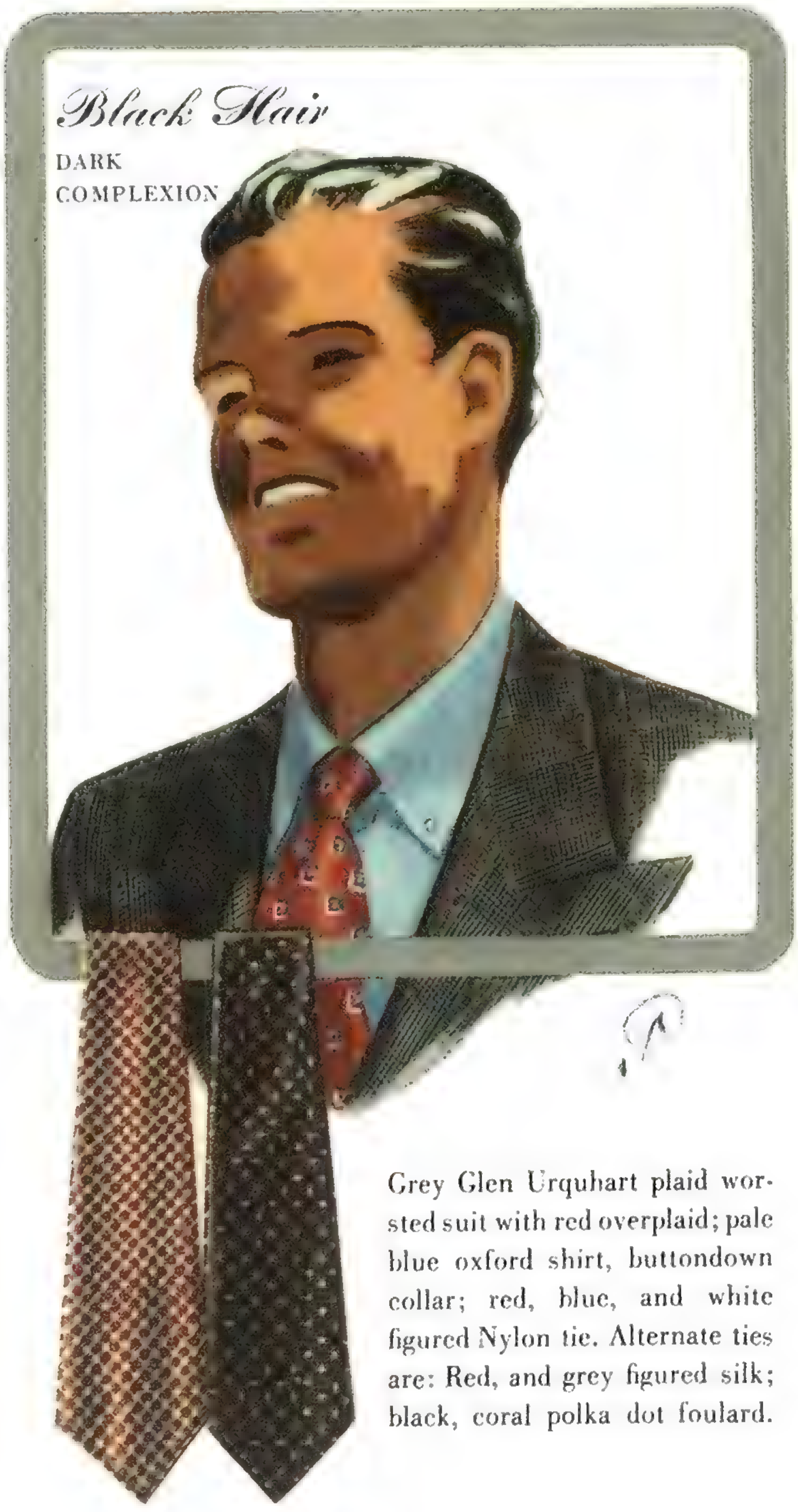
RUDDY COMPLEXION



Grey diagonal worsted suit, worn with a white broadcloth shirt, snap fastener, fused collar, and blue and white checked Macclesfield tie. Alternate ties: Blue and white figured silk; grey, blue and white plaid cotton-mohair.

Black Hair

DARK
COMPLEXION



Grey Glen Urquhart plaid worsted suit with red overplaid; pale blue oxford shirt, buttondown collar; red, blue, and white figured Nylon tie. Alternate ties are: Red, and grey figured silk; black, coral polka dot foulard.

PEGGY DIGGINS

HURRELL PHOTOGRAPH

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 15[illegible]

Man the Kitchenette

Recalling a number of the luxury hotels as they used to be, while saluting one hotel as it is now

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Luxurious hotels have no kitchenettes, yet they are a bachelor's Paradise. For where else can he have twenty servants, any kind of food at any hour of the day or night, gay parties studiously arranged, his tickets bought, his messages taken by melodious voices, his bed changed daily with Irish linen? Luxurious or modest, a lone man's ideal home is a good hotel.

But the era of prodigal and marvelous hotels is fast coming to an end—the last stronghold being the United States—and this piece is going to be a nostalgic and shockingly short history of some great establishments. To illustrate the workings of a fine hotel, I shall take you behind the lobby of one of the swankiest still left in the world: the St. Regis in New York.

The St. Regis is today the most cosmopolitan spot on earth. It is a venerable hotel as New York hotels go, being built over thirty-five years ago by John Jacob Astor, who named it after a hospitable Alpine monk. One of the secrets of the St. Regis' survival lies in the fact that J. J. Astor, completely disregarding expense, built it of the finest materials: marbles of Carrara, oak of Corinth, French brass work. The beautiful apartments, although redecorated every two years, retain the expensive old world atmosphere.

The St. Regis is small, having only six hundred rooms, while another hotel in the luxury class, the new Waldorf-Astoria (incidentally, the only other that is completely air-conditioned) has 2,000 rooms; the "old" Plaza, another very fine hotel has 1,000 and the largest hotel in Gotham, the New Yorker, 2,400. Many of Manhattan's 424 hotels outdo the St. Regis as regards square feet of space and number of rooms; but none of them has its particular type of glamour.

Now a choice of a hotel is largely a matter of taste. But if a hotel is able to convince one that all the comforts and all the luxuries he cannot get elsewhere are positively due him, and at the same time succeeds in creating a home atmosphere, that's a good hotel. This is the real criterion.

There were a score of such hotels in Europe before the present war. You surely remember the dictum of Césare Ritz, the famous hotel man who started the chain of Ritz hotels all over the world: "Right or wrong, the guest is always right." In every one of his hotels this maxim was carried out to the letter. The employees were great diplomats. I know, for I lived in one of the Ritz hotels for a year, although I could ill afford it. I paid most irregularly and when it came to the long overdue bill, the cashier talked to me as humbly as though he were trying to borrow money. The policy of the famous chain was never to offend a guest no matter how bad an egg he might be. Monsieur Ritz, although of Swiss birth, first managed the Savoy Hotel in London. In fact he was there from the opening of that great hotel, and did a fine job. But hotel men are ambitious, and young Césare who had started as a waiter at the age of seventeen lived to see Ritz hotels in London, Paris, Barcelona, New York (and other American cities), Budapest, Madrid, etc. One of the finest hotels in the world was the Paris Ritz on the Place Vendome, and for a long era it had the finest kitchen in the world. It featured Monsieur Olivier, the best possible Maître d'Hotel, who was very close to the late King Edward VII; rumor had it that Olivier arranged the king's wild parties at the Rue de Chabannet. The chef was "papa" Gimmon, who used to stroll around the enormous kitchen with a broomstick behind his back, delivering terrific wallops to the erring apprentice cooks. Monsieur Diat, the present chef of the New York Ritz was *potagiste* there, soup chef, which is quite a job in the hotel's kitchen.

This kitchen of the Paris Ritz was something to behold. I saw it when it was going full blast. With its boiling kettles, steaming spigots, glowing grills, blistering ovens, and busy chefs armed with double-pronged forks like restless white-coated devils, it was a picture of purgatory. Plump capons, bouncing, rosy suckling pigs, proud pheasants spiked with truffles, goady lobsters afloat in fine old Bordeaux wine, huge slices of beef, venison, chesty little squabs and magnificent sides of boar, were cooking, roasting, broiling, stewing, like the spirits of the damned. The droning ventilators, working without a stop, were not much good in the scorching atmosphere. "Papa" Gimmon presided like a corpulent lord of hell among his lesser demons.

Today the Ritz in Paris is run by Mrs. Ritz, but most of the other hotels passed out of the hands of the Ritz family, some before and some after Monsieur Ritz's death in 1917. Besides the Ritzes he at one time owned several Esplanade and Excelsior hotels in the biggest cities in Italy, and the Carlton in London.

One of the finest hotels in London was Claridge's, although food was even better at the Berkeley, opposite the Ritz. Claridge's is on Upper Brook Street, the swankiest part of town, next to the Guard's Club, and you simply have to be somebody to get in there. It catered to several generations of royalty *in floribus*, and it was always much snootier than the almost equally good Savoy. Incidentally, many great restaurateurs firmly established now in New York, learned their trade at the Savoy where they started their careers as waiters or chefs.

The hotel of broken-down royalty in London used to be Brown's, if memory serves right, in Albemarle Street. It was a charm-

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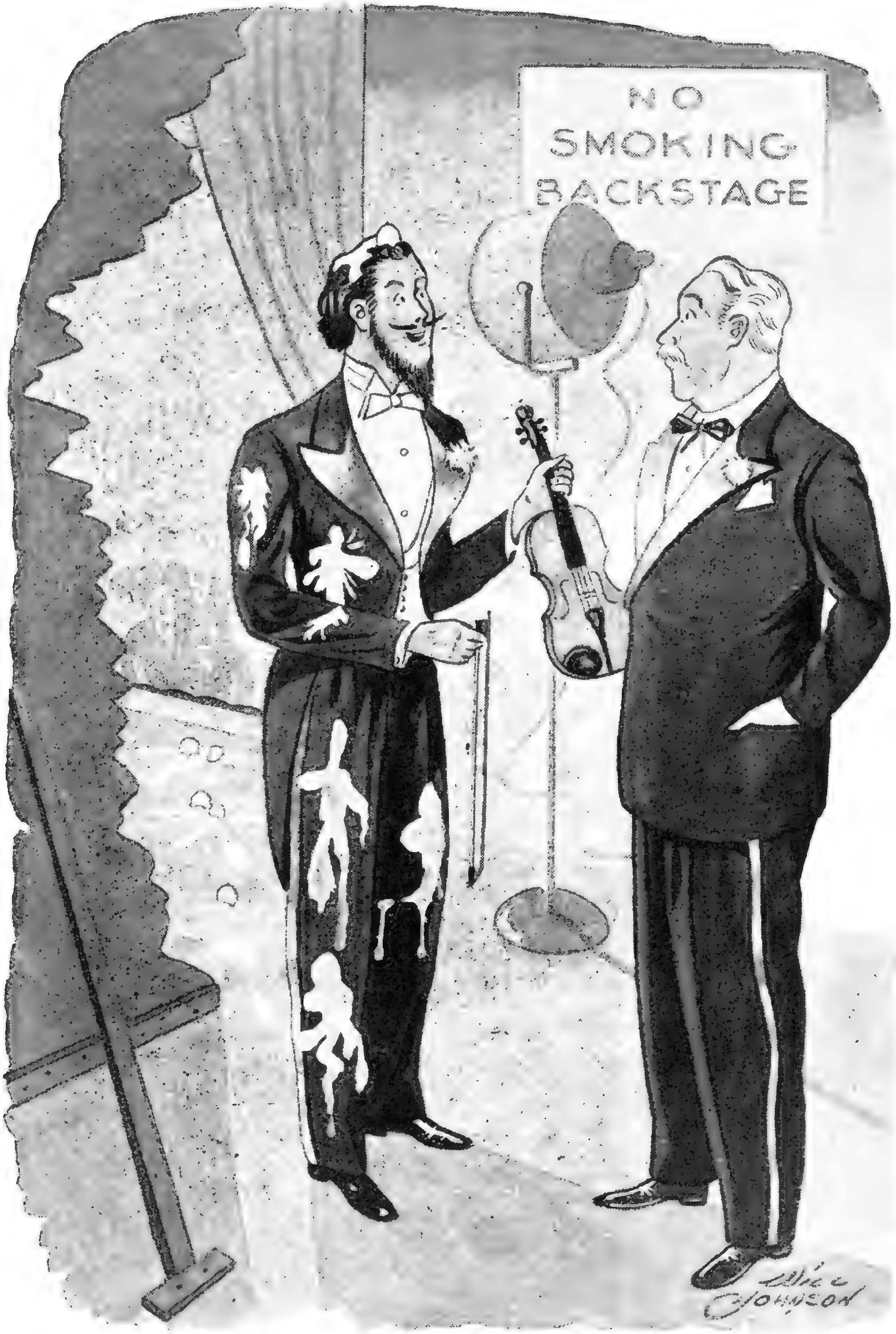
"It's not that the captain didn't like the dinner you fixed, Jonesy— he just wasn't hungry!"


NO SMOKING BACKSTAGE
JOHNSON

"I must be improving—tonight they're using fresh eggs!"

Keep 'Em Perking

If this be the last car you'll have for the duration, you better listen to these warnings and make it sing

by ROBERT W. MARKS

ARTICLE

Aristotle once quoted a certain Greek writer as saying, of a sleeping Amazon, "Her bow lay strung, her quiver full, her buckler by her head; their girdles they never loose."

And, here, with a twist of a phrase and the stretch of a metaphor, is a picture of the average motorist—in peace time. His engine is strong, his gas tank full, his throttle by his foot; the hood he never opens.

Well, Spring's awakening is high upon us; our engines, and divers parts are going to have to function overtime, this year, if not the next—and we might just as well find out what's going on in the secret places.

In the interest of national defense, science, curiosity, and plain horse sense, we have to get down to fundamentals on the business of auto maintenance. And those of us who won't or can't, it is reasonably safe to say, will soon be walking—with the exception of a fortunate few . . . who will manage, somehow, to ride to work piggy-back.

Suppose we take a look at the combustion setup of your car . . . and relate it to mileage. It is probable that by the time this column goes to press, gas will be on a ration basis—or close to it. And proper economy measures spell the difference between getting to your country place and back, over the week end . . . or getting only half-way back—a most unhappy terminus for you, the car, and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets.

The prime point to bear in mind is that the operating efficiency of your engine decreases in direct proportion to the speed; which is a backhand way of saying that the faster you drive the more gas your engine will eat up per mile travelled. Zimming along at 80 miles an hour, your car will use up twice as much gas per mile as at 40 . . . and four times as much as at 20.

This leads to one inevitable, albeit depressing conclusion. If you want to make a gallon "s-t-r-e-t-c-h," as the ads put it, go slow: keep your speedometer registering between 20 and 35.

Next: cut out those racing starts. Skyrocketing off the moment the light changes may be wonderful for your ego . . . but it eats up fuel. A five-hundred foot plunge, accelerating from zero to 30—with your car in first or second—is about as costly in gas as a quarter mile stretch at 70.

A good safety-gauge on acceleration is your windshield-wiper. Start it going, during some trial starts. If you accelerate so rapidly that the blade is paralyzed—as if from fright—you're picking up too quickly . . . and wasting gas.

Gear-shifting is another waste factor to keep in mind. The lower gears make it necessary to make the engine turn over faster . . . to travel the same distance that could be covered, economically, in high. Get out of first and second as quickly as possible, in starting—and never go back to them unless absolutely necessary.

Now go under the hood: check your spark plugs every month. Dirty or faulty plugs will waste as much as 10 per cent of your gas. Buy yourself a thickness gauge, learn how to use it . . . and check the spark plug gap for .025 . Every 10,000 miles, replace the plugs—if you still can get any. As a matter of fact, it might not be a bad idea to replace them now—while the replacing is good.

Learn to find the distributor . . . on your engine. This is the mechanism that routes the spark to its proper plug. If you can't find it by fooling around, or consulting the manual that comes with your car . . . get a garage man to find it for you. Get the hang of opening it . . . and checking the breaker points. Points that are worn, or oxide coated, or improperly set, are as efficient fuel wasters as faulty plugs. Use your thickness gauge here, again . . . and check the breaker point gap for an opening of .020″. If they are too far apart, loosen the adjustment screw behind the fixed point . . . and move the point in.

Now about the carburetor. Proper fuel economy requires that the carburetor be adjusted to permit the proportionate mixture of gasoline and air that will permit maximum engine efficiency at idling speed. If your car has two carburetors, you will have twice the amount of adjusting to do. Better take your car to an accredited dealer, from time to time, and have this adjustment checked.

Watch, carefully, the grade of oil that's put in your car . . . and be sure you get the type specified by the manufacturer for your particular car for the given season. This is more important than it sounds: for too heavy an oil puts a drag on the engine . . . and consumes extra gas.

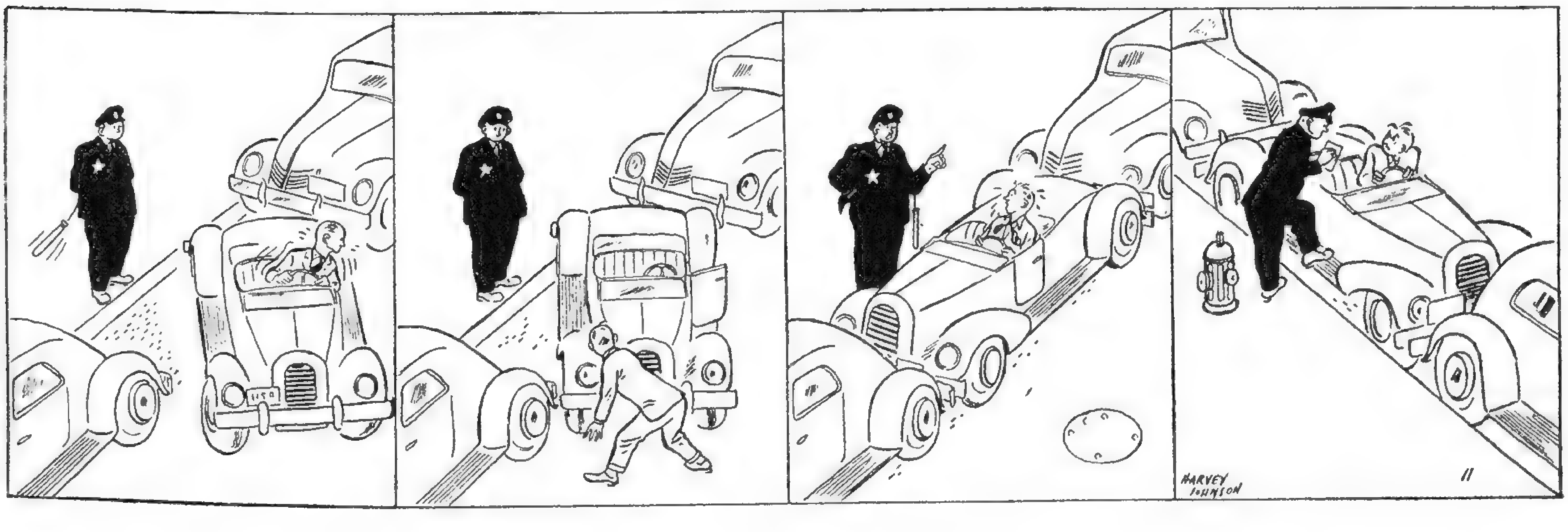
The crankcase of most light cars should be filled with S.A.E. No. 30 engine oil during most of the spring and summer months; with No. 20-W, if and when the temperature goes as low as 10 degrees above zero; with No. 10-W, if the mercury dips to 10 degrees below. And if you plan to use your car in or around Moscow, next winter, plan on using No. 10-W plus 10 per cent kerosene.

Oils have been very much improved during the past few years; and such engine improvements as the crankcase ventilating system have added measurably to the life of lubricating oil. Oil, unlike the sacred blood of Osiris, is by no means immortal.

Special care should be given these parlous days to the matter of oil drainage and replacement—a routine too often overlooked or postponed by those of us who were nourished in the schools of *mañana* and weaned on the literature of skepticism.

When a car is driven over dusty roads,

Continued on page 177



The Esquire Sports Poll

The public wants baseball to continue during the war; Ruth shades DiMaggio and Connie Mack emerges top manager

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Should the big leagues suspend play during the war?. . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 91.15%

II

Do you believe that playing softball handicaps a young player's chances of becoming a big leaguer?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 54.45%

III

Do you favor abolition of the rule which permits the batter to run on a dropped third strike with first base unoccupied?. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 69.91%

IV

Do you think that Babe Ruth was of greater all-around value to his club than Joe DiMaggio?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 56.41%

V

Does the home team have to win for you to retain your interest in baseball?. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 86.92%

VI

Do you believe that inside cliques wreck the morale and effectiveness of many ball clubs?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 87.84%

VII

Will the playing skill of baseball players be greatly impaired after their return from war service?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 51.72%

VIII

Should more drastic penalties be imposed on the use of the "bean ball"?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 65.63%

IX

Would you rate a team of sluggers superior to a team with superb pitching and fielding?. Yes ☐ No ☑ 71.81%

X

Is the coaching and training of players in baseball as expert as that of college football players?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 72.04%

XI

Is it fair for a star ball player to be marooned on a tail-end club? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 59.88%

XII

Do you believe that a baseball manager has as many tribulations as a college football coach?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 76.20%

XIII

Do you believe that broadcasting baseball games has affected the attendance detrimentally?. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 83.97%

XIV

Who is your choice as baseball's greatest manager?. . . . . . *Manager Connie Mack, 48.75%*

XV

Do spring training trips need to be as long as they are in order to get the players into condition?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 58.01%

For the first time the Esquire Sports Poll is devoted exclusively to one sport—baseball. Baseball was established as the national game during the Civil War. Young Yankee soldiers who'd developed rounders into a science of four-base dimensions played the new game behind the lines. Other Northern boys and young Rebel prisoners became diamond converts. When peace came they spread the sport.

For centuries previous, rape and larceny had been considered as the soldiers' recreation program. These entrancing pastimes failed to keep pace with the advance of civilization, though they still are regarded highly by the armies of sub-simian ethical status.

The American Civil War, fought between two groups of warriors in higher stages of civilization, necessitated soldier recreational activities that brought baseball, then many other sports, into the wartime plan in balancing the combatant and civilian strain of critical pressure.

Impelling vigorous continuance of sports in war time is sport's direct—and through the civilian populace, indirect—lift of the warriors' physique and spirit.

So, as it's the soldiers, sailors and marines for whom sports primarily are being continued, this Esquire Sports Poll begins to poll the fighting lads themselves. The men quartered at historic Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, were balloted and followed suit most consistently.

Because this Esquire poll is entirely on baseball, major league ball players have been added to the line-up, which also includes The Public, Sports Editors and Sportscasters. Baseball responded generously, among the ballots appearing such familiar names as Lefty Grove, Joe Medwick, Bob Feller, Charlie Gehringer, Gus Mancuso, Bobby Doerr, Bill Dietrich, Dominic DiMaggio, Al Simmons, Claude Passeau, Jack Kramer, Mel Harder, Tommy Bridges, Buck Newsom, Red Rolfe, Billy Southworth, Del Baker, Ken Keltner, Frank Crespi, Bill Lee, Elbie Fletcher, Stu Martin, Roy Weatherly, Burgess Whitehead, Bill Lohrman, Fred Hutchinson, Jack Knott, Clydell Castleman, Julius Solters, "Bump" Hadley, Bill Werber, George Selkirk, Truett Sewell, Eddie Joost, Phil Caverretta, Billy Sullivan, Atl y Donald, Lou Finney, Max Lanier, Ray Mack, Jeff Heath, Eddie Collins, Jr., Horace C. Stoneham, William E. Benswanger, Powel Crosley, Jr., Walter O. Briggs, Jr., and Edward G. Barrow.

QUESTION I

Should big leagues suspend play during war?

The public	**No 82.19%**
Sportscasters	**No 96.22%**
Sports editors	**No 94.69%**
Major leaguers	**No 98.43%**
Jefferson Barracks	**No 88.19%**

With civilian production under heavier pressure than ever before, baseball is viewed by the majority as meeting the important national requirement of refreshing relaxation. Night basebal in seaboard cities may be blacked out by military emergencies, and armed service calls will withdraw younger players from diamond action. But to toss away the bat after the first strike isn't considered to be wise, or necessary, by the greater majority of voters in this poll.

Bob Feller of the Indians, who has joined the Navy, and **Bill Lee** of the Cubs were among the leading baseball stars favoring forgetting baseball for the duration.

"The public needs recreation now more than ever," wrote **Frank Sweeney,** Radio Station W O C, Davenport, Iowa. "Baseball is one of its best forms. Why don't we all, behind the desk, emphasize, advocate and promulgate sports and more sports? Isn't it the backbone of our nation? Can't we place the country on an all-out sports basis to make them fight for victory? Isn't it true that many a war was won through athletics?"

"I am answering this question emphatically no," wrote **Jack Kelly,** Edmonton, Alberta, *Bulletin*, "in the light of our sport experience in Canada. The call-up of men in Canada has made it almost impossible for us to continue professional and senior sport. All western Canada from Manitoba to British Columbia is dropping senior sport and doing everything possible to encourage junior football, hockey, baseball and so on. Our juniors are boys under military age. We find they produce a calibre of play that is fully satisfactory to the majority of fans."

"We should have sports through this war," insisted **Dizzy Trout,** Detroit pitcher, "if: (a) we are no pressed for men; (b) the enemy is being taken (c) the public wants sports. We make money for the government, entertain and amuse the public through radio, press and actual action. It serves to steady the nerves of the public."

"In a war of attrition, blockade and nerves as this one is shaping up," commented **Bill Steel,** K L O, Ogden, Utah, "civilian morale has to be high to bring us victory. If the civilians can't work off steam cussing umpires and cheering homers it'll leave us with something lacking. Baseballs as well as cannon balls can help us win this war."

Voting to get the war over first were: **Sa**

Otis, *Cleveland Plain Dealer;* **Sec Taylor,** *Des Moines Register;* **Bob Peel,** Jefferson Barracks; **Don Spencer,** W B L J, Dalton, Georgia; **E. S. Pulliam,** W I R E, Indianapolis; **Bernie Helton,** W A C O, Waco, Texas; **Lowry Kohler,** W L A P, Lexington, Kentucky; **Walter Wagoner,** K C R J, Jerome, Arizona; and **Corporal Ben Goldenberg** of Jefferson Barracks, who said: "I believe that baseball should be suspended because if sports continue on an 'as usual' basis, the general public may become apathetic to the war and forget that winning the war is our big job now."

QUESTION II

Do you believe that playing softball handicaps a young player's chances of becoming a big leaguer?

The public	**No 53.14%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 60.95%**
Sports editors	**Yes 59.82%**
Major leaguers	**Yes 57.36%**
Jefferson Barracks	**Yes 50.62%**

Joe DiMaggio is a product of the softball kindergarten. Giuseppe also was, by a long lead over Ted Williams, the No. 1 sports star of 1941, according to the Associated Press poll of sports editors. Joe as Exhibit A indicates that softball doesn't soften them up for hard ball performing. That's the decision a slight majority of The Public reached on this question. Other votes gave a margin to the affirmative.

Lamar "Skeeter" Newsome, Red Sox shortstop, said: "When young, no; older yes." **Al Cotton,** Jackson, Michigan, *Citizen Patriot,* opined: "Softball handicaps a boy's chance of becoming a major league ball player because of the different distances and timing demanded in the two games." **Clayton Browne,** St. Catharine's, Ontario, *Daily Standard,* agreed: "Absolutely, as the small bat and larger ball produce 'optical illusions'." **Lee George** of Springfield, Missouri, rebutted: "Throwing a soft ball is detrimental in some cases, but look at Crespi, Boudreau, Weatherly, Gordon—good examples of softball graduates." **Del Franklyn,** K D A L, Duluth, voted yes "from personal experience."

Big league ball players who voted that softball is a handicap included: **Jack Kramer,** Browns; **Johnny McCarthy,** Giants; **Bob Scheffing,** Cubs; **Gene Thompson,** Reds; **Frank Crespi,** Cardinals; **Rip Radcliff,** Tigers; **Dick West,** Reds; **Elbie Fletcher,** Pirates; **Mike Naymick,** Indians; **Truett Sewell,** Pirates; **Charlie Gilbert,** Cubs; **Clydell Castleman,** Giants; **Phil Cavarretta,** Cubs; **Eddie Joost,** Reds; **Mike Ryba,** Red Sox, and **John Lindell,** outstanding young Yankee pitching prospect. Those who found no fault with softball included: **Harry Eisenstat,** Indians; **Johnny Murphy,** Yankees; **Pete Suder,** Athletics; **Bill Crouch,** Cardinals; **Fred Chapman,** Athletics; **Burgess Whitehead,** Giants; **George Selkirk,** Yankees; **Fred Hutchinson,** Tigers; **Atley Donald,** Yankees; **Claude Passeau,** Cubs; **Max Lanier,** Cardinals; **Tommy Holmes,** Yankees; **Lou Finney,** Red Sox; **John Berardino,** Browns; and **Jeff Heath** and **Mel Harder,** Cleveland. **Bill Stern,** N B C, also was inclined to string along with the theory that there was no harm in softball.

QUESTION III

Do you favor abolition of the rule which permits the batter to run on a dropped third strike with first base unoccupied?

The public	**No 65.51%**
Sportscasters	**No 64.15%**
Sports editors	**No 71.87%**
Major leaguers	**No 80.12%**
Jefferson Barracks	**No 68.22%**

As they say in Brooklern, "of all sad woids of puss or pen, the saddest are dese: 'it moight of been.'" But notwithstanding the oceans of poily tears shed in Brooklern when Mickey Owen bobbled Tom Henrich's third whiff, the majority of Esquire's sports poll voters are for the present third strike rule.

"The next step," suggested **Bill Davis,** K D R O, Sedalia, Missouri, "would be elimination of the catcher entirely and use of a larger backstop!"

Ken Rapieff, W I C C, Bridgeport, Connecticut, recollected:

> I recall a high school game back about 1925 between Naugatuck, Conn. and Terryville, Conn., in which a younger brother of Pete Appleton, nee Jablonowski, of the Senators, Indians, White Sox and way stations, pitched for Terryville. He struck out 22 men, and lost, 19 to 3, using five catchers in the process. I have long favored abolition of this rule, and I suppose you'll find the entire population of Brooklyn heartily concurring.

QUESTION IV

Do you think that Babe Ruth was of greater all-around value to his club than Joe DiMaggio?

The public	**Yes 56.33%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 60.00%**
Sports editors	**Yes 62.90%**
Major leaguers	**No 50.44%**
Jefferson Barracks	**Yes 53.14%**

By a very narrow edge the major leaguers gave their contemporary, Joe DiMaggio, the nod over Il Bambino. It seems strange that Ruth, undeniably baseball's biggest turnstile spinner, and a positive factor in raising major league salary standards, was nosed out by the players' ballots. But Ruth belongs to the ages as the colossus of the gay and golden days of sports, and DiMaggio is too new, too coldly competent, to appeal to many voters whose interest is in sport's romance as well as in its record books.

In general, it seemed that the younger players favored DiMaggio, while the older ones stuck by Ruth. **Al Simmons** of the Athletics, one of the great hitters in baseball history himself, commented: "Just because I rate Ruth ahead of DiMaggio doesn't mean I don't think Joe a great ball player. But to me, Ruth was one of the greatest clutch ball players in the history of the game." **Dominic DiMaggio** of the Red Sox logically enough took a bye on this one, saying: "Never having seen Babe Ruth perform, and Joe DiMaggio being my brother, I wouldn't venture to answer this question." **Billy Sullivan** of the Tigers took Ruth, while **Joe Sullivan** of the Pirates took DiMaggio, as did **John Peacock,** Red Sox; **Lennie Merullo,** Cubs; **Warren Rosar,** Yankees; **Charlie Gehringer,** Tigers; **Maurice Newlin,** Browns, and **Harry Craft,** Reds.

Birdie Tebbetts, Detroit catcher, expressed it well when he said:

> Babe Ruth was of greater value to the pastime, but none could be of greater value to a team than Joe.

Frank Gustine of the Pittsburgh Pirates stated:

> The reason for my pick of Ruth over DiMaggio was Ruth's home run production which led to his being the most colorful player in the history of baseball. People got a kick out of watching the Babe strike out—something that can't be said of any other player.

Henry Kinney, Beckley, West Virginia, *Post-Herald,* explained:

> Babe Ruth won games and drew crowds. Dermag is doing the same thing. But Ruth had a value to baseball as a whole that Joe doesn't have. He made friends for himself, his club and the game. He belonged to everybody who ever saw a ball game.

QUESTION V

VISITORS 30
US 2
TICKETS
HA

Does the home team have to win for you to retain your interest in baseball?

The public	**No 85.81%**
Sportscasters	**No 86.53%**
Sports editors	**No 85.39%**
Major leaguers	**No 91.26%**
Jefferson Barracks	**No 86.95%**

Maybe here's a reflection of the fan's tendency to think himself an expert and a co-manager of the team. If the home team loses, the fan can second-guess into a hypothetical victory.

As **Frank Endersbe,** K Y S M, Mankato, Minnesota, put it: "Good baseball is always appreciated, no matter who wins." On the other hand, **George Kirchner,** Lancaster, Pennsylvania, *New Era,* wrote:

> For some fans, it is not necessary for the home team to win as long as a good game is played, but, unfortunately, this number is limited and the majority demand victories. We kept an attendance chart with our Lancaster team in the Inter-State league last year, and this point was proved conclusively. When the team was winning at home, the attendance was high, but just as soon as it began losing the fans remained away.

To which **Bob Johnson,** *Spokane Chronicle,* replied:

> We drew more people with a tail-end club than a pennant-winning outfit.

QUESTION VI

Do you believe that inside cliques wreck the morale and effectiveness of many ball clubs?

The public	**Yes 91.36%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 90.47%**
Sports editors	**Yes 89.04%**
Major leaguers	**Yes 87.20%**
Jefferson Barracks	**Yes 84.95%**

Probably widely circulated tales of the cliques that didn't click for the Cleveland Indians were responsible for the preponderance of checks in the "yes" box. Derision of the club as "a bawl team" gave delight, comfort and spiritual strength to the Injuns' foes.

"The game is played with teams—not cliques," commented **Johnny Gorsica** of the Tigers. **Bill Werber** of the Giants wrote pertinently:

> I have played professional ball for twelve years and have yet to see a "clique." They exist only in reporters' minds. Ball players are too naive, too honest, and too sincere to form cliques. That's the politician's field. Distrust comes only with the experience of old age. The young and enthusiastic have none of it.

Albert Gaucher, Trois-Rivières, Canada, *Le Nouvelliste,* observed:

> I am afraid of inside cliques in sports. Very dangerous. That's the fifth column of the sports. Troublemakers don't do anything good in sport.

Continued on page 131

Joe Hirsch: Painter of Men

He left the Orient with crammed sketch books and aroused social consciousness which he transmits most ably to canvas

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

So much can be learned, so much can be taught, in the mediums and techniques of self-expression, in all the avenues of knowledge and research, in the possibilities of performance and interpretation. The rest is imagination, passion, sensitivity, industry, endurance, health and fever. There are youths who are creators, gaily leaping over the painful intermediate processes within which thousands of others are bogged down most of their lives, and there are gray-beards who are constantly repeating the course. That is why explanation can be garrulous only up to the point at which the imponderable and the inexplicable, genius, commences; it is hidden in the hormones and chromosomes and in other such technical phraseology; we can describe only the match that sets it off, but the "it" remains the tantalizing mystery.

This sounds as if I were making ready to call Joseph Hirsch a genius. Maybe he is and maybe he isn't. You're safer if you say a man is not a genius. It is possible to like a man's work and find for your liking of it an explanation less bridge-burning than genius. Let us call Hirsch a competent painter, which is to err, if at all, on the side of caution. But whether that thing which he possesses is competence or genius, he is something of a mystery because, at the age of thirty or thereabouts, he has dashingly cleared hurdles in art which other painters spend years to circumvent. By the time the average good artist has got one leg over this or that stile, Hirsch is so far away on the other side you can barely see him for his dust. Maybe his range is narrow, maybe there is some slight confusion in the mind of this writer between that which is creative art and that which is technical skill, but the fact remains that his work possesses in addition to this technical skill, a character and a signature which bode well for this artist's future.

To come down to cases, consider *Masseur Tom*. The original didn't have a mustache, handlebar or otherwise, and he was an Armenian, instead of the nationality Tom may suggest to you, but he was a masseur in the Philadelphia steam bath which the artist's father sometimes frequented and where the young man, consciously and unconsciously gathering impressions, observed him at work on excess masculine flesh. For Joe Hirsch, Masseur Tom was a challenge and a point of departure. Masseur Tom milled around in Joe Hirsch's brain for a time and then the artist went to work on the masseur. The young man hadn't done much painting on canvas and even in his home town he was still more important as the son of Dr. Charles Hirsch, physician and surgeon, than as himself. He didn't ask Masseur Tom to come to his studio—on the top, skylighted floor of his father's house at 900 Pine Street—with his towel and tires of excess flesh, so that Tom hasn't even the tenuous rights of a model to this canvas. The young man made a painting out of memory and imagination, and he finished *Masseur Tom* on his twenty-third birthday, in 1933. He wouldn't do a *Masseur Tom* like this in 1942, and he would undoubtedly do a better, because a simpler and a firmer, portrait, but it was something to do a painting like this on any day under your thirtieth birthday.

Way back in 1933 Joe Hirsch must have thought *Masseur Tom* was a pretty good picture, for he sent it to the annual exhibition, the following year, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which was like Valhalla to him then. Just to have your painting pass the jury and be hung on the wall was glory. Not only was the painting passed and hung, but to the absolute unknown, to the still unidentified and untagged kid who painted it, was awarded the Walter Lippincott prize for the "best figure painting in oil by an American citizen." Moreover this honor was weighted with a check for three hundred dollars, the largest single sum he had ever earned. The same year he sent the painting to the National Academy exhibition in New York and there it was awarded the Third Hallgarten prize (another hundred dollars) for a "figure painting by an artist under thirty" and thereafter he kept *Masseur Tom* at home, not wishing to be exclusively identified with this one painting; desiring rather to reserve for future work some of the attention the Masseur might possibly continue to monopolize. It is greatly to the young man's credit that he didn't continue to produce slight variations on this, his first successful theme, but went on from there to do paintings which can be recognized, if at all, as only second cousins to the Masseur.

Up to *Masseur Tom* and beyond, Hirsch seems to have succeeded in evading any single master's thumb, and in creating his own style synthesis, out of what art he saw, what concepts and allegiances he formed and what skill he could develop. *Masseur Tom* suggests an able Academician in the making. Yet *Masseur Tom* is wild and free compared to at least one early Hirsch, that of a nude in the classical vein, painted as the artist's entry in a *Prix de Rome* competition, a competition that encourages painting with razor blade edges. And *Masseur Tom* is disciplined and tight compared to the much more masterful male portraits and satires by which the young man is currently known. If Joe Hirsch is in debt, it is to the spirit of the age and not to the technique of any individual master, living or dead.

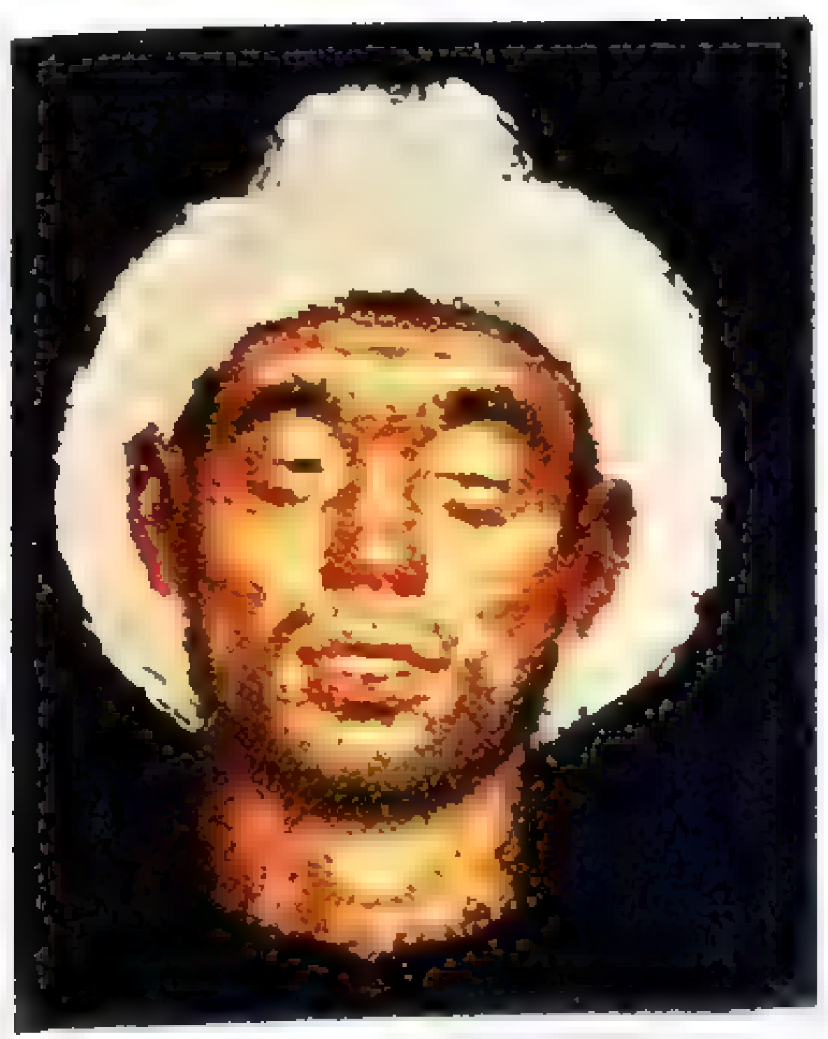
Up to *Masseur Tom* these are the simple annals of the artist: he passed through Central High School, alma mater of George Luks, William Glackens, John Sloan and of other famous painters whose boyhood was spent in

Continued on page 181

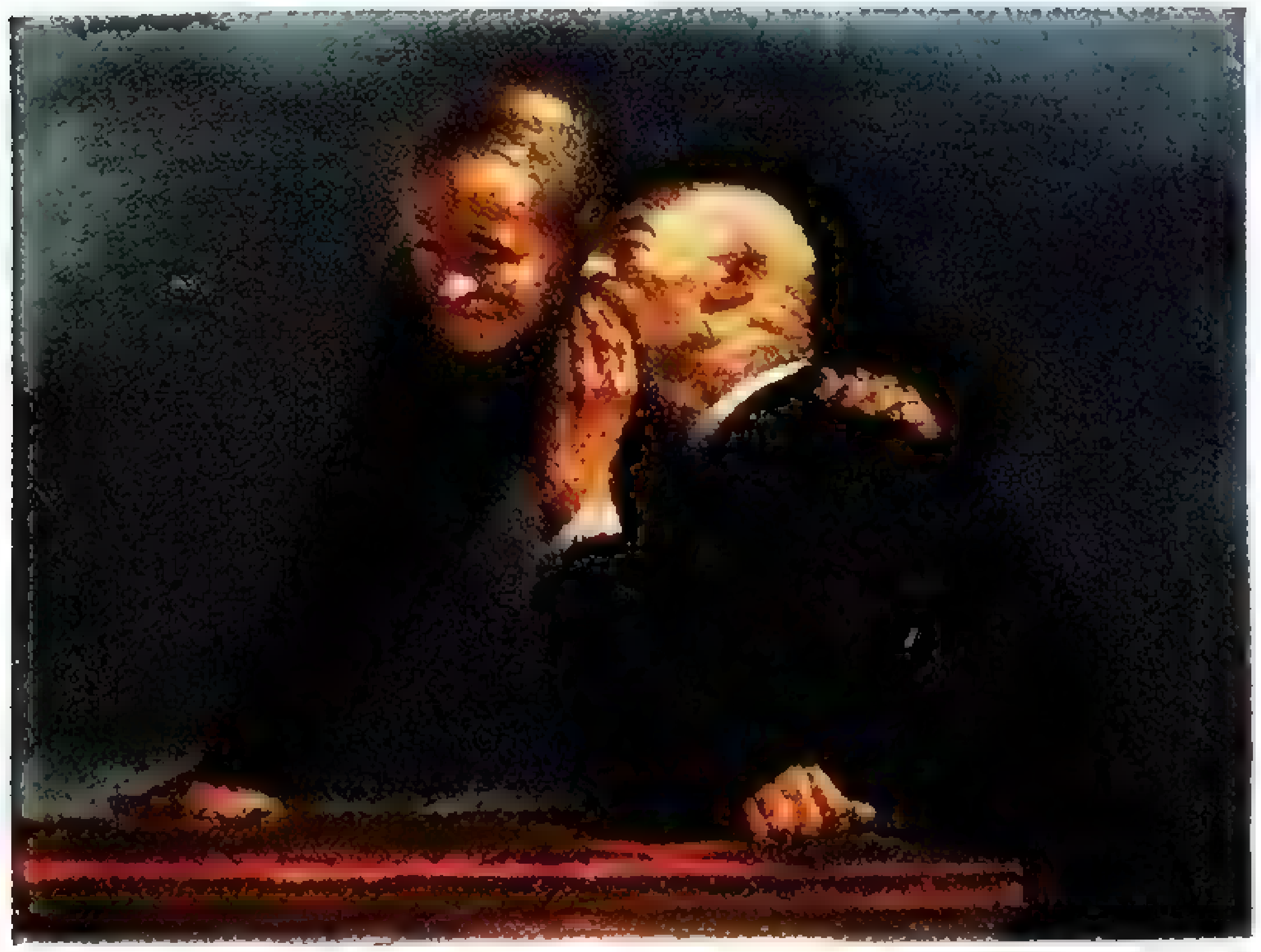
"This one will let you go right on eating"

A Group of Paintings *by* JOE HIRSCH

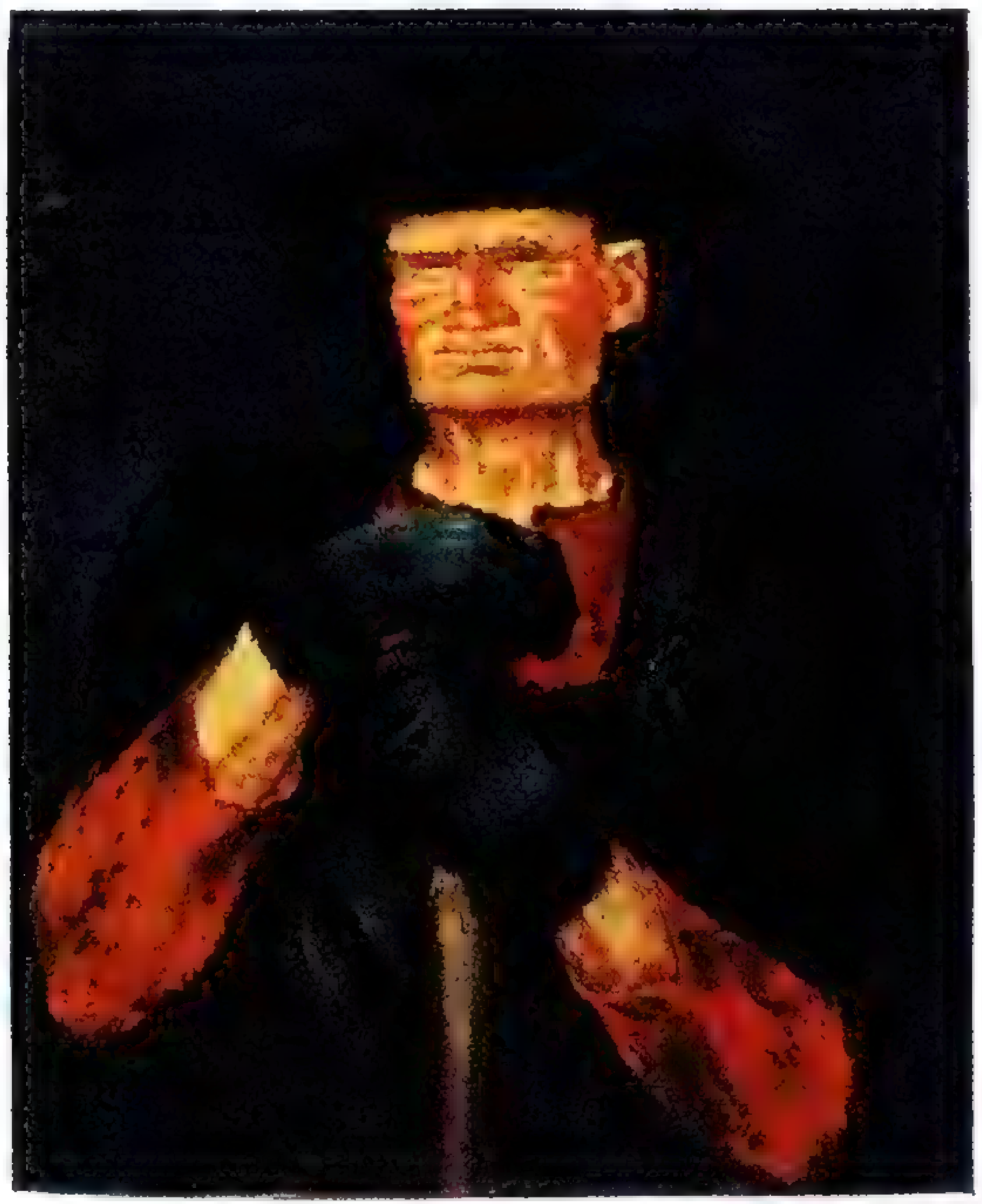
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists Galleries, 711 Fifth Ave., New York City



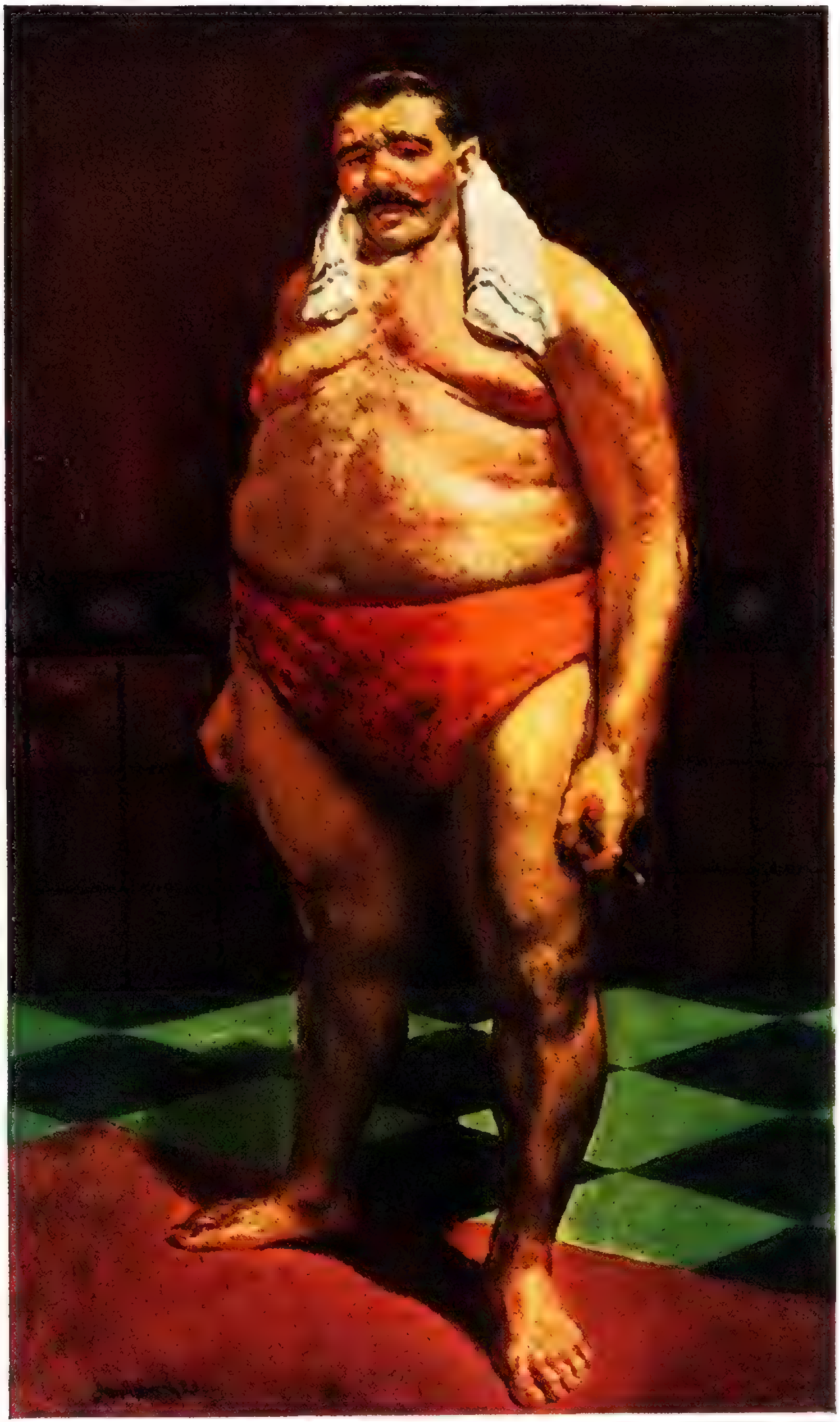
CHINESE AMERICAN



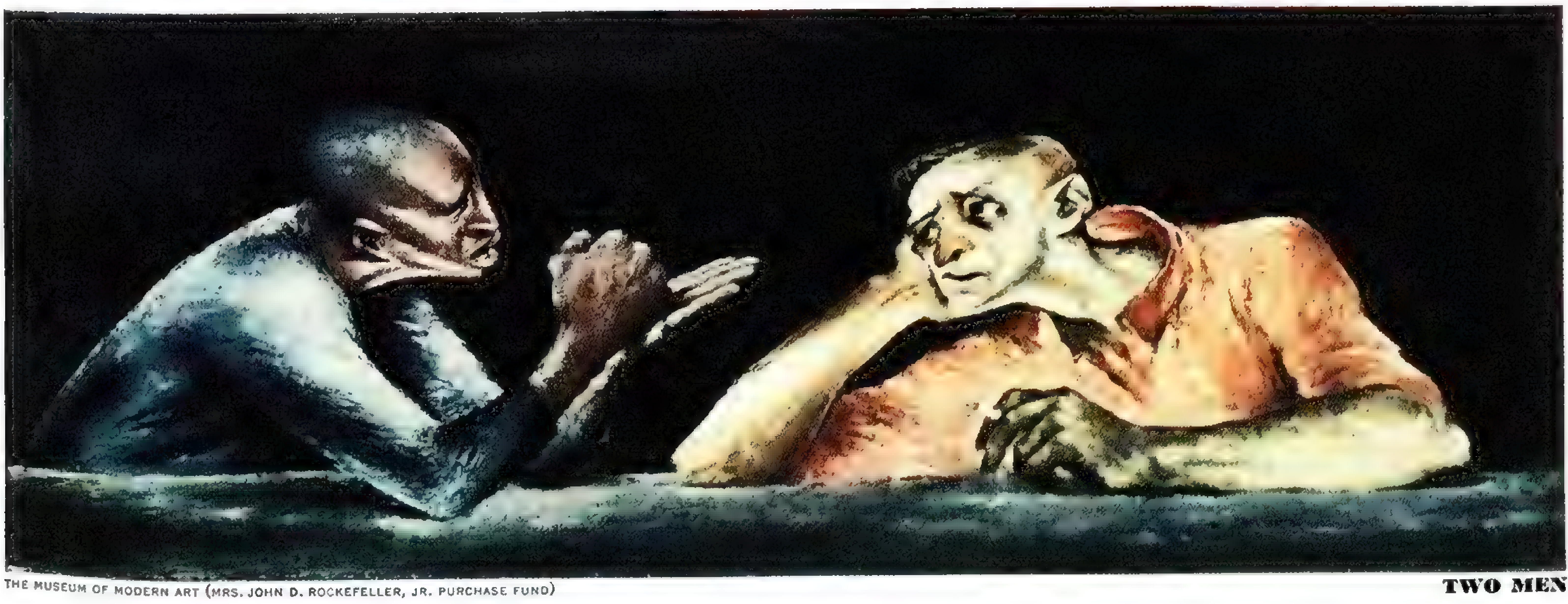
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (SAMUEL SPEWACK LOAN) **CONFIDENCE**



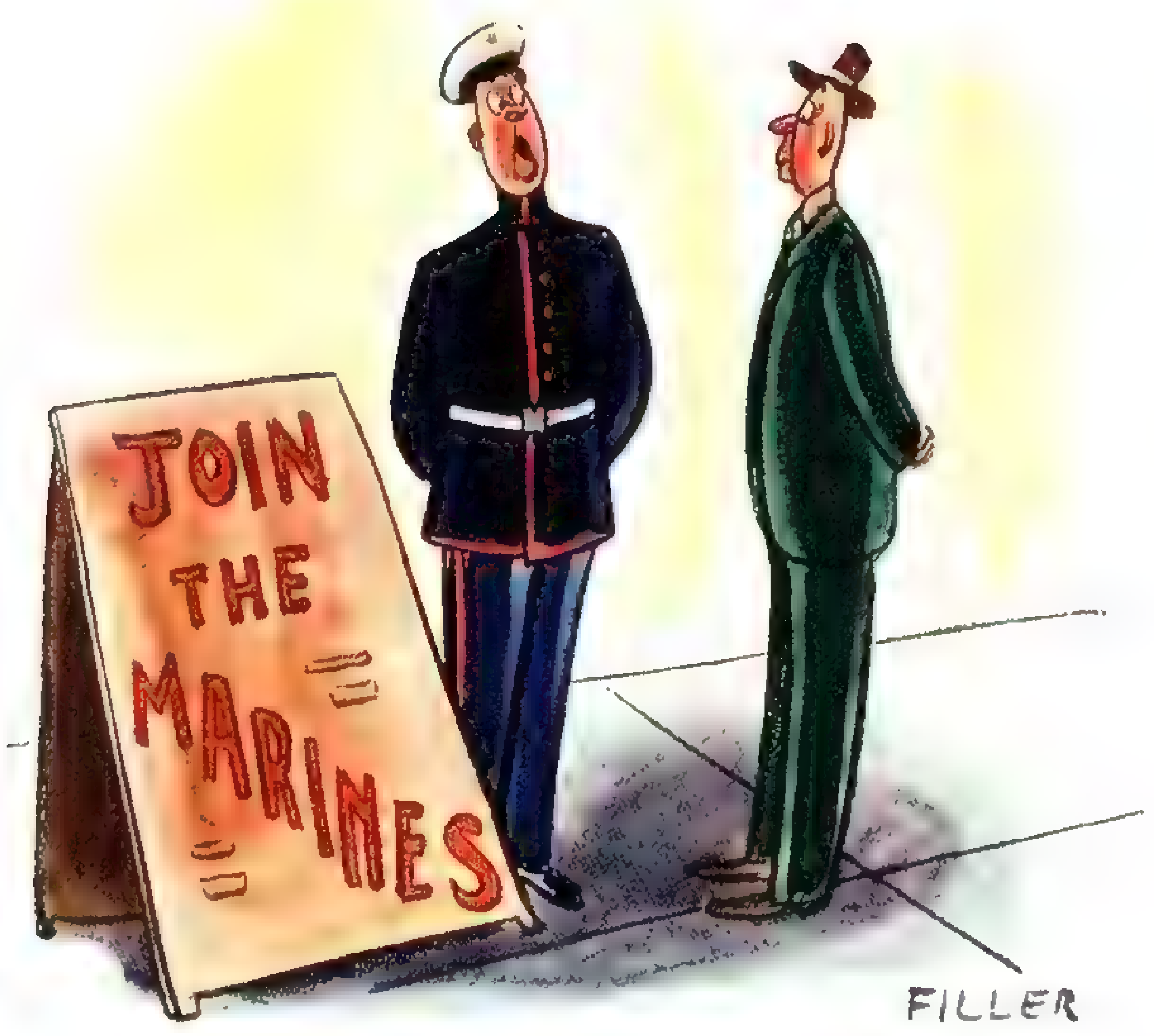
PENNSYLVANIA FARMER



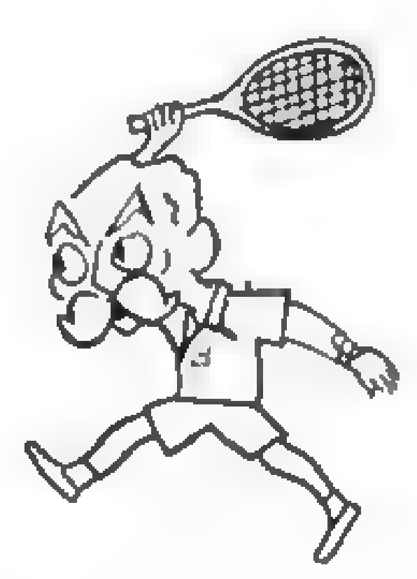
MASSEUR TOM



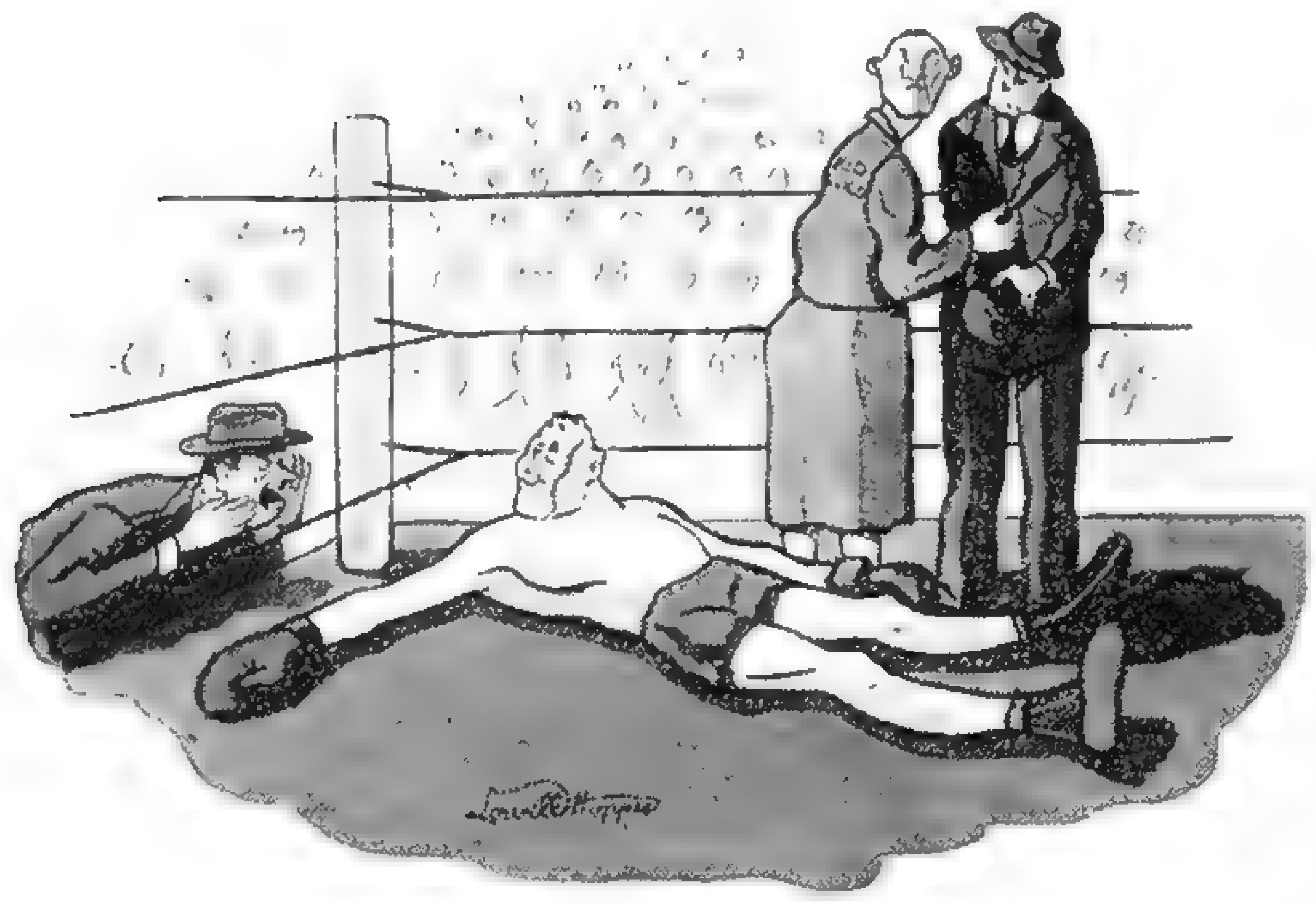
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR. PURCHASE FUND) **TWO MEN**


JOIN THE MARINES
FILLER

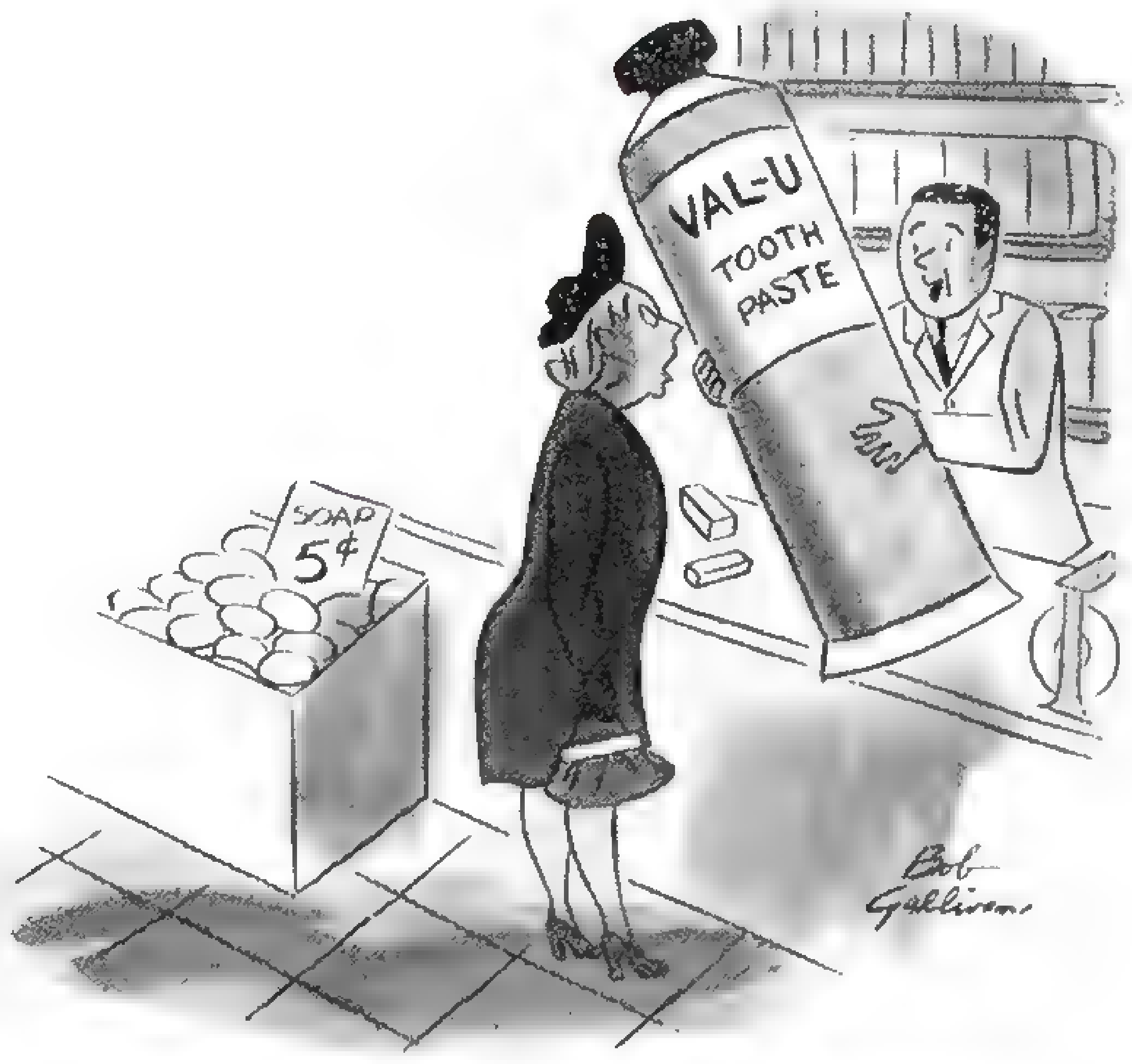
"And in the morning you get up any time you like—so long as it isn't later than 5:30"



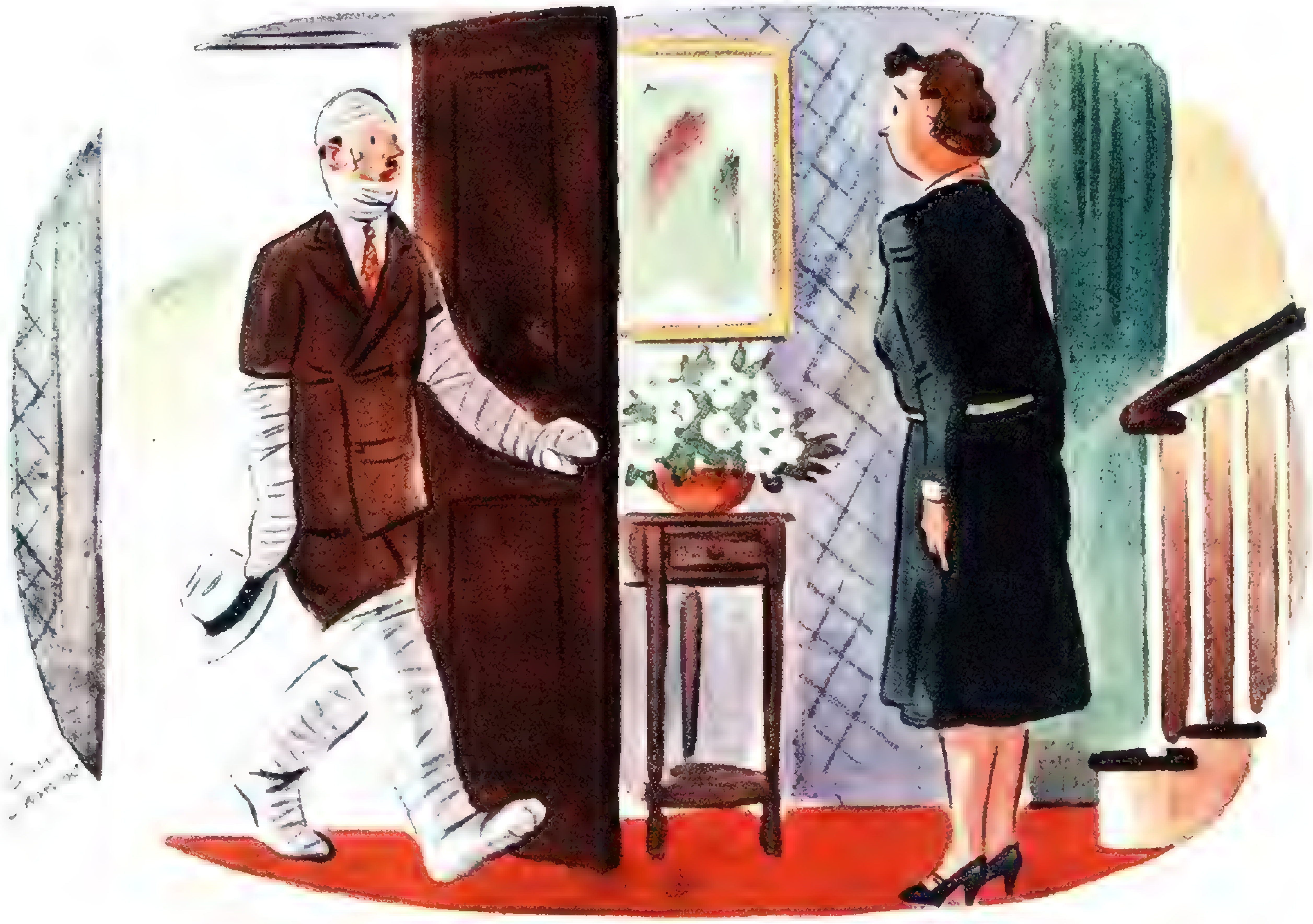
Frank Kovacs, the clown of tennis, is now a professional. We presume he now finds that laughs bring more than a dime a dozen.



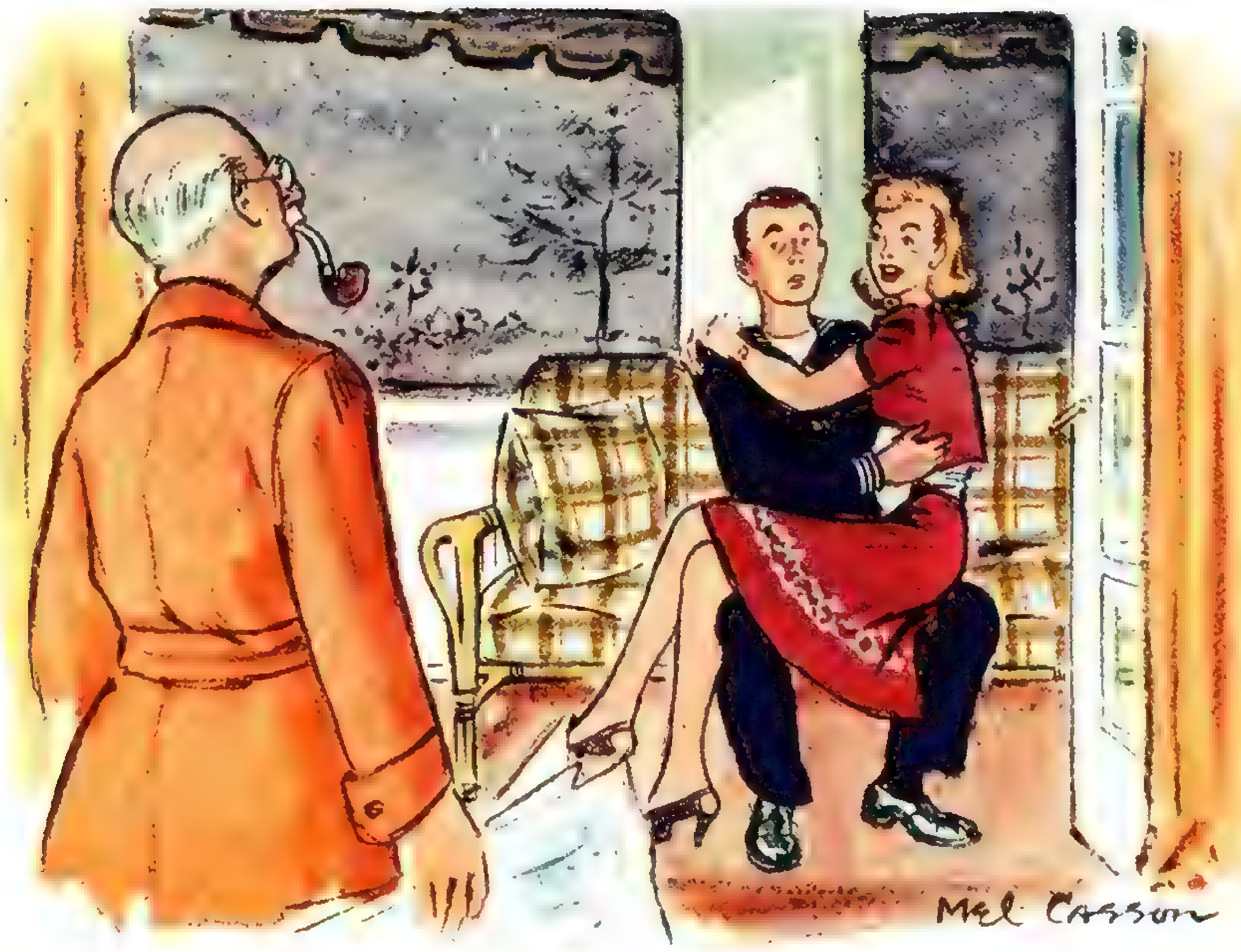
"Ix-nay—not 'till after the fight starts!"


VAL-U TOOTH PASTE
SOAP 5¢
Bob Gallivan

"How about the large economy size?"



"I scraped fenders with another car, dear—my lawyer gave me first aid!"

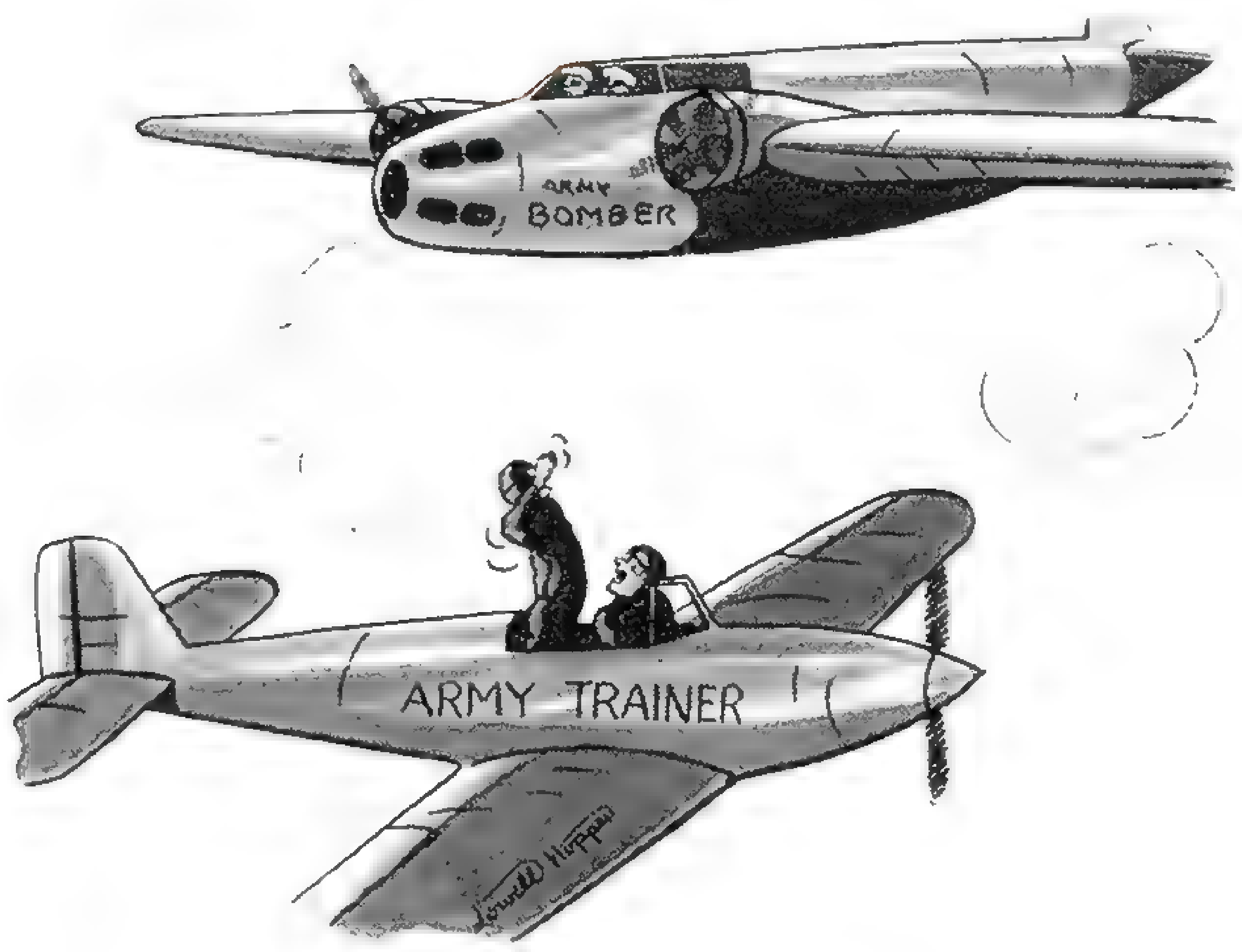


"Gerald was just showing me how crowded things are in a submarine!"

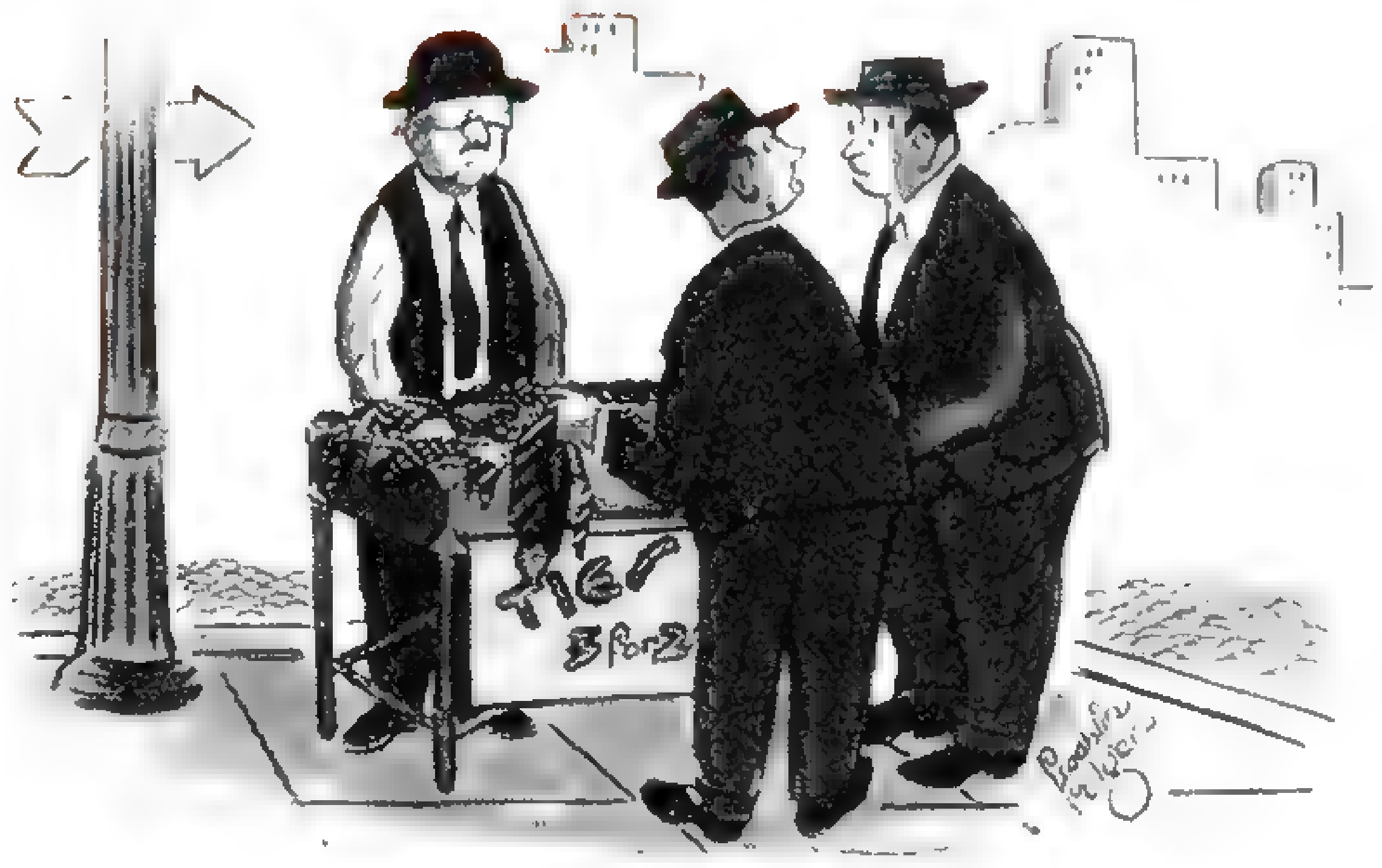
War's Worst Joke

"Is that old maid in favor of Vichy?"

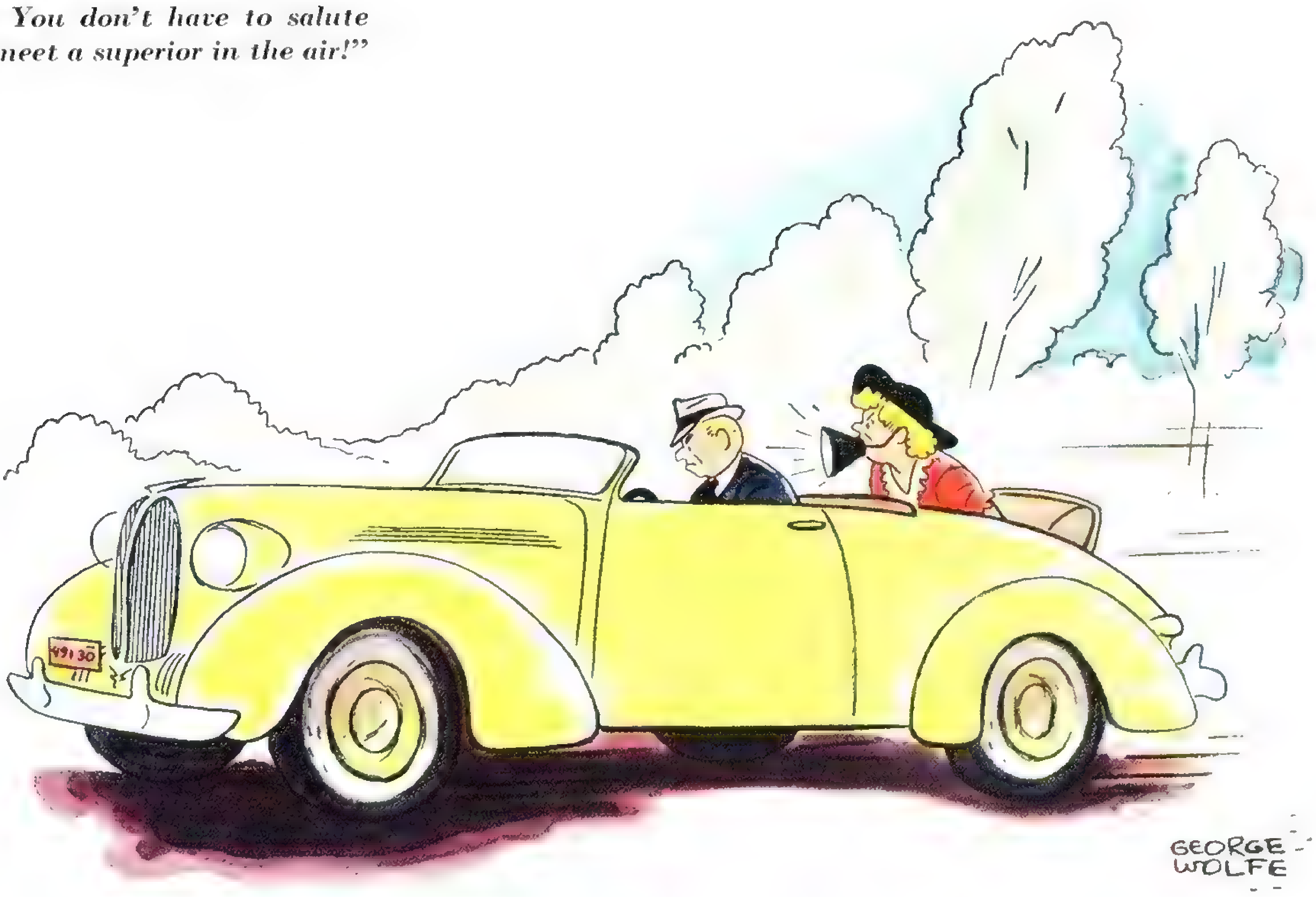
"No, but she's all for occupied pants."

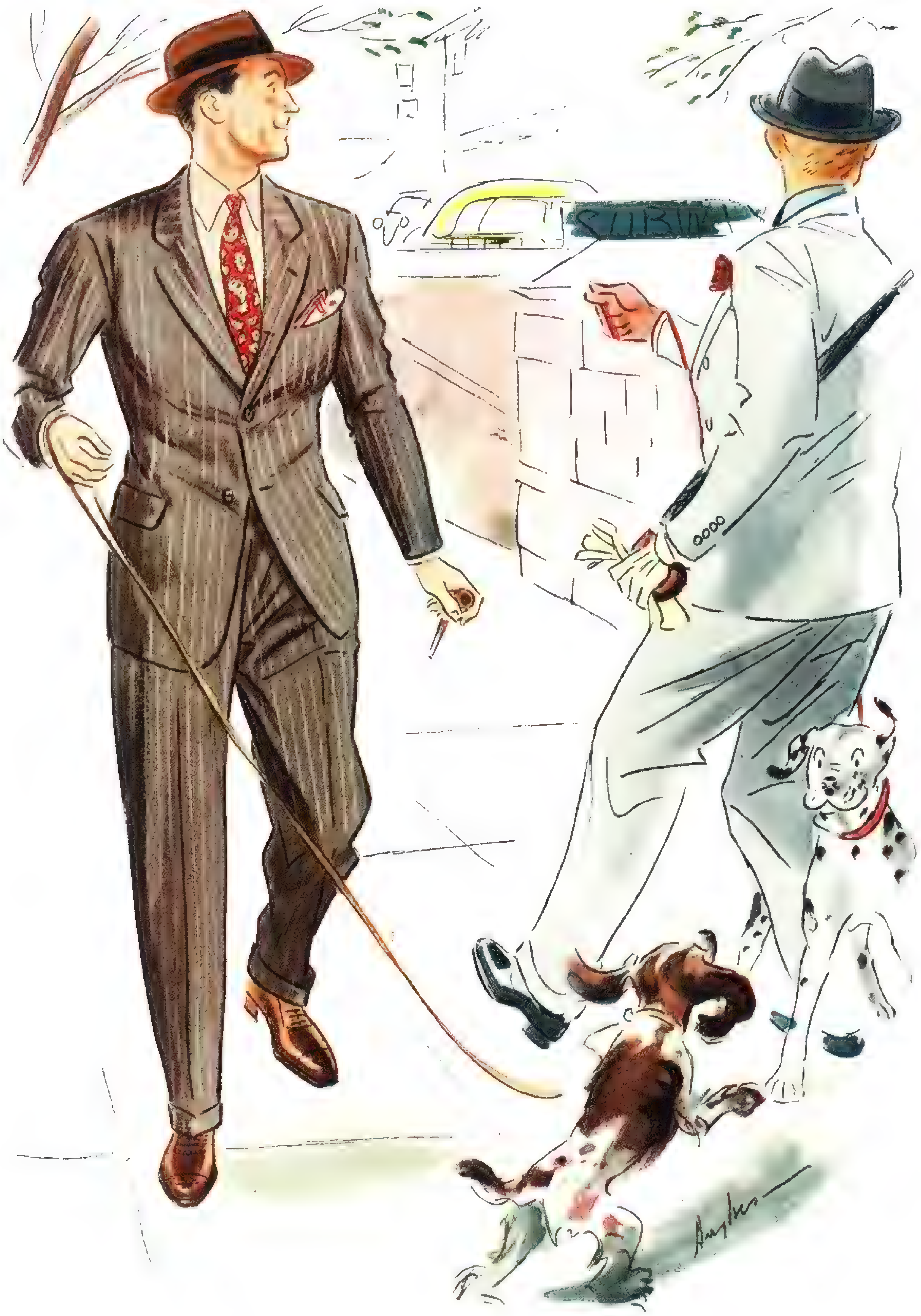

ARMY BOMBER
ARMY TRAINER

"Nix, Hawkins! You don't have to salute every time you meet a superior in the air!"



"He says he's selling them at such a low price he can't stand to look"


GEORGE WOLFE



double dog talk . . .

Blackie: Arf! Say, aren't you the champion Dalmatian photographed by Waxman for Esquire a while back?

Spottie: Hell yes! And you must be that Cocker Spaniel glamour mutt that was in about a year ago!

Blackie: Well, stick around and we'll gnaw on a bone . . . do you have to stay with that old geezer in the Homburg?

Spottie: Yes, dog-gone it! I'm leading him down to Café Louis for a Martini . . . won't you come along with us?

Blackie: I can't . . . I'm walking my boss through Central Park to show off his new Brownstone chalk striped flannel.

Spottie: That's a pretty natty outfit, too . . isn't he wearing a new raw-edged brim hat with a tapered crown?

Blackie: Yep! I think he looks smart enough to appear in Esquire, don't you, Spottie, old boy?

Spottie: I'll say! But we're one up on him . . . we got in without even as much as a new dog collar, didn't we?

Blackie: That's right! Well, I must go or I'll be in the dog house with my boss . . . So long! See you on the avenue!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

It Will Grow On You

As the strange patient began removing the enormous bandage on his thigh, he said to prepare for a very great shock

by DONALD WANDREI

• FICTION •

HE COULDN'T find the compass in the center drawer. Maybe he hadn't left it at his office after all. Next he tried poking among the litter of medical journals, cancelled checks, and brochures about new equipment in the top right-hand drawer. Underneath lay his automatic, but no compass; he wondered briefly if it would be worth while to take the .38 along on the hunting trip.

He gave up searching. The time he'd wasted would have bought a dozen compasses.

The bell in the reception room rang, and he became conscious again of the cool, conditioned air inside, of the fever pulse of the city outside that he'd escape tomorrow.

He had finished with all appointments for the day; he had so arranged his patients and operating schedule as to permit him a week's absence; the bell, he hoped, would signify no more than a minor case, or an emergency treatment.

The door opened, and he glanced past the portable examination table. For a moment the nurse, in insufferable white, was framed between many-hued bottles of medicines and rows of surgical tools in the wall cabinets. She blanked out all but small segments of the outer room: the cream leather edge and chromium arm of a chair, the robin's egg blue of a wall, the fat nap of a broadloom in avocado green, the corner of a Haupers original oil painting, *July Moon.*

She closed the door and leaned against it, and her face looked as chalky as her uniform.

"A stranger," she said, "a man in a raincoat—"

"Raincoat?" He stared toward the window, where shadows deepened in the canyon, but the great stone man-warren opposite shimmered as though melting from sunfire.

"One of those swagger coats with a belt." She added foolishly, "It hangs all the way down to his shoes."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He won't say, except that it's urgent."

"Who sent him here?"

"A ship's doctor."

"Strange. I don't know any ship's doctors. You've no idea what his trouble is?"

She hesitated, her lower lip curling inward between her teeth. "His coat flapped as he was coming in. Something is—seriously wrong. The most peculiar thing—"

"Very well. Send him in."

She looked faint, as though she would slide down the door and dissolve into something liquid.

"I won't need you," he said. "You may go."

She nodded dumbly and went out, with a kind of sidling motion around the man who entered. Her face was developing a greenish tinge. He stepped toward her, but she shook her head mechanically with an expression of terror and a queer shine in her eyes. A line of sweat beads bubbled on her forehead. He eyed her closely as she pulled the door shut. Perhaps it would be well to observe her condition during the next few weeks.

For a moment his attention was distracted. He heard, or seemed to hear, a faint, muffled twittering like the cry of a bird. He looked toward the window, but there was nothing there, not even a sparrow, on the ledge outside. He cocked his head, straining, but did not hear the sound again. Yet he remained vaguely on edge, and wondered if some small animal might possibly have been trapped between the walls of the office.

The muted closing of the outer door told him that nurse had gone. She had stayed later than usual; he was satisfied to have dismissed her. The patient was an irregular, and whatever the trouble, would be diagnosed, treated, or referred quickly.

The man wore a swagger coat, a tan all-weather that hung to his shoes. His hands were thrust deep in the pockets. His face was burnt dark, but the skin stretched tightly across cheekbones and around nostrils and eyes. A curious pallor underlay the tan, a dusty grayness. His eyes held a glow, as though he kept going only by some flickering but intense fire from within.

His voice, when he spoke, also had a strangeness. It was flat and dead, with a huskiness on the edge of exhaustion. It came with the precise slowness of one using an unfamiliar language, or reciting a role from memory. He said, "I am very grateful. I have heard that the best specialists are not always so easy to see—" He hesitated, added quickly, "Your fee, doctor, will be paid at once and in full."

"Be seated. You're rather fortunate. My calendar is generally crowded, but I happen to be going off on a hunting trip tomorrow."

"So? I hope the hunting will be good. Very good." The stranger looked relieved. "That is excellent. I, too, am leaving tomorrow morning. I have booked passage on a ship."

"A sea voyage is an excellent remedy for a good many ailments. What seems to be the trouble?"

The smoldering eyes appraised the examination table. "You could perform an operation here—a small operation?"

"It is not my usual custom."

"But you could do it, in an emergency?"

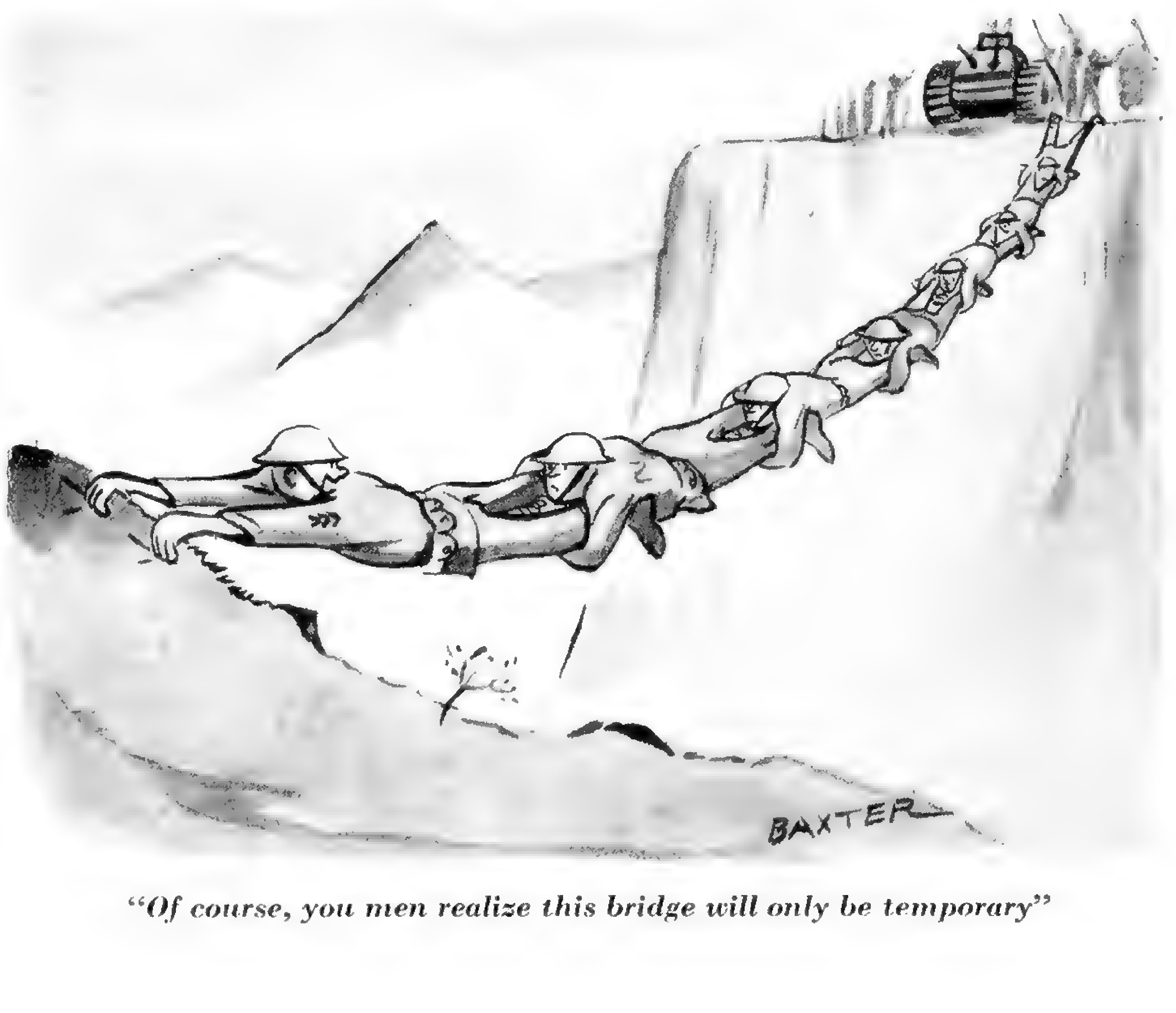
"It all depends on the circumstances."

A faint buzz distracted him, and he noticed with extreme irritation that a bluebottle fly had somehow got into the office. He supposed the insect must have entered along with the patient, or possibly when the nurse was leaving.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said brusquely, "while I bring the wild life under control. This is most unusual."

He took a sprayer out of a bottom drawer, but when he looked, the fly was nowhere

Continued on page 173



"Of course, you men realize this bridge will only be temporary"

The Man Behind the Yankees

Edward Grant Barrow, who got there the hard way, knows more about how to run a ball club than anyone else in the world

by FRANK GRAHAM

• SPORTS •

JACOB RUPPERT and Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston bought the New York American League baseball club in 1915, changed the name of the team from Highlanders to Yankees, poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into the purchase of ball players, struggled heroically for five years without getting anywhere and then, in 1921, won their first pennant. In the twenty years that have followed, the Yankees have won eleven pennants and nine world championships.

Ruppert and Huston are dead. So is Miller Huggins, who managed the team in its first year of triumph. The Yankees of today wouldn't know the Yankees of 1921 . . . Babe Ruth and Waite Hoyt excepted . . . if they fell over them. (Anybody would know Ruth, of course, and Hoyt, now a sports broadcaster, is a frequent visitor in the club house at the Stadium.) But the man who designed this pattern of victory that has endured for twenty years and shows no signs of wear and tear still is around, still . . . no matter how he tries to conceal himself . . . very much in evidence. His name is Edward Grant Barrow.

Barrow, big, broad shouldered, baldish, with eyebrows to rival those of John L. Lewis and still tremendously powerful physically although he is hitting close to seventy-four, is the man behind Joseph Vincent McCarthy just as, beginning nearly twenty-two years ago, he was the man behind Huggins. He signed his first contract with the Yankees, as general manager, on Oct. 29, 1920, propped up the structure of the ball club that was sagging under the dissension between Ruppert and Huston, no longer quite the pals they had been in 1915, and then proceeded to rebuild it.

Ruppert and Huston had been rowing, quietly but intensely, over Ruppert's selection of Huggins as manager while Huston was in France in 1918. Huggins, in turn, was rowing . . . not so quietly but just as intensely . . . with the ball players, who were taking advantage of the lack of complete support Huggins was getting in the front office. Somebody was needed to quell the brawling and take the club on from there.

That was the first thing Barrow did. The second was to organize a scouting system that made it possible for the club to get ball players without buying them from its rivals at outlandish prices. Having achieved these purposes, he worked out, founded and developed a farm system that, beginning with Newark and Kansas City, runs down through the lower grade minor leagues and now shelters hundreds of ball players who are being schooled under the direction of George Weiss, overseer of the farms, with the idea that one day they will hear the roar of the crowd in the Stadium.

Shortly after Ruppert's death in 1939, Barrow was elected to the presidency of the club. The only actual change caused by his election was in the lettering on his office door and the club's stationery, since he had been virtually in command from that day in October of 1920 when the destiny of the Yankees was sealed. First Ruppert and Huston and then Ruppert alone, after Huston had bowed out in 1923, had given him complete authority. They had recognized, that long ago, what everybody in baseball has learned since: that here was a man who knew more about baseball and how to run a ball club than anybody else in this world.

Naturally, Ed Barrow didn't come by his knowledge easily. He gathered it the long way around and the hard way. He came up through the rough and tumble days of the game . . . in which he literally was one of the best rough and tumble fighters . . . and he filled every job it held from ball player to league president, and by the time he landed in New York he knew all the angles and all the answers.

He was born on a farm near Springfield, Illinois, on May 10, 1868, soon after his parents had pulled up in a covered wagon. The old man had driven across the plains in search of a site for a homestead. The family rolled on from Illinois through Missouri and Nebraska, where the old man had some claims in mind but he didn't like the look of things there and headed into Iowa, finally settling near Des Moines. It was in Des Moines the boy went to school, distinguished himself as a ball player, managed a club in the city league on which Fred Clarke, later to become famous as playing manager of the Pirates, was an outfielder, and worked as a reporter on the *Leader*, covering the police station, the court house, the theatre and the ball park. One of his clearest recollections of that period is of reporting the opening game of the 1886 season between Des Moines and Omaha in the Western League.

Right after that he struck back across the trail his parents had followed in the covered wagon. The first stop was Chicago, where he sold oil pumps and soap. Then Pittsburgh and advertising, followed by a brief tie-up with Harry M. Stevens in the catering and hotel business. This association with Stevens, who was laying the foundation of his fortune on a stack of score cards and a bag of peanuts, led him into sports promoting. He helped to form the Interstate League, got a franchise for Wheeling, managed the team and won the pennant. That was in 1895. In 1896, he was managing Paterson in the Atlantic League.

One day somebody told him about a ball player who lived in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, and he went to look for him. He found him, along with some other young fellows, pegging lumps of coal at a tin can in a field just off a railroad track. The ball player was a boy

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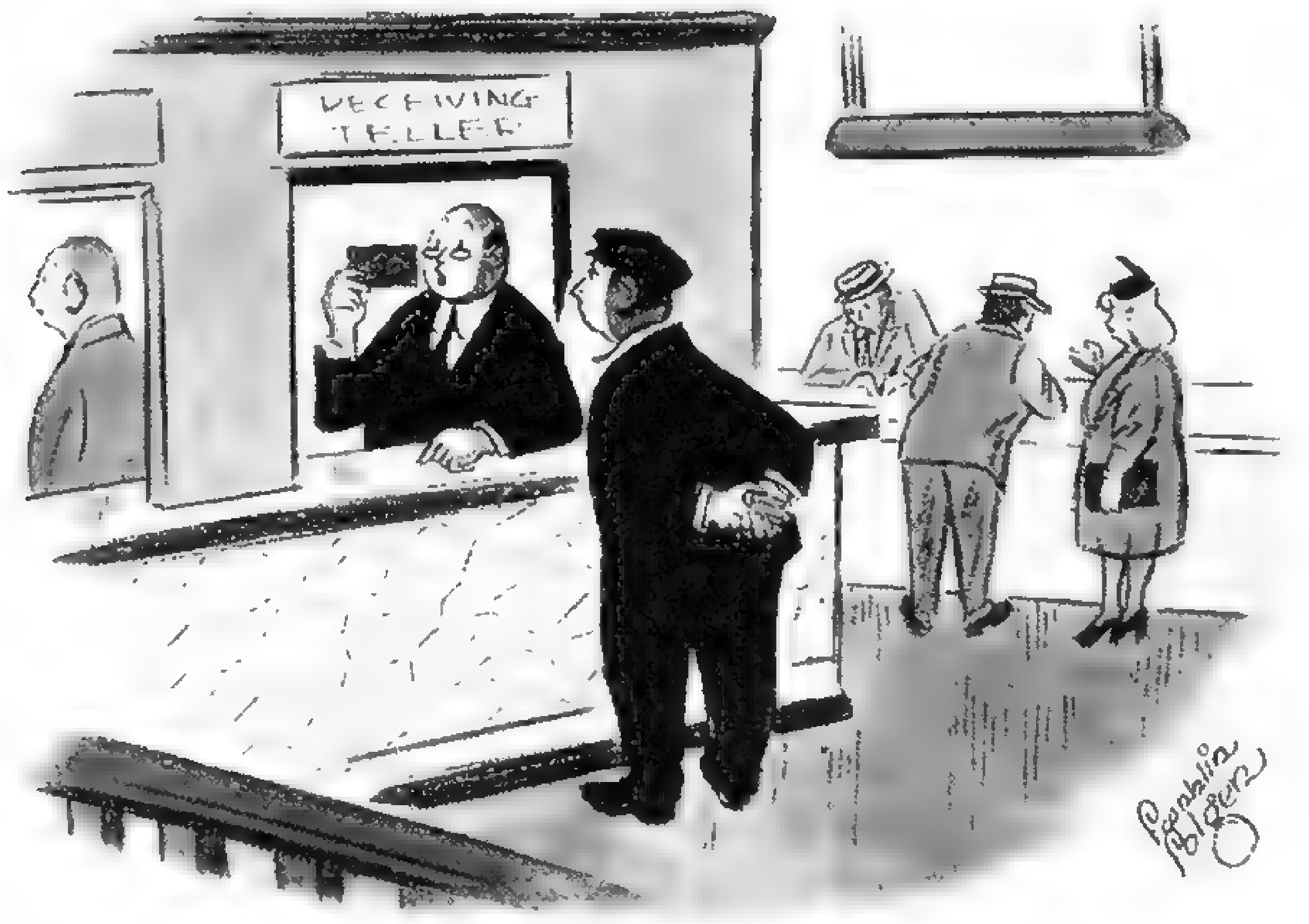
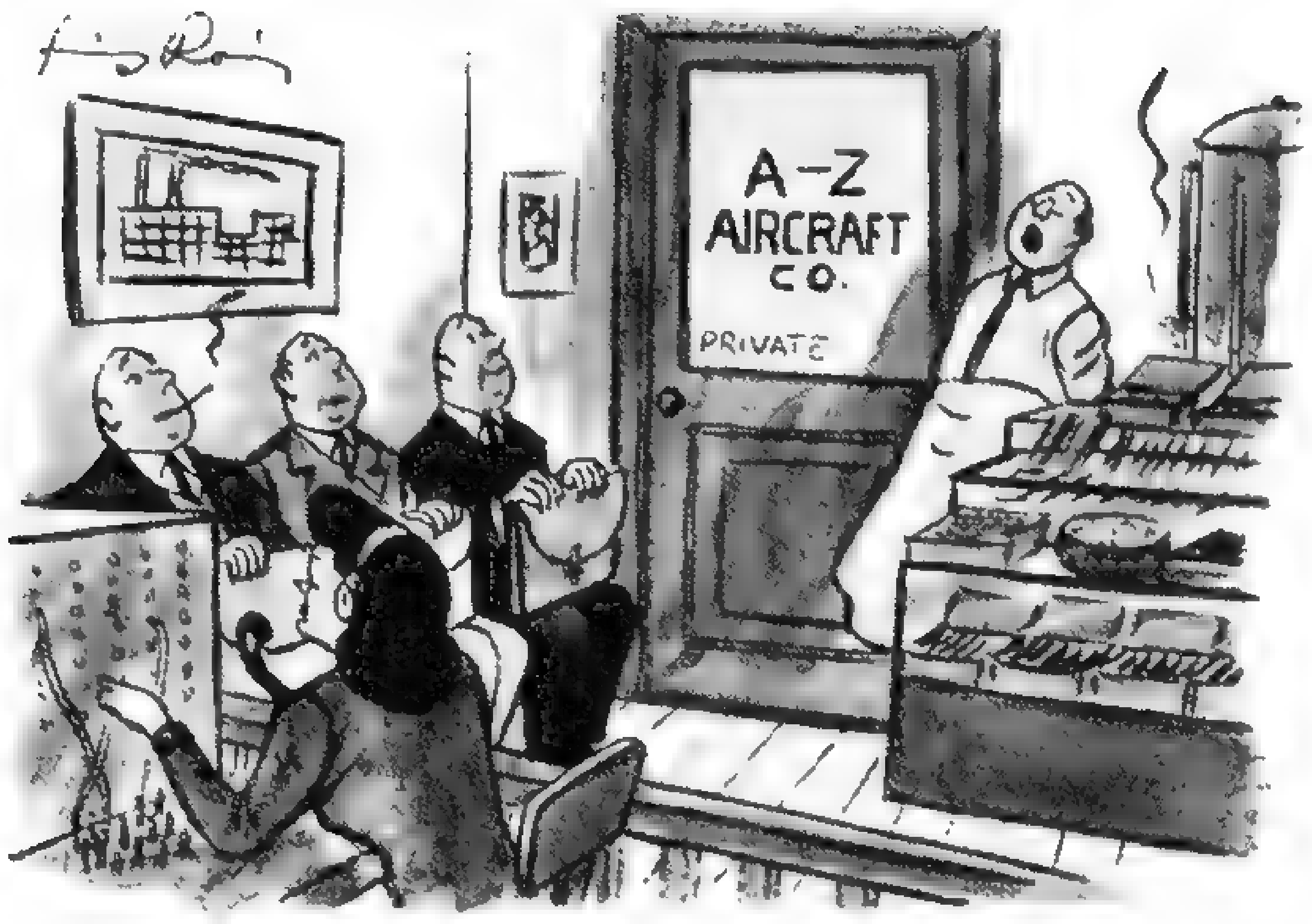
"No, no, Jorgesson! We never steal first base!"


RECEIVING TELLER

"I'm sorry Sir, but this one's counterfeit . . .
try the bank across the street!"


A-Z
AIRCRAFT
CO.
PRIVATE

"Sandwiches, coffee, candy, cigarettes!"

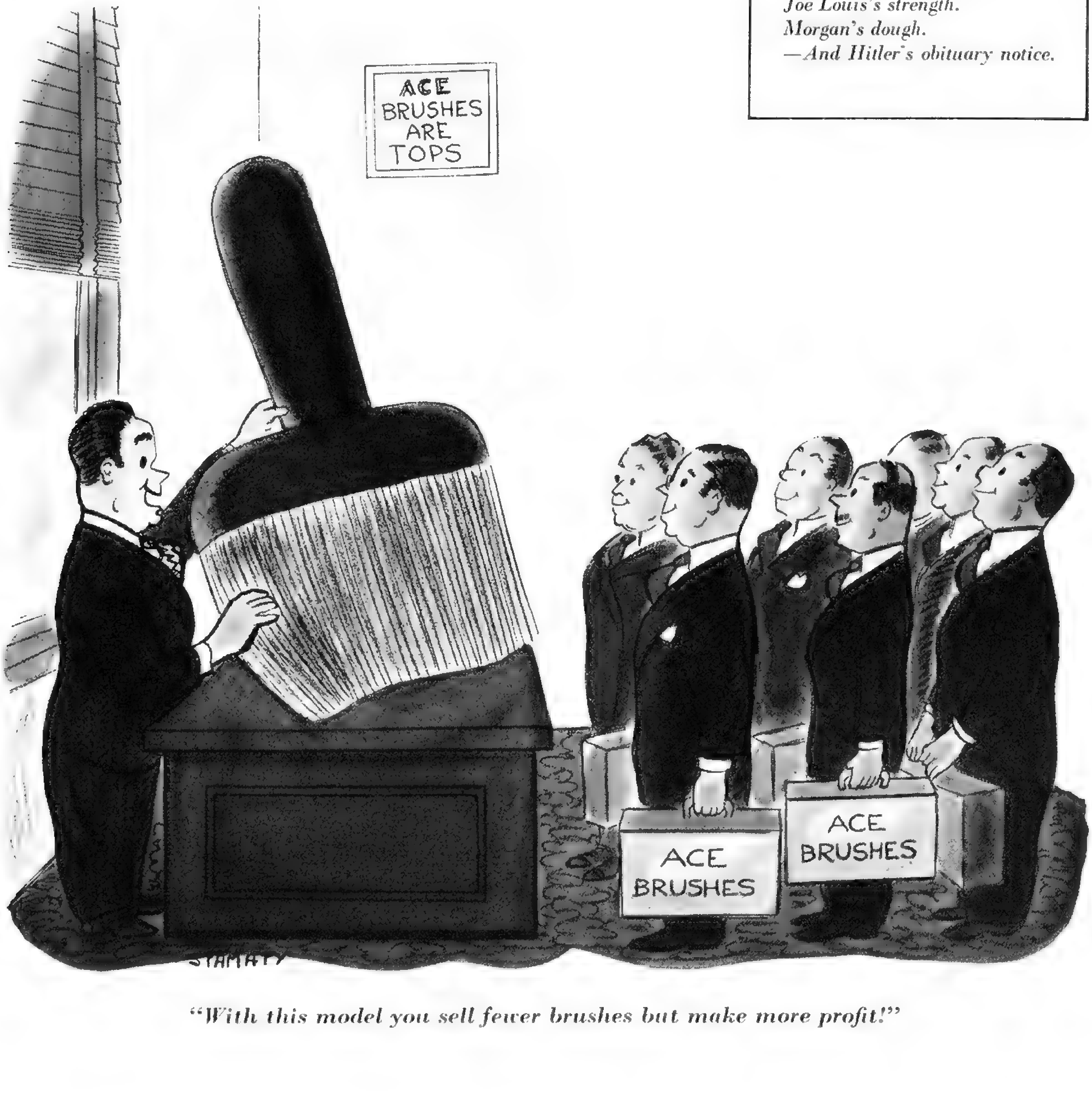
"Jarvis, you're picked the last four fight winners wrong, predicted that the Phillies would win the pennant, and called every basketball outcome wrong all winter long."

"You mean I'm fired, boss?"

"Hell no! I'm raising you fifty bucks and making you our military expert."

The Average American Wishes . . .

He had Einstein's brains.
Gable's looks.
Tibbett's voice.
Joe Louis's strength.
Morgan's dough.
—And Hitler's obituary notice.


ACE
BRUSHES
ARE
TOPS
ACE
BRUSHES
ACE
BRUSHES
STAMATY

"With this model you sell fewer brushes but make more profit!"

Battleship Into Action

Continued from page 28

who manned her guns. Beyond the destroyer was the horizon—a dark line separating heaven from earth, and beyond that—who could tell. He shivered and followed the Commander below—this waiting about was the devil. It was with positive delight that he heard himself being instructed to deliver an important message to the Engineer Commander and sped away blithely on his errand.

The engine room was a long way below the upper deck so that lifts were provided for officers on duty. Our Midshipman made his way laboriously through the watertight doors, each of which had to be opened to let him pass, until he reached the Engine Room lobby where, entering a lift, he dropped rapidly to the lower regions.

There was nothing here to suggest the old-fashioned idea of an engine room full of steam and great heaving masses of machinery. The place was bright with the light of many lamps and glittered with polished metal and shining paint. On the control platform with its enormous throttle wheels and its galaxy of pressure gauges was a party consisting of three ratings and the Senior Engineer (second in charge of the Department). He gave a friendly grin at the Midshipman, whose eyes were roaming round the vast space, taking in every detail. The Turbine casings neatly panelled with varnished woodwork, the colossal pipes linking them up, the steel catwalks with their burnished handrails were all that could be seen but the other senses filled the gap. The hum of the turbine gears and the hiss of wire-drawn steam was incessant and overwhelming; the blast of hot air which greeted him on his arrival was saturating him now—and he realized that it was very hot down here. He opened his mouth to ask for the Engineer Commander but nothing came out as far as he was concerned for his ears were full of other noises. Then he cupped his hands and spoke "very loud and clear" into the "Senior's" ear.

"B Boiler Room" bellowed that officer with a jerk of his thumb. The Midshipman saluted and set out once more on his travels. Up in the lift once more and forward along the mess decks (more watertight doors to negotiate) to another lobby labelled "B Boiler Room Fan Flat." There was a different noise here—that of a mighty rushing wind, for the Fans were pumping thousands of cubic feet of air into the boiler rooms so that, by building up a pressure, a draught would be forced through the furnaces and up the funnels. It was, therefore, necessary to get to the Boiler Room through an airlock which prevented the leakage of pressure when the access doors were opened. He successfully manipulated the heavy doors with their interlocking fastenings and once more took himself below in a lift. "B" Boiler Room was not so polished and well lit as the engine-rooms. The effect of the reduced lighting was to cast shadows and give the impression of great vaulted caverns into which the upper parts of the boilers merged in impenetrable darkness. There was noise here but not so much—the steady rushing of steam and the rattle and whine of the feed pumps—a melancholy sound. In the distant half-light a party of men were clustered under the supervision of several officers and the Chief himself clad in white overalls. They were all very busy trying to cure a defective valve gland which spurted dangerously, but the Chief had time for everything.

Many a suburbanite this spring will start a garden, because vegetables are going to be higher than ever. But still not as high, we're willing to bet—as the weeds in most of the gardens a couple of months from now.

"What's going on up top?" he asked after he had received the Commander's message. As he spoke the Boiler-room telegraph clanged demanding "more steam" and speed had been increased. The Chief grinned and waved the Midshipman away. "That's full speed for us," he shouted. "Tell the Commander he'll have to paint the funnels by the time we've worked another knot out of her!" Then he turned and went about his business again.

It was strangely quiet and spacious up on the mess decks when the Midshipman came up once more from the depths and he registered a feeling of admiration for those men below who knew their job so well and seemed to find nothing disconcerting in their awe-inspiring surroundings. They were handling gigantic quantities of power and if the giant broke loose it would wipe out those puny mortals as a kettleful of scalding water destroys an ant colony. The roaring flames in the boiler furnaces were kept under control by the forced draught. Should the pressure in the boiler rooms be released those same flames would flash back onto the footplates and incinerate the men who stood there. He hadn't thought of the engineers before except to complain when there was no steam in the snotties' bathroom.

He returned to the Commander's side and resumed that fidgety occupation of waiting for something to happen.

In many other parts of the ship there were others who waited and worked. Down in the Torpedo flats, whose bulkheads were lined to the scantlings with the most perfect weapons devised by man, the Tubes' crews were busily placing the torpedoes in their waiting positions so that when the order to fire was given a steady stream of them would be ejected at the closest possible intervals. The coolness and austerity of these surroundings were in strange contrast to an adjoining compartment crowded with men and fetid with breath and smell of humanity. This was the transmitting station—the brain of the gunnery organization where, seated on piano stools, dozens of men worked handles, repeated orders, and operated an enormous Fire Control Table. It was this machine, the product of the best gunnery brains of the Navy, which enabled the guns to find and hold the target whatever its range and even if it became temporarily obscured by smoke. An amazing piece of work. Every message from every part of the ship was passed through the T.S.; the constant low babble of voices was reminiscent of a London telephone exchange.

And so to the raison-d'être of the whole of this vast organization—the guns and those who served them. At the bottom of the ship adjacent to the boilers and engines were situated the Magazines and shell rooms—lofty compartments crammed to their respective roofs with cordite charges and projectiles, air-conditioned and spotlessly clean; their occupants moved silently, shod as they were with rubber, for the impact of iron upon iron makes sparks and sparks in a magazine mean death. Elaborate screening arrangements existed to prevent the flash of a bursting shell penetrating to the magazines.

It was very quiet here, so quiet that the sound of the water tearing past the hull plating was clearly audible. In the center of the magazine and shellrooms, the former being situated above the latter, were great elevators which started the ammunition on its long journey via the guns to the enemy's vitals. Halfway up the main elevators disgorged their contents into the gun-loading cages which were operated by the movement of a small lever situated close to the hand of one of the Turret's crew. In the Turret itself like two inanimate monsters, lay quietly side by side the rear-ends of the guns, so docile that they could be raised to full elevation by the pressure of a man's little finger, yet so powerful that they could despatch over a ton of steel a distance of fifteen miles. It was for these guns that fourteen hundred men worked day after day so that when the Day eventually came, everything would be ready for the trial of strength between them and those enemy guns who at this moment were resting quietly in their own ship. And the Day, at long last, had come.

Seated in a little chair in the spotting top nearly a hundred feet above the turrets was the Gunnery Officer, the man who was in sole charge of the main armament of the ship. It was he who had lectured and drilled, coached and explained, praised and cursed the guns crews, the control parties and the intermediate links between himself and the men in the magazine. He knew the theory and practice of the complicated machinery, he knew the strengths and weaknesses of his subordinate officers and he knew from hard experience just how little it takes to turn good shooting into Ducks and Drakes. He sat, a telephone strapped to his chest, a huge pair of binoculars adjusted in their mounting to the level of his eyes and, as he waited for the enemy to come into sight, he went through his organization, carefully searching in his mind and conscience for possible flaws or shortcomings and finding none. As far as he was concerned all was as ready as was humanly possible and he wished the enemy were in sight. This waiting was the Devil.

Just as the heads of departments surveyed themselves so the Captain, confident in the knowledge of his subordinates' worth, was also taking stock. It was a far cry from this moment to the beginning of things. Nearly three years ago the Battleship had been lying in a dockyard basin, having just completed an extensive overhaul to engines and hull which had taken over a year, and though she was a mechanically sound job that was where it had ended. She was filthy between decks and worse up top, and she lay there a derelict hulk with dirty canvas wrappings on her guns and funnel tops, an inch of black mud on her upper deck and her rigging hanging in bights. He remembered when he had first stepped aboard and surveyed the scene of desolation. A ship without a crew is a sorry sight. Then on a short winter's day with half a gale of wind tearing through the dockyard and blowing the tattered canvas and rigging into streamers a great oilskinned procession of men had marched down from the Barracks to commission the ship. They were gathered together with no common bond save the same name embroidered in gold lettering on their cap ribbons. The officers were there also and he had not known one of them by name and they, too, could not know the names of their sailors. It was a strange day; nothing but careful planning and organization had prevented chaos. The ship certainly had a crew but as yet they were a rabble of nameless men.

There had followed weeks of hard work, battling against time and dirt until the ship, complete now with stores and ammunition and apparently clean, had been taken to sea for a "shake-down" cruise. It was six months before he could feel that he was in command of an efficient fighting machine. Now the individuals were recognizable, the officers and men knew their ship, and their duties and an undefinable thing for which there is no English name had blossomed; Esprit-de-Corps-morale, call it what you will, it meant that the men and the ship were welded into a massive unit impervious to sudden alarms and equal to every emergency.

He saw half of the ship spread before his eyes. The turrets were trained in the direction whence the enemy was expected, their guns silently creeping up and down like live things. The forecastle was clear of every movable object and not a man was in sight. By turning round and walking a few paces he was able to look down upon the after part of the ship—on the funnels radiating enormous heat, on the boat deck, clear of all but a minimum of boats and on the high-angle guns with their steel-helmeted crews waiting for the same thing as they all were and farther aft still, two more turrets silent but alive. The ship had a weather-beaten appearance—it was drab and grey—frills were not necessary in war. Overhead from every yardarm and at the head of the two great masts, flew a number of white Ensigns—the only visible sign that the ship was steaming into battle at a very high speed. For a twenty-four-year-old she was putting up a good performance although the bridge and upper works were vibrating in a manner that disclosed old bones in the anatomy of her structure. There was a nice breeze to blow the gun smoke away when they opened fire—when would that be? This waiting was the Devil.

For the longest hour that has ever existed the Squadron raced onwards and then things began to happen. A squadron of Torpedo Bombers flown off an Aircraft-carrier many miles to leeward passed low overhead and presently returned without their weapons. They greeted the ships fraternally by dipping in unison as they sped down wind to "land" on the carrier and reload with torpedoes. Then the screening destroyers suddenly increased speed to the maximum and converged on their leader who took them away ahead clear of the expected gunfire between the antagonists. Then the distant cruisers spread on a line eight miles ahead could be seen to be making dense volumes of smoke and little yellow points of flame showed that they had opened fire.

Presently the gunnery-officer, eyes to his glasses, saw the masts of the enemy battle squadron.

"Bearing Green Five OH! Follow Director!" he reported down his telephone and in a few seconds the whole organization was in full train. The Turrets following the direction of the Master situated above the spotting-top trained on the distant masts and the twenty rangefinders all over the ship began remorselessly to record the range transmitting their results to the T.A. Twenty operators do not agree but the average of their efforts will be pretty accurate. Out to the Guns went the range and numerous complicated gadgets assessed the course and speed of the enemy. And all this before their hulls were visible.

"Alter course thirty degrees towards the enemy." The Admiral was anxious to get to grips. The two battleships swung in unison steadying on a course that put them in echelon. The enemy's funnels and upper works were beginning to show now. The Captain went to a voice pipe and spoke softly to the Gunnery Officer. "Take the rear ship in the line Guns" he said "and open fire at twenty-eight thousand yards." All eyes were turned on the Range Repeaters which flicked continuously as the figures on the dials changed. It was a matter of minutes now and everything and body on board was aware of it.

"Twenty-eight fires and five 'undred" said a languid messenger down his voicepipe in exactly the same voice as the one he had used for the same purpose for the past three years.

The Gunnery Officer spoke rapidly into his telephone and then, as the Range Receivers flickered and showed 28,000, he gave the word "Shoot!" There was a little pause and then the Fire Gongs gave a cracked "Ting-Ting" and the music started. Five fifteen-inch guns fired simultaneously with a breath-taking explosion. The spotting top and Compass Platform were jerked viciously as if a giant had flicked them with his colossal finger, the ship itself heeled slowly to port a matter of ten degrees and an acrid smell of burnt cordite blew across the upper works and made itself felt on every man's palate. Then, as the ship came slowly upright there was another shattering roar and the second salvo was sent rumbling on its way towards the enemy. Thereafter at intervals as regular as clockwork, the guns roared out their double salvos whilst the Gunnery Officer watching through binoculars that leapt at him every time the foretop rocked, observed the fall of shot 'round the far-distant target and issued the necessary corrections to the T.A. It is not an easy matter to hit a moving target fourteen miles away and it was necessary to fire several salvos before the great white splashes could be seen to be straddling the target; meanwhile the enemy had not been idle. Little spurts of orange flame and dense clouds of smoke could be seen issuing from his broadside and presently his shots arrived, falling short and to the left to begin with and thereafter steadily creeping closer to the British battleship. The Flagship, too, was in the thick of it—there was an ugly belch of black smoke issuing from her quarterdeck that told its own tale of a hit she had sustained. As a salvo from the enemy screamed overhead and fell into the sea a few hundred yards away, the Captain gave a grunt of satisfaction. "We're hitting her now," he said "pass the word to all quarters! "As he spoke the ship gave a mighty quiver and a great yellow flame shot up from the forecastle deck. The enemy, too, had found the range. "Torpedo tracks to starboard!" reported a watchful lookout. With smoke pouring from the gap in the bows, the ship was swung to starboard to "comb" the tracks of the approaching Torpedoes. There was a breathless moment as they passed close enough to be visible for a split second and then it was clear that the enemy's attempt had failed. Back into station swung the battleship and the Captain had time to send down to inquire about the damage.

The enemy shell had entered the foc'sle and burst on the fore mess deck, setting fire to everything combustible and filling the fore part with thick smoke. It was a hectic time for the Commander and his Fire and Repair parties fighting their way through the murk to the scene of the explosion, battling with flames and pulling clear the bodies of the unfortunates who had been stationed there. The Surgeon Commander was now reaping the benefit of his careful preparations and the wounded were treated within a few minutes of sustaining their injuries. Down in the engine room a steam pipe had burst from the concussion of the shell's explosion. For a moment it looked as if the staff would be driven to seek safety in flight and then a young stoker, acting entirely on his own initiative went through the scalding steam and succeeded in shutting a valve which controlled the burst pipe. He was badly hurt but he had saved the situation.

There was trouble too in "A" Turret, a hydraulic press had jammed and the left Gun could not be loaded—but not for long, for the gun's crew were used to exercising breakdowns and they set upon the recalcitrant press and got it going again in record time. Reports of damage were finding their way to the Captain now and always they closed with the words "situation in hand."

It was a grand performance and very grim, but those taking part were too busy to do otherwise than get on with their jobs without thought for the consequences. If, in the stress of battle, it was possible for them to register a thought, it was that they one and all were at long last fulfilling themselves to the uttermost, from the Captain with his twenty-five years of training to the Midshipman and Ships Boys with three.

The Battle was joined squarely, every man aboard every British ship was doing his duty to the full. Whatever the outcome might be, no man could do more . . . #

Ingrid Bergman

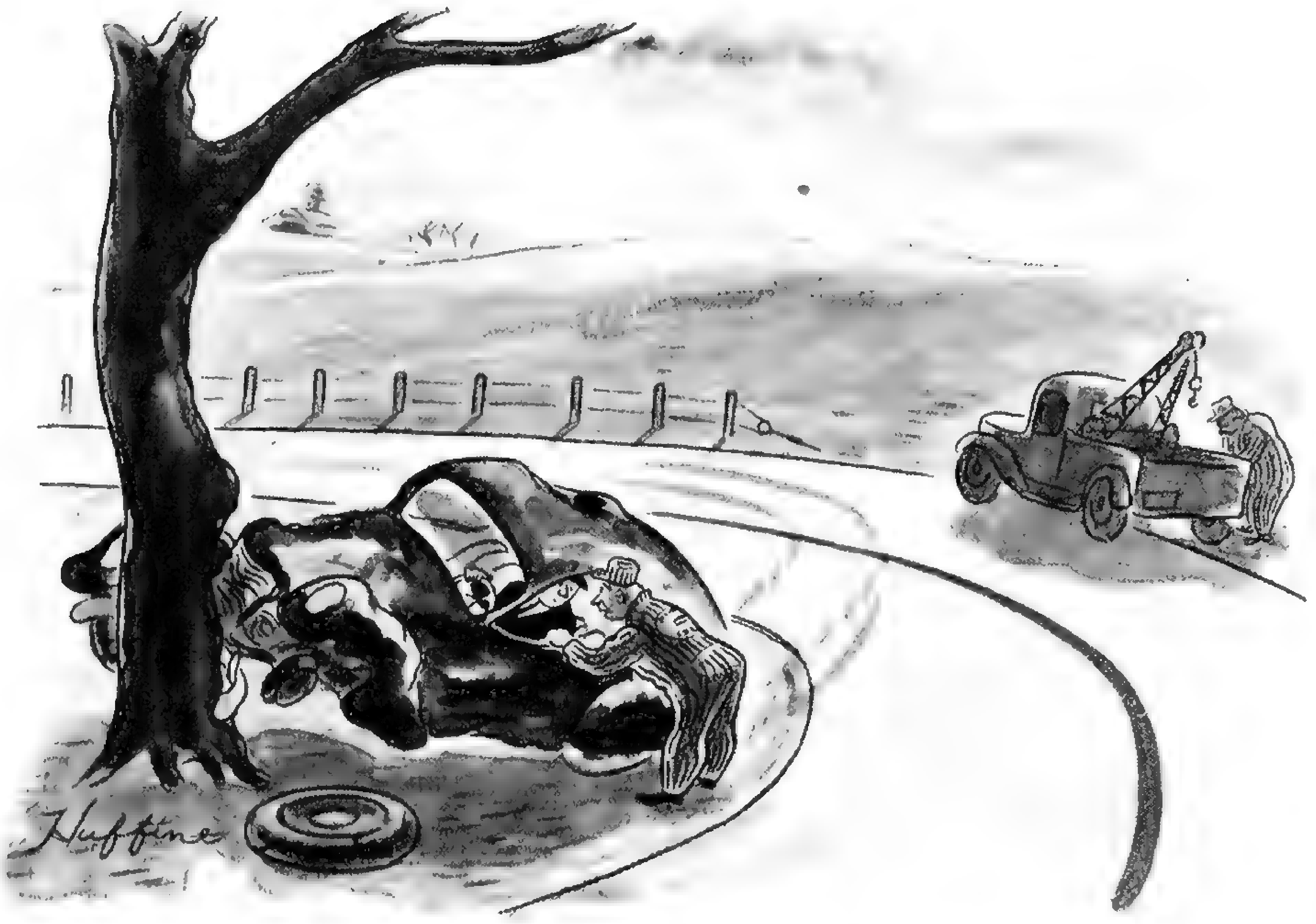
Finessing the Queen

Demonstrating that the Flower of Knighthood Has Not Yet Been Nipped in the Bud

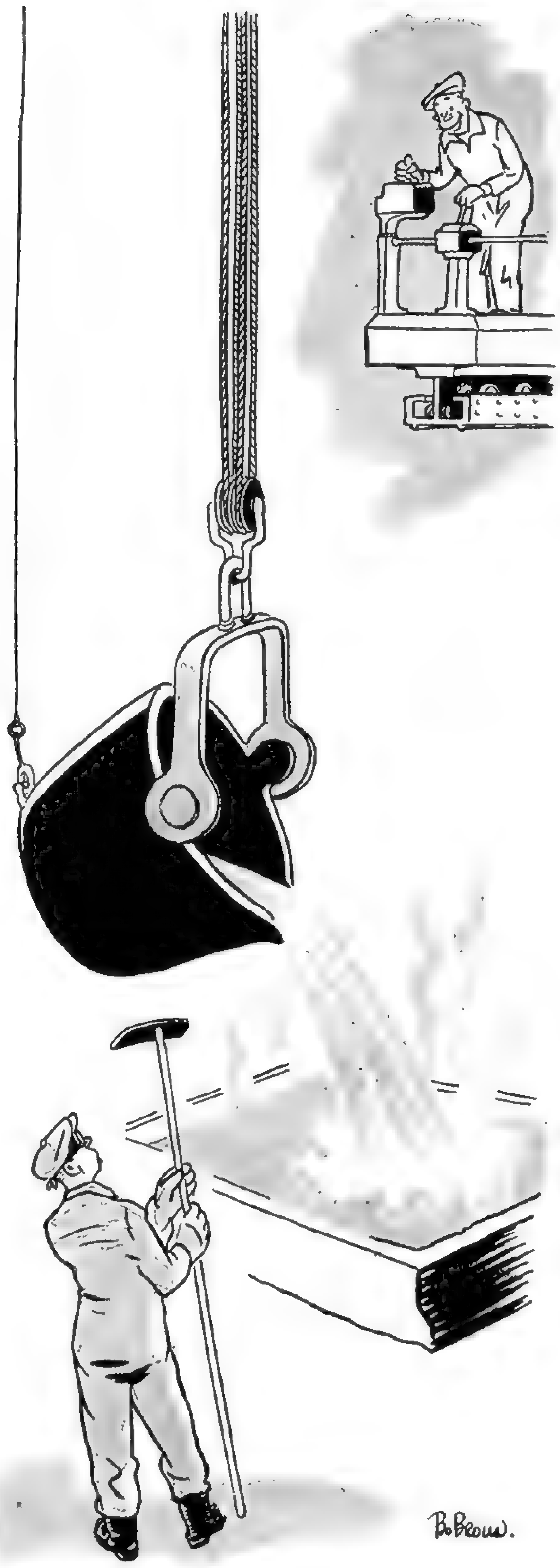
Finesser: Spencer Tracy
Queen: Ingrid Bergman
Occasion: St. Valentine's Day

Winning Trick: During the filming of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he sent her two floral tributes—(1) a tremendous bouquet of beautiful white roses intertwined with tiny hearts of red felt, signed "To my Valentine from Dr. Jekyll", (2) an outsize cactus plant adorned with hearts wrought of extra-stout barbed wire, signed "To my Valentine from Mr. Hyde."

Upshot: In addition to being deeply touched by this instance of schizophrenic gallantry, Miss Bergman was subsequently enabled to repay part of the compliment on the occasion of Mr. Tracy's birthday. She sent him the barbs from the cactus plant.

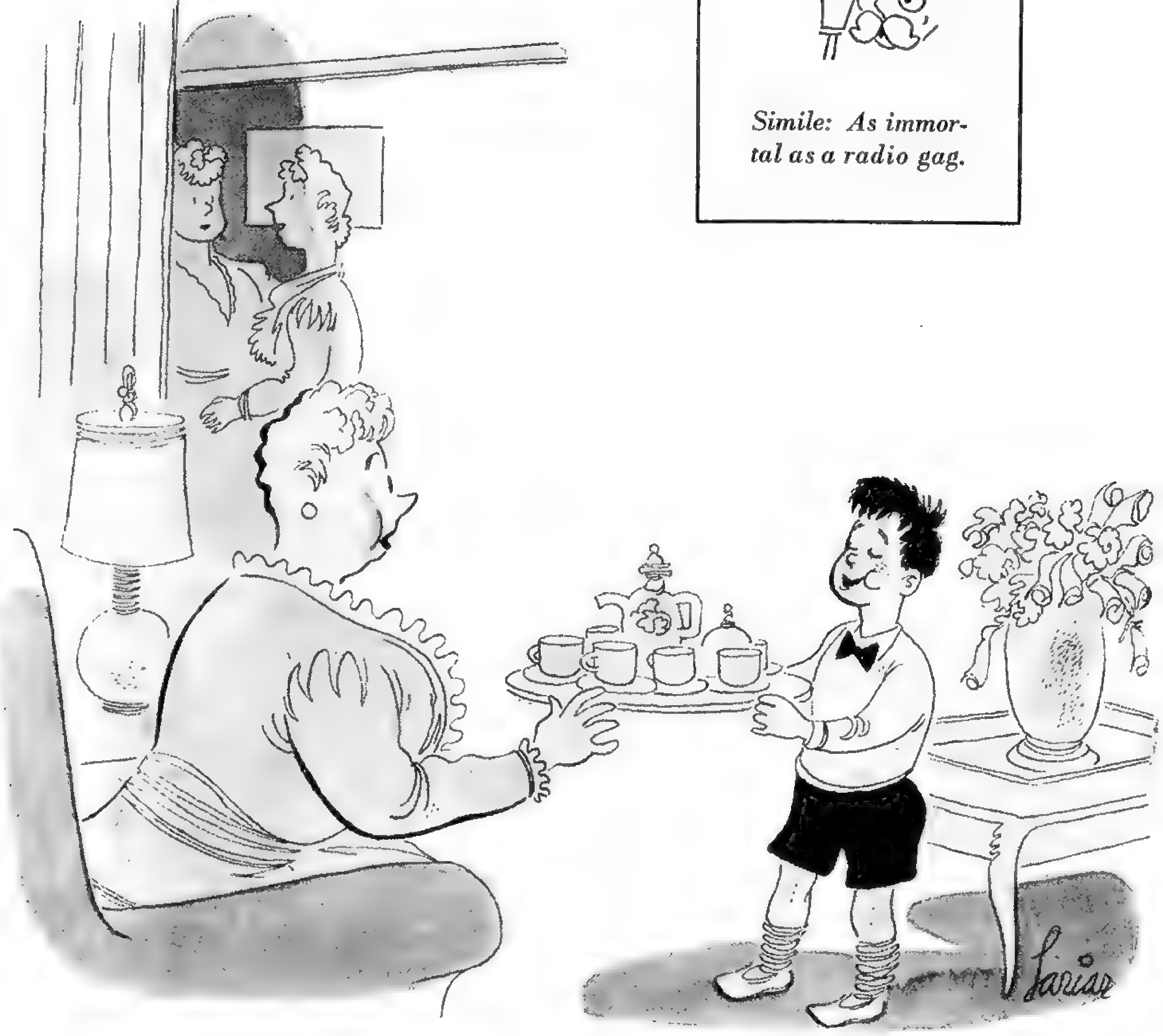


"Better turn off your ignition—no use running your battery down"



"Say 'when'!"

Simile: As immortal as a radio gag.



"Not that one, lady, it's spiked for Mom!"

A person with bad manners is one who tries to interrupt when you're talking or talk when you're interrupting.

Vichy's Troubled Islands

Continued from page 41

dead. Well, you are now in a New Orleans super-Vieux Carré minus the antique shops, shabby night clubs, and eyesore filling stations. Here's a piece of old Paris which has got next to a volcano and lost its plaster.

It has sights no Parisian ever dreamed of since absinthe went out. Like the public library. This is an immense and incredible iron structure, compounded of bits of Bangkok, St. Basil's Cathedral in Moscow's Red Square, the Paris Exposition of 1901, the Albert Memorial, the old Castle Gardens in New York's Battery, and Angkor-Vat, while colors unknown to the Sherwin-Williams paint catalogue decorate the frightening façade. This sight, in the face of Martinique's super-Mazda morning sun, so blinds you that for fifteen minutes you can't make out anything on the inside. But gradually a scene comes into view: scores of nice, clean boys of all colors sitting at the tables, studying, and at the left elbow of every one of them a white sun-helmet. Not a girl or woman is there. The turn of the female sex is in the afternoon.

The most memorable human product of Martinique was a woman. The Josephine who became Napoleon's empress in the grand mouldy days when France and not Germany overran Europe, was born across the bay in Trois Ilets. Her statue is in the center of the broad Savanne, and her stone image turns away from the futile trenches they have dug, the sandbagged *abris* they have erected on this carnival spot, and the battalion of black boys in shorts and topees being drilled for God knows what.

A hemispheric snooper casually dropping in, can, if he remembers enough French from the last war, get an earful of the island jitters. The ordinary folk find you trustworthy as soon as they know you're an American. They are not enamored of their bosses, the Vichy-French—and the estimate is that of the 5,000 white creoles, from eighty to ninety per cent are pro-Vichy. The minority lie low—some very low, in the jail fort on Des Saintes.

My wild guess, which I think is a safe one, is that fully ninety-five per cent of the population would be glad to have the Americans come in and run the show. In Martinique as elsewhere in the Caribbean they have heard of the W, P, and A, to them one more proof that Uncle Sam is the world's uncle. He would buy the coconuts, rum, sugar, bananas, cocoa, and vanilla with which the French islands are choked. He would stock them up again with flour, potatoes, lumber, gasoline, and medicines, so badly needed and now rationed because Vichy-Martinique is a dubious friend.

Nothing would make the chauffeur of my decrepit Citroen talk while we were in town. I laid the failure to my sketchy French, but as soon as we were away in the hills he opened up with a flood. *Meestair* Roosevelt—a great man—the *Martiniquois* had faith in him. The world was now Roosevelt against Hitler. Would Martinique welcome an American occupation? *M'sieu*, there would be such a carnival, the like of no Mardi Gras in the world! The people know about Puerto Rico, Panama, the Virgin Islands. The Americans would drain the marshes. That would kill the malaria and make new farms. Uncle Sam, the world's miraculous sanitary engineer, would eradicate leprosy, typhoid, and venereal diseases. "These are the four apocalyptic horsemen of my country," declaimed René, taking his hands off the wheel and galloping them in space.

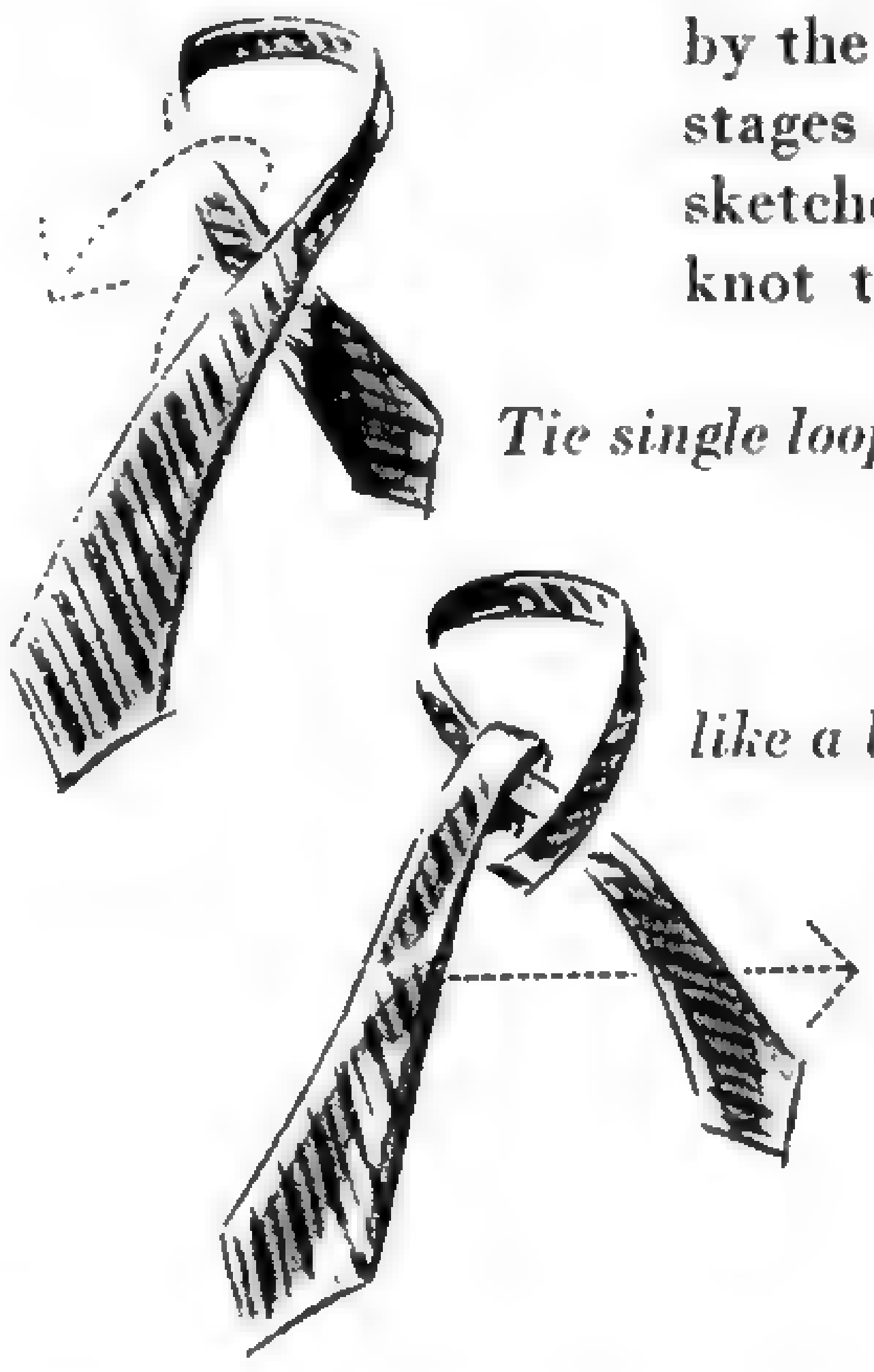
Discreetly pro-U.S. are the islanders who run the hotels, cabs, and shops where tourists buy. Ah, if only the tourist boats would put into Fort de France again! One hotel man read me snatches from a letter he had received from Papeete. The big cruise ship *Kungsholm* had just left that Tahitian capital. It had also left more than half a million francs, in ship and tourist purchases, more money than Tahiti had seen for many a South Sea moon. "*Nom de Dieu*, will those days ever come back to Martinique?"

The island rulers, fearing U. S. intervention on the one hand and scared of the ninety-five per cent, are entrenched in the jobs that count. They do not have to win a Gallup poll, for they have two forts, two cruisers, and an aircraft carrier. Their army is two thousand white sailors and a thousand black soldiers—both groups half-heartedly loyal. Since June, 1940, they have imported or have had thrust upon them a couple of hundred miscellaneous Nazi and Vichy agents, spies, contact men, and "tourists" from Europe. These were preceded, just before the collapse, by a shipment of several millions of francs gold, which arrived in time to be of service for anti-U.S. propaganda.

Some ninety American war planes on the beach are rusting away after a year and a half, planes we could use to advantage on a dozen fronts. The U. S.-Martinique situation is a stalemate. From nearby bases Uncle Sam patrols the waters; from Washington he determines what goods the French possessions may receive. Should he decide to take over, there would be no need to shoot. The islands could be starved out in a short time, and long before famine the clamour of the anti-Vichy majority, who have many a grudge treasured in their memory, would force the Governor and the boss Admiral to throw in their hand.

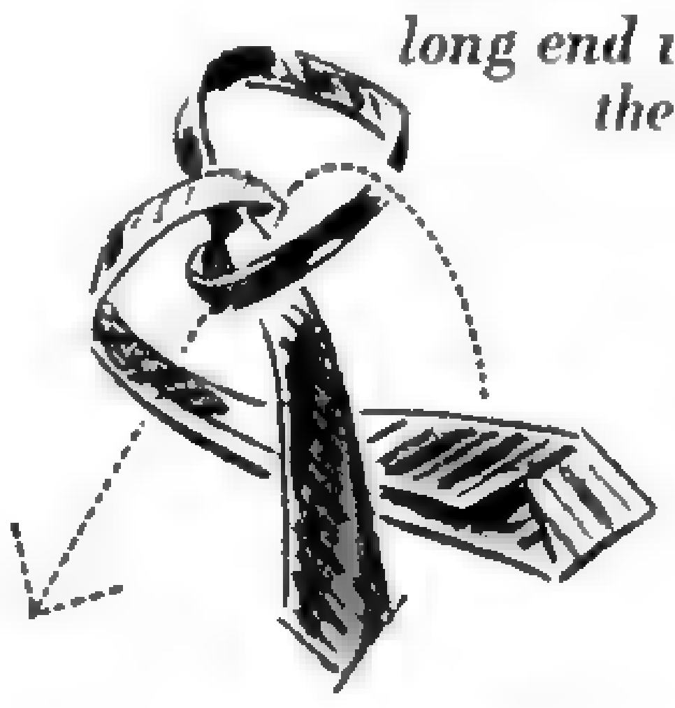
How To Tie The Windsor Knot

Requests still come to us for directions on how to tie the large knot tie, as worn by the Duke of Windsor, so the various stages are illustrated. If you check these sketches, it should be easy. This Windsor knot tie calls for a widespread collar.

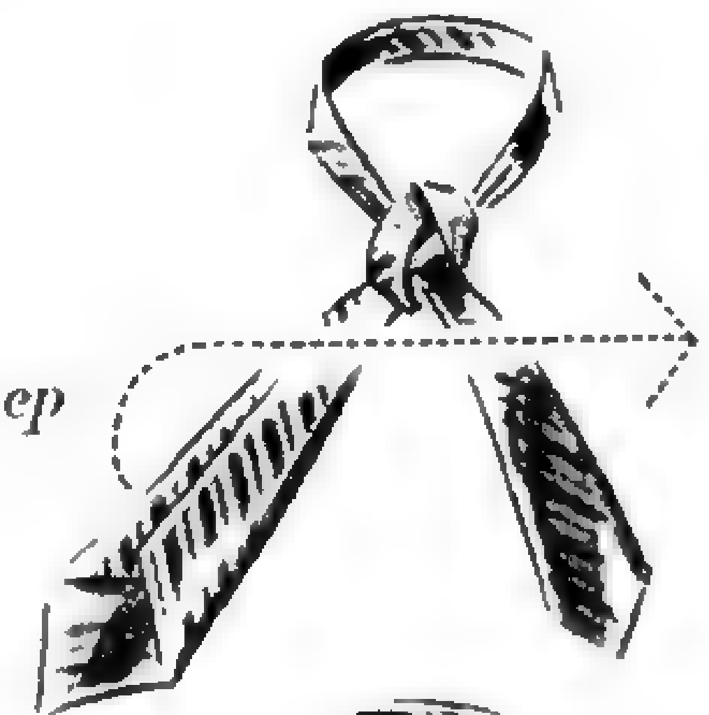


Tie single loop

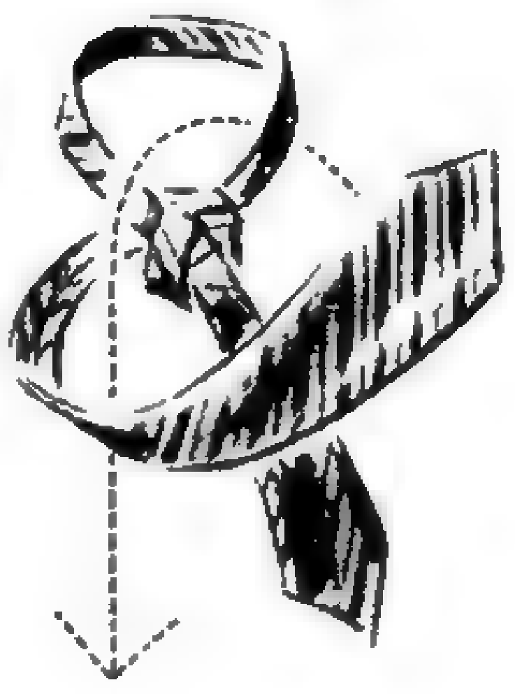
like a bow



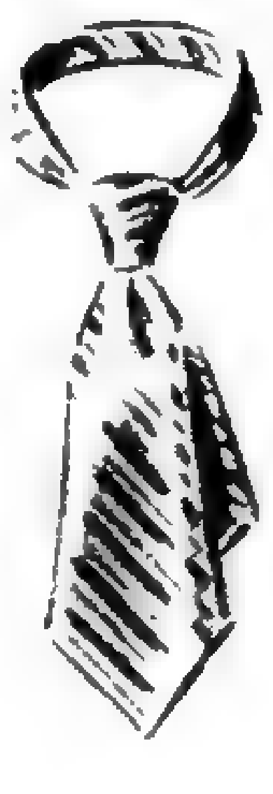
long end under, then over



ready for last step

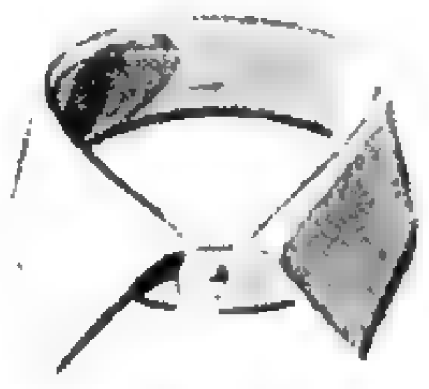


finish as usual

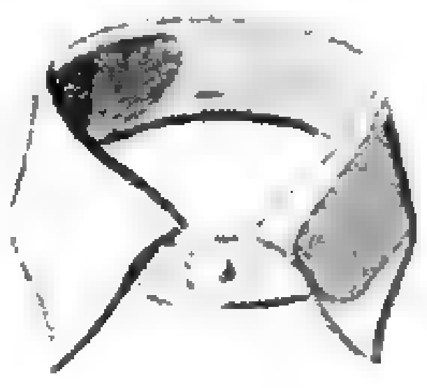


The Windsor knot

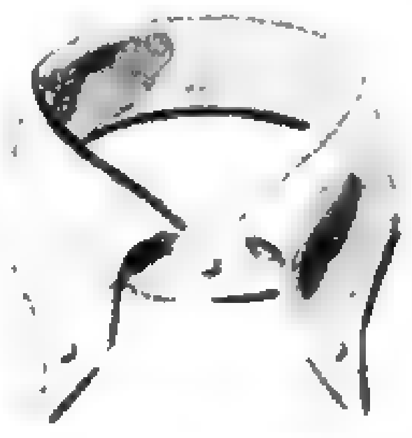
Three complementary collars:



Widespread white starched



Widespread attached



Buttondown

Meanwhile the ruling Vichy contingent uses every weapon it has. The government (the real dictator is Admiral Georges Robert, shadow of that other fascist admiral, Jean Darlan) brings out daily a mimeographed sheet of censored war and tendential local news. The bureaucracy apparently originates and fosters anti-American rumors among the blacks. I was told that the propaganda pounds away at U.S. Negro lynchings. The United States is pictured as divided against itself. In Martinique, which is more Catholic than France since the Negroes are keener on religion and all education is in the hands of the Church, propaganda spreads the rumor that the Americans worship Luther and hate the Pope. A group of dock workers (dock unemployed, rather) wanted to know if Americans really persecuted Catholics. They had also heard that on account of armaments expenditure all relief and social services for the poor and unemployed had been canceled, and that the country was on the verge of breakdown from an epidemic of strikes. "There is a special type of propaganda for every class on the island," a *sangmêlé* physician said to me. "The planters regale the peasantry with horror tales of life on the farms, the taking away of properties from small owners by the banks and Jews, and of millions of farm workers wandering about the country hungry and homeless, the young people turning into gangsters. For the business and professional classes there is propaganda about the colossal internal debt of the United States, the unbalanced budget, and the ruin of American economy by the loss of European trade." This high-color doctor, watching me digesting the contents of a radio-news propaganda bulletin, came over from his table, and after introducing himself and sounding me out, took his liberty in his hands and talked.

Until recently, Martinique was used as a half-way house of Nazi propaganda, a relay station for agents from Occupied France and Germany disguised as refugees. Of course, the last half of the way has been barred since the United States entered the war.

Meeting specimens of the French

Continued on page 104

Vichy's Troubled Islands

Continued from pages 41-103

ruling clique took my mind back to a 1936 Baltic cruise on the French liner *Colombie* just before Franco broke loose in Spain. Leningrad was one of the ports we made, and the *Colombie* was the first French passenger boat to call at that port since it ceased to be Petrograd. A ship is a miniature world; and this one was France in microcosm. The crew was left-wing, the officers and passengers were pro-fascist to a man. These latter made no secret of hating Blum more than Hitler. I'm exaggerating—they didn't hate Hitler, but only wished they had a Hitler of their own.

Approaching the Kiel Canal we ran afoul of the Nazi navy rehearsing for war. We passed six submarines swimming by their mother ship. We saw flashes from big guns on the horizon and counted twelve before we heard the dull "boom." By the time we arrived off the mouth of the canal, the warships had moved off. Now a squadron of eighteen fighter planes rose from behind a bump of land, circled over the *Colombie*, broke formation from six V's, and one by one dived down at the ship. A wonderful and spontaneous show, it was not included in the passage.

I lasted out this mock-frightfulness leaning against the sun-deck rail with a French steel millionaire. When the last plane had done its dive and shot off for its hangar somewhere behind that hump, I expected him to register emotion. The French are hardly a dead-pan people. However, no comment.

"An extraordinary, insulting incident," I finally said.

"Hmph."

"Hitler is giving you people plenty of warning."

"It is not these Germans we have to fear."

"Who then?"

"The masses—especially Blum and the unions."

I was so bowled over that I had no reply. Not until later did it occur to me that his was a very special "we." To him nationality no longer had validity; the real war was between the top deck and down below. This was the group and the ideology that torpedoed France.

This is the group that runs the French islands a cannon shot from our Caribbean defenses, as proud a gang of democracy-haters as the U. S. has ever been up against. I don't know any lovable reactionaries of the fascist stripe, and the French brand is a close second to the German for nastiness. The Martinique boss-white is more Frenchily reactionary than his Vichy cousin. He carries the continental Frenchman's provincialism and narrow prejudice to lengths of egomania. On the credit side he is a gracious host and a man of devastating Latin charm, culture, and conversation. He is fantastically haughty, fantastically proud of everything that bears the stamp of his personality—his dogs, horses, farms, mistresses, wife, child, tropical bungalow, wines, La Belle Vichy-France, his family and lineage, and the abject deference of his black retainers. A D'Artagnan Gascon is a shuffling apologist compared to an imperious *Martiniquois* with a thousand sugar and vanilla acres and too many francs in the bank.

It has been a French island for 307 years, with a little time off for English seizures in the 18th and 19th centuries. Most of the ruling clique seem to have come over in the first boat, whatever their counterpart of the *Mayflower* was. They were probably ne'er-do-wells, escapists, bums, and adventurers to begin with, suffering from a lack of real estate at home, and now they own the wealth of ten thousand square island miles where nature runs riot and things insist on growing whether you plant them or not. They are not colonials politically, like the British islanders, but a department of France; they send a senator and two deputies to the Chamber. Three centuries of lording it over lush acres and half a million darkies have not improved the strain. If Martinique is a place worth lounging around in for an American, no thanks are due the French bureaucrat, businessman, or planter. The *saccatras* and *sangmêlés*, the blacks and mixed bloods, give the place its distinction. There is something about the life of a two per cent minority white marooned among blacks in the tropics that warps the character.

After all, America's used to a long background of fighting—including that which goes on between the hero and the heroine until the final clinch at the end of the film.

It irritates me that Martinique always gets the space, and never the other islands. France has a lot of islands, and just beyond the next-north Dominica is one of approximately the size of Martinique—Guadeloupe. The governor of all the isles has his palace there. With a shape like an open clam-shell, the half which is called Basse-Terre or Low Ground, is higher than the half called Grande-Terre. When I was there, judging by the masts in the harbor, the capital, Pointe-à-Pitre, was doing a bigger business than Fort de France. It boasts a beautiful streamlined hotel and several impressive modernistic buildings. Its great public market is the most kaleidoscopic area in the West Indies. Antique busses lurch by crowded with animated ladies and gentlemen of color, all the in-between spaces being stuffed with chickens, pigs, bananas, and other interesting freight. Two-wheeled carts drawn by donkeys or oxen rumble by with exotic loads, holding up the luxurious French-made saloon cars of the creole "quality." Negroes talking—or singing—a French that Berlitz never heard of. Gentle stink-smells, not unpleasant. Tiny outdoor cafés crammed with couples and parties of all shades (seldom anybody drinks alone) bubbling over with *joie de vivre*.

Yes, if I were a Guadeloupian I'd resent this emphasis on Martinique. Probably, though, if I were a true Pointe-à-Pitrian I couldn't be bothered with such a wasteful emotion as resentment. I'd prefer to sit at a red-and-white checked table of a sidewalk café within view of the masts in the harbor, and across from one of those extraordinary *sangmêlée* maidens whose inner vitality gives them a style, an *élan*, way beyond the prize post-debs of the Manhattan night clubs. The Stork Club can have its precious hoydens. I want to sip a joyous absinthe alongside one of these happy creatures with the brilliant bandanna turban fixed round her head with donkey's ears knots, long skirt gathered at the back to a kind of bustle and showing off an exquisite lace petticoat, gold rings in her ears, and a gold necklace over the pale blue fichu around her proud neck.

All I have said about Vichy in Martinique is true of Vichy in Guadaloupe, Marie Galante, Des Saintes, St. Bartholomew, and the half of St. Martin that isn't Dutch. Sooner or later, Uncle Sam will have to gobble them all.

Whatever town you're in on the French islands, you're only a few blocks from jungle. Nature there is terrific. Trees, bushes, and vines run riot. Growth grows, it runs amuck. When all the soil space is used up, stuff sprouts on top of other stuff or twines around it. Everything fights for a chance to breathe, to be in a spot to catch water and see the sun; and when it gets what it wants, tries to strangle everything around it. You drive through the countryside crowded in between green cliffs of growth. Anyone who doesn't know this country is welcome to laugh at me when I say that this flora runs wild, gives a Northerner an occasional fit of claustrophobic jungular jitters. Well, you go to those islands, get swallowed up in the stupendous fecundity of creeping, crawling, blooming, clinging, I'll-choke-you-before-you-choke-me lushery, and if it doesn't get you, go back to Madison Square or Lincoln Park, or do your travel by way of technicolor movies.

High up above this excessively spawny demonstration by the sexy hag Nature, carrying their ugly heads half in the clouds, tower the volcanoes, the various *mornes*. The most menacing of them is Mt. Pelé, the meanest volcano in the Americas, which looks as if it's waiting for the day to enact again its awful massacre of 1905.

Eh bien, m'sieu, anything can happen to these garish islands from another Pelé bust-up to a scrap between Vichy-Hitler and Uncle Sam, or a civil war between those borrowed cruiser-guns mounted on Fort de Saix and a people whose desire to change bosses may any day become a mania. And then there will be *sangmêlé*, mixed blood, of a different kind. Practically everything has happened to the islands already in the way of battle, murder, and stealthy death: murdering conquistadors, Elizabethan marauders, slave-rum trading and smuggling, buccaneers, pirates, struggles for empire, Dutch traders, earthquakes, eruptions, plagues, famines, hurricanes, French governors, and periods of peace without hope.

If the United States takes them aboard, it takes on a heap of trouble. They are gorgeous poorhouses, with the two per cent of keepers living fat off the inmates. Uncle Sam will have to buy the islands' sugar, rum, vanilla, coconuts, bananas, and sell them food, clothing, and shelter. But everything they have to sell is already a drug on the world market so far as we are concerned. *You* figure it out; the State Department has too many headaches already.

So these islands have always been washed by a sea of trouble since Columbus discovered them in 1502. Vichy is only the latest plague. They are also troubled by beauty — the overwhelming beauty of nature laying it on a bit thick, and the beauty of an ex-slave people who have managed, in living through three centuries of one hell after another, to come out of it with a proud carriage and sunny minds.

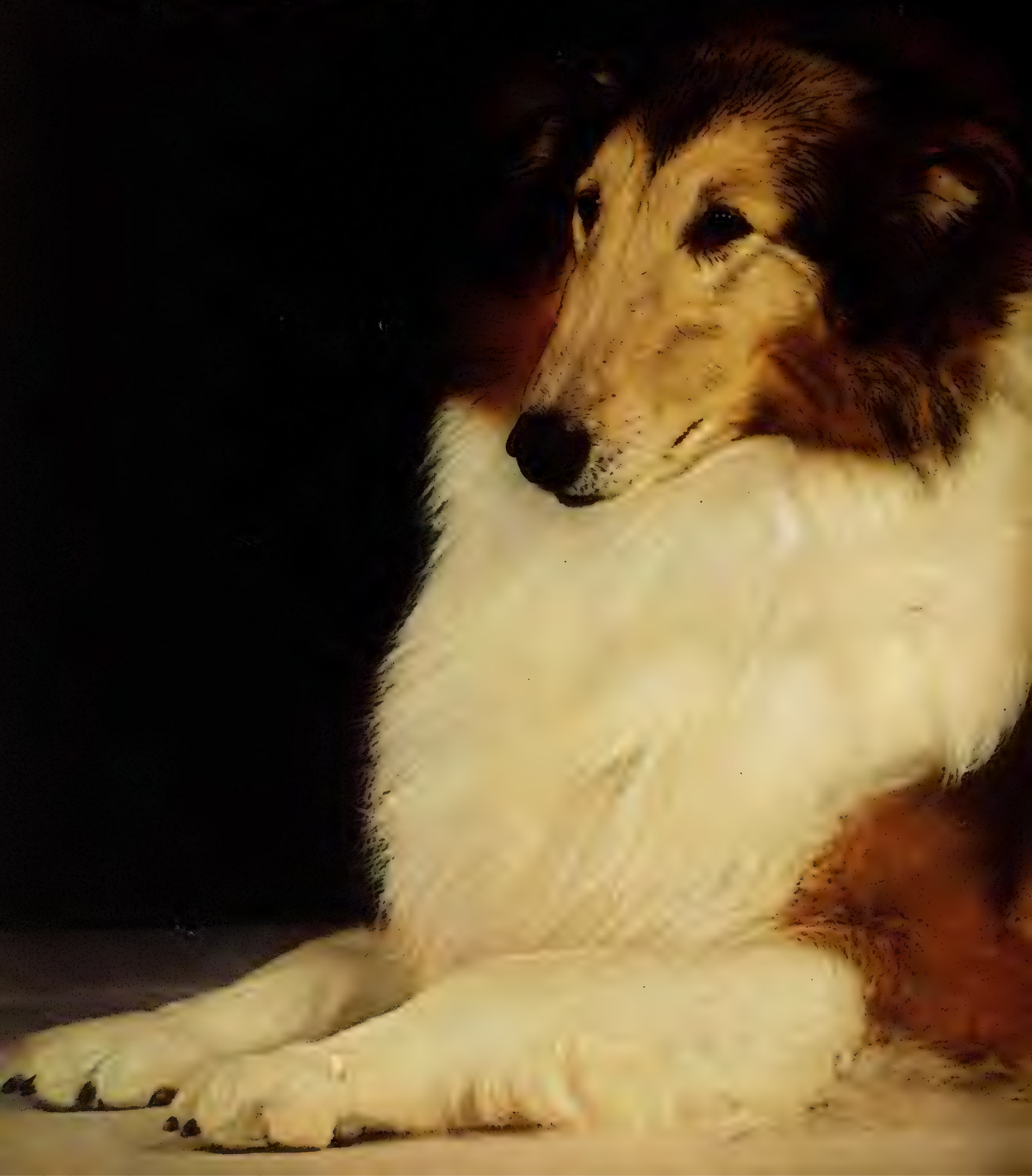
A hundred years and more ago, after they had thrashed the French in the last struggle before this for world empire, the British were offered a choice at the peace table: either Martinique or Canada. There was bitter debate in Parliament, but finally they took Canada. Canada has probably turned out to be the better imperial risk of the two. It is richer in Things that Count, like great steppes of wheat, factories, mines, forests. But recalling many a dead Sunday in Toronto, and the borrowed U. S. civilization everywhere, and remembering the islands frolicsome in the days of trouble—

Give me Martinique. And Guadaloupe. ###

"LOONS AT EVENING"

WALTER E. BOHL

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 165



CHAMPION
HEIDI OF NORANDA

Color Photograph
by HENRY WAXMAN

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 165

The Number 4 Gun

Continued from page 34

"No, we will not fire."

"Not fire, Lieutenant? Not—"

"No, Sergeant. Get everything ready. Move all the ammunition from other guns, stack it and rest your men."

"But—"

"No, I say. It is an order. If it goes wrong it is I who will be court-martialed."

Yes, he thought. It is I who will be shot for neglect of duty. It was madness not to go on working his gun. Madness . . . but something had come to him. A premonition . . . a voice that spoke deep down in his heart. "Serge Vassiloff," it said to him, "why that concentration of fire on your battery? Why so many shells, so many big ones and so few elsewhere? Why no more . . . why was it necessary to silence your battery at such a heavy cost? Is it not you alone who hold the left flank?"

The voice was unanswerable. Soon there would be an answer . . . Oh yes, soon he would know if he was right. And if he was not right, there would be a firing squad for him . . . soon too. But not quite so soon. All the same it was not nice to think about. "You know you are right," the voice said, "you know, Serge Vassiloff . . . you have had premonitions before and they have been right . . ."

He sat down to wait with his field glasses in his hand. He could hear the sergeant grumbling behind him.

He put up the glasses to examine the edge of the wood in front of him. What am I waiting for, he wondered. If they are going to break through, a field gun would be better. Then he was ashamed of himself. He commanded a battery of howitzers, he was being unfaithful to them. It was as if being married to a dark woman he thought of his first love who had been a blonde. He had loved her, yes, but now he was married to someone else. If only it had been one of the other guns and not number four. It was hard to love number four. She gave unwilling service. She was like a bought woman . . . a woman who felt towards you only a sense of duty and no true affection. Well, if that was so he reciprocated the feeling. How much happier he would have been if it had been one of the others—number one, number two, or number three. What beautiful guns they had been—as obedient as children, as accurate as slide rules. But they were gone; the men who served them were gone too . . . all except three. Only six horses were gone. He repeated it in his mind . . . only six horses. He tried to comfort himself with the thought that his teams were almost intact.

He rubbed the frost from his eyebrows and raised the glasses again. There was movement. He was right . . . he had been right! They thought the battery was knocked out. But why had they not sent someone to see? It was their usual overconfidence. They had calculated on destroying his guns and then assumed them to be destroyed. He watched open-mouthed . . . he was seeing an extraordinary sight. There not four thousand yards away from him three columns of men were crossing the ice. How simple their plan had been. Knock out his guns and then outflank the infantry that he was protecting, coming upon them from the rear.

He pined for his first love—the field guns of his first command. This was not a howitzer action. He could burst some shrapnel among them or some high explosive, but he longed for the slim, wicked field guns with their rapid fire and low trajectory.

Then it came. Oh, if only it had not been number four . . . if only it had been a gun that he could really count on. He gave his orders. The gun began to swing on her mountings. "Load," he said. He would have to fire as fast as he could. What a wonderful chance, and for this the howitzer was all that could be desired. The only thing that would have been better would have been more howitzers and bigger ones.

"Fire!" he shouted. "Load . . . fire . . ." Everything was perfect. "Load . . . fire . . ." He was sweating under his furs; he was wiping the sweat out of his eyes before it froze. How lucky that he had reconnoitered that ice. His shells had traversed the lake, cutting a gap through the ice. He had smashed it in front of them: there would be no outflanking today. They knew it was hopeless. They were turning back. He had not wasted a single round on the men. He changed his elevation. Number four's muzzle went up almost vertically into the air for plunging fire at closer range.

"Fire . . . Load . . . fire . . ." It was working . . . Mother of God how it was working! You could see it with the naked eye. His men were shouting and cheering. Slowly, with the precision of a slide rule, number four was cutting the ice behind them. Now for the far side. He changed his elevation and direction. Implacably the ice was being severed from the land. The Germans were panicking as they found themselves cut off. Through his glasses Vassiloff could see the officers trying to reorganize them. They had only one chance now . . . to move directly towards him. Only there had he left the ice intact. This was evidently apparent to them as they had changed direction. Now he could shell them. They could not get away.

He swung his gun again. The first shell burst beautifully—a direct hit upon the largest group. They were running now . . . running towards him, towards the land. Once again he swung his gun and began to fire in front of them. If he could cut this ice too he would have them isolated on an island.

They were panicking again. This time the officers could not hold them. They were abandoning their equipment, even throwing down their arms. It was an extraordinary sight . . . Two thousand men, he estimated them . . . no bigger than the broken lead of a pencil point, running madly towards the shore. The first had reached it. If only he had had the other guns he would have laid down a barrage they could never pass on that narrow neck.

"Cease fire!" Sergeant Ivanovitch was shouting to him. "The Cossacks . . . Cease fire. . . . The Cossacks have come!"

He turned. There they came like wolves across the plain. He saw them lower their lances. They were galloping now, leaning low over their horses' necks. Thinly through the winter silence came their cry. He had heard it before. He knew that cry. He knew its volume. He knew those wild, bearded, shouting men, but now it came like the crying of an infant. He caught the flash of light on their steel as the sun caught them for an instant. Three squadrons in échelon. The first was almost there. Now . . . now . . . they were into them. He had forgotten his glasses in his excitement. He put them up. What a sight . . . what a spectacle! By putting out his hand he could have touched them. He saw a Cossack trooper rise in his stirrups and swing his horse as he thrust. He saw his arm swing out as the lance impaled a running man. He saw the horse go on. The Cossack's arm swung round so that the impetus of his charger would withdraw the lance. It came out. The German lay on his back grasping his belly. The Cossack raised his lance. He saw his mouth open in a cry. It was at rest again . . . in position for another thrust.

All the three squadrons were in action now: the third had galloped right onto the ice and were using their sabers on those who could run no farther and had turned to fight.

Dead men, wounded, riderless horses, troops and squadrons reforming . . . Wounded carried, as was their custom, slung between two horses. His Cossack, the one he had been watching, picked up a fallen comrade at a gallop without dismounting. They were fantastic, these Don Cossacks . . . fantastic.

Sergeant Ivanovitch was pulling at his sleeve again. What was it this time? He wanted to watch . . . to watch . . . till all was finished.

"What is it?" he said.

"A machine gun, Lieutenant. They're getting one into action."

It was true. Someone had seen what was happening. More Germans had come out of the woods. He could see the gun—two thousand metres. . . . But there were too many of them. His horses were safe . . . only six had been hit. The Cossacks were withdrawing . . . he would join them.

The machine gun was firing at his position. Some bullets struck the trees—too high, but they would get the range in a minute. A little branch fell and the snow dislodged from it fell through the air beside it. Vassiloff was interested in watching it. It had always been one of the problems of physics that had interested him: how did it go . . . bodies of similar sizes, whatever their specific gravity, fall at equal rates . . . that was not quite it, but it was near enough. He felt strange—very strange. Sergeant Ivanovitch was holding him.

"You are hit, Lieutenant . . . You are hit."

"Am I . . . ?"

Perhaps he was. He had been hit before, but before it had hurt. This did not hurt. It probably depended where you were hit. Nevertheless the feeling was familiar—that hot wetness running over your body. That was blood; it ran out of you like wine out of a barrel . . . then it turned cold.

"Yes, I am hit, Sergeant," he said. "Get in the horses. Report to the Attmam of Cossacks. Give him my compliments. Say the compliments of Lieutenant Vassiloff of the Fifth Artillery . . . say . . . say number four is a fine gun . . . the best gun of them all . . ."

Then he fell in the snow by the trail of number four. The snow was trampled hard there, and his blood flowed into a pool . . . a red lake that froze along the edges as it ran. #

The Collie

Champion Heidi of Noranda owned by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Long, Jr. The Collie's homing instinct is second only to the pigeon's, and generations of work around the farm have created in him a tremendous sense of responsibility. He feels unless he is right on the spot something might go wrong. His working career can be traced to tending the flocks in biblical times. How he came by his name is a subject of controversy. The *Agricultural Dictionary* (1843) says the word "collie" was then an obsolete name for "such sheep as have black faces and legs." So perhaps the guardian of the "collies" became known as a collie. Wordsworth wrote about him and Queen Victoria made him a royal favorite. The small "door yard" collie, who used to wait under the lilac bush for the family to return from church, has added weight, height and length of head. But improvement in looks has not affected his soundness of character. He is still definitely a family dog, and wherever the hearth is he will do an A-1 job of looking out for it.—Chase Herendeen

A Feathered Phantom

Continued from page 58

ketched on nair bit. I honestly b'lieve a couple of 'em's snorin'." Now there's a man you know will never wear eye glasses.

Another guide speaks up: "We've got to deploy a little bit, so everybody will have a shot. But do it quiet. And for Gawd's sake put out that cigarette! If thar's any one thing in the world a dang turkey is allergic to, it's terbacker a-burnin'."

Comes the interminable wait and a more pronounced darkness. Surely the tick of that watch will scare 'em off the roost! What makes your heart pound that way when you're excited? One more beat out of it like that last one, and it's bound to flush the covey. Who ever thought up the idea that anybody who shoots a wild turkey while he's perched on the limb of a tree is a heel, anyway?

A blast from a gun in the hands of a guide after the alert is whispered. And eight birds take off in unison! The shotguns blast a salute in their honor. There's a deep, dull thud in the underbrush and you know that one turkey gobbler has been called to his Fathers. Only one deep, dull thud, however, and you know that three other turkey gobblers have been called to their feathers. Guides firing would probably have bagged all three. Mr. McMillan, however, has stressed upon them time and again that it's not Emily Post for them to take a shot from a guest.

"Four men fokes in that party," drawls the guide, "and it's liable to develop into a reg'lar hen party before this morning is over," he adds, as he stuffs a 19-pound young gobbler into the game bag. "Now you can smoke, an' now you can cuss. Most of 'em went south to them cypress trees in that patch o' swampland. Just 300 yards. Let 'em relax a bit. They ain't no use to push a turkey. If you get anxious with a 'yelper' too soon after a flush, you're liable to make him fidgety of wing all day."

The "yelper," which is a mechanical turkey hen, when coaxed by a native, emits a sound like unto a turkey hen doing a siren's cluck. After the first flush of dawn, the covey becomes separated. The "yelper," when worked by an expert, often convinces Mr. Gobbler that he is being yoo-hooed at by some girl friend and he goes to investigate. At such times it is considered true sportsmanship to shoot him on the ground. Always on the ground or in the air—never from the limb of a tree.

For daylight hunting which usually lasts until the lunch hour back at the camp house, the "yelper" is indispensable.

Frank Scott says of the "yelper": "The average person works the call too much. An over-dose of the 'yelper' is likely to cause a gobbler to say to himself: 'Sounds phony to me. Gals ain't that anxious'!"

Many forms of architecture are used in creating the "yelper." The most popular is a box of cedar with three sides closed and one open. A strip of thin cedar is then coated with resin, and this strip, when scraped on the bottom edge of the box, makes a sound like a turkey hen clucking. Other "yelpers" consist of a reed cane four and a half inches long. One end is placed in the mouth and the other cupped in the hands. A native, by merely plucking a large evergreen leaf from a tree and stretching it the length of his mouth, can make the desired sound effect by pressing against the leaf with his tongue.

We had "yelpers" in profusion. Mortimer Jordan of Birmingham is a wizard with one made of lead which is cut to shape the mouth, a thin rubber sheet being inserted and held fast against the roof of the mouth. The tone is controlled with the lips. Another member of the party had a small piece of slate, which was cupped in the hands, and the sound produced by scraping it with a corn cob pointed by a piece of pitch pine.

Tip

Any time the war news sounds bad take a good stiff drink—Or better and more economical, just reflect that one of our opponents is Italy.

Our party was lectured on the danger of playing the "musical" instruments too much as we marched on the copse of cypress trees in the swamp. Perhaps it was two hours later when there would ensue a call; then an interminable pause. Our quarry had penetrated the swamp farther than suspected. But finally a gobbler, separated from his group by the dawn fireworks, and seeking to establish contact, yielded to his curiosity and was really double-dead when we picked him up.

Success! Two turkey gobblers with the morning little more than half spent. Wiseacres of the group concluded, however, that the firing had further scattered the birds, so we groped for the camphouse and food.

There are two open seasons annually in which one may legally hunt wild turkey in Alabama. Ed Leigh McMillan admits that the fall season is his favorite. The fall season lasts from November 20 until January 1. "Boots" Eatman of Bellamy finds the spring his choice. Regardless of the snake hazard, he insists that from March 20 to April 15 is the best season for game-bag results. "Boots's" warning at the start of a memorable spring hunt is still ringing in our ears. He said: "The gobbler is the wariest of all the game birds. His eyes are the finest to be found, and he is suspicious of everything and constantly on the watch. Don't be misled into believing that you can brush off wood ticks or mosquitoes from the moment you hear a turkey gobble or see him strut."

Though the mechanical "yelper" is used in the spring, the live decoy sometimes gets better results. Strategy followed in spring hunting is on the Quisling basis, a domestic gobbler with a background for such expeditions being carried along. His job is gobbling his country cousin into a boiling pot.

The wild turkey gobbler is allergic to the sound of his voice, and seems to know in a twinkling that some city slicker is around for no good purpose. It sounds like competition in the concubinery to him. As a consequence he stalks forth in battle array. The wild ones have been known to gang up on the unsuspecting yodeler, only to receive a dose of No. 6 shot from a twelve-gauge shell.

Down at the McMillan rendezvous they kept a tame gobbler decoy named "Johnny Q" for years. Season in and season out "Johnny Q" was tethered in the woods. He disappeared recently and his caretaker, suspecting fowl play, found his carcass two days later in a clearing. J.Q. had apparently heard the alluring "yoo-hoo" of a would-be girl friend, but on his way to the date two or three wild and jealous gobblers had pounced on him for the kill.

"One reason I favor spring hunting," says "Boots" Eatman, "is that you can hold the walking to a minimum, and this is because they gobble, their efforts at lingo starting sometimes even before day. This is the way they are located in the spring, but of course the 'yelper' must be brought into play to attract him within shooting range. When the first yelp is made you must be able to remain in the position you are in for an hour or more if necessary. Not that it will take this long to work the gobbler close enough for the kill, as this can sometimes be done in five to ten minutes, according to just how anxious he is to meet the ladies. And too, he's always rambunctious for a fight and curious enough to come within shooting range—if he hears a tame turkey gobble. But let me remind you, they can get away mighty fast. Some hunters have killed 'em from the exceptionally long range of seventy yards. However, that is not very sporting, and one is taking a long chance of merely wounding him so that he will veer his course, and then limp into the brush and die. If your nerve will stand up under the gaff it's better to wait. I've shot 'em as close as ten to fifteen yards, but to my way of thinking forty or fifty yards is the ideal range."

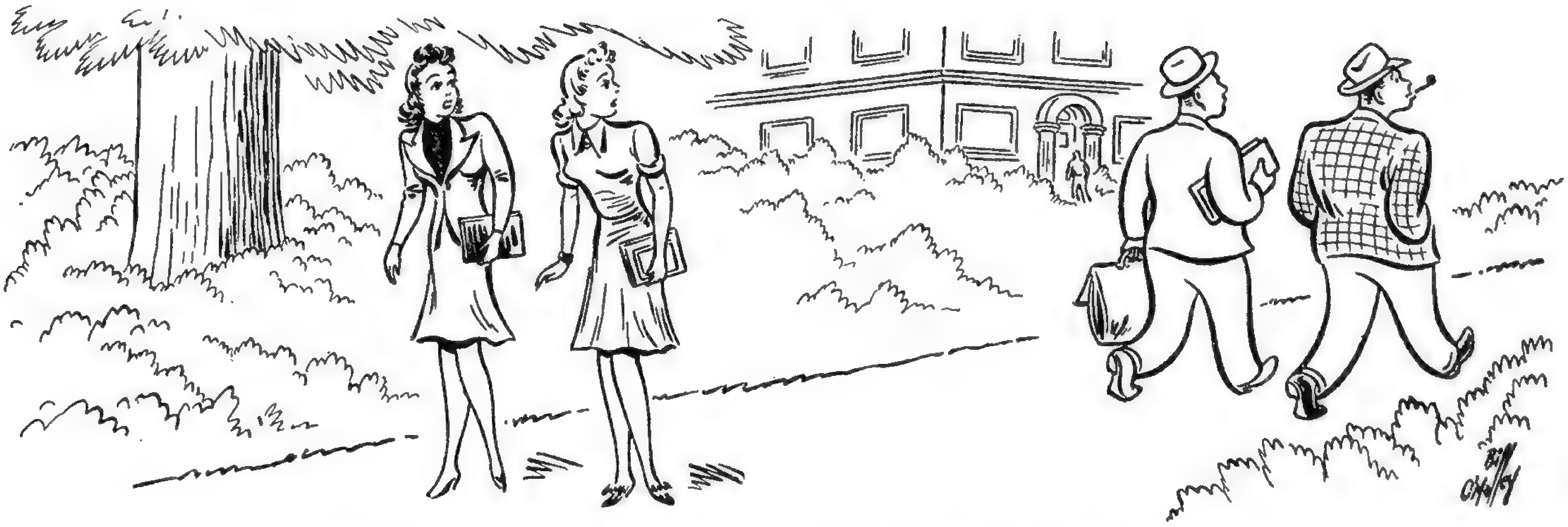
In spite of the fact that fox, snake and other vandals of the forest are always on the kill and regardless of drowning of the young by spring floods, or that migrations are in order when the highways and the buzz-saw eat too deeply into the woods, the wild turkey continues fairly plentiful in certain sections of South Alabama—particularly in Washington, Escambia and Sumter Counties—and each year the guns of sportsmen account for upwards of 500 gobblers.

However, it's not so much the fellows in the fancy hunting vests loaded down with enough ammunition to take Verdun that disturbs them. It's the quick-shooting snipe-gifted native whose formula is handed down from father to son with variations as new strategy is learned—working in collaboration with the saw mill and the pandemonium and bedlam of other forms of modern industry—that will ultimately send the wild turkey along the same route taken by the last of the Mohicans.

Conservation laws have done much to protect them, narrowing the time they may legally be hunted to two short seasons each year—spring and fall—and making it a violation of the law for any person at any time to kill a turkey hen.

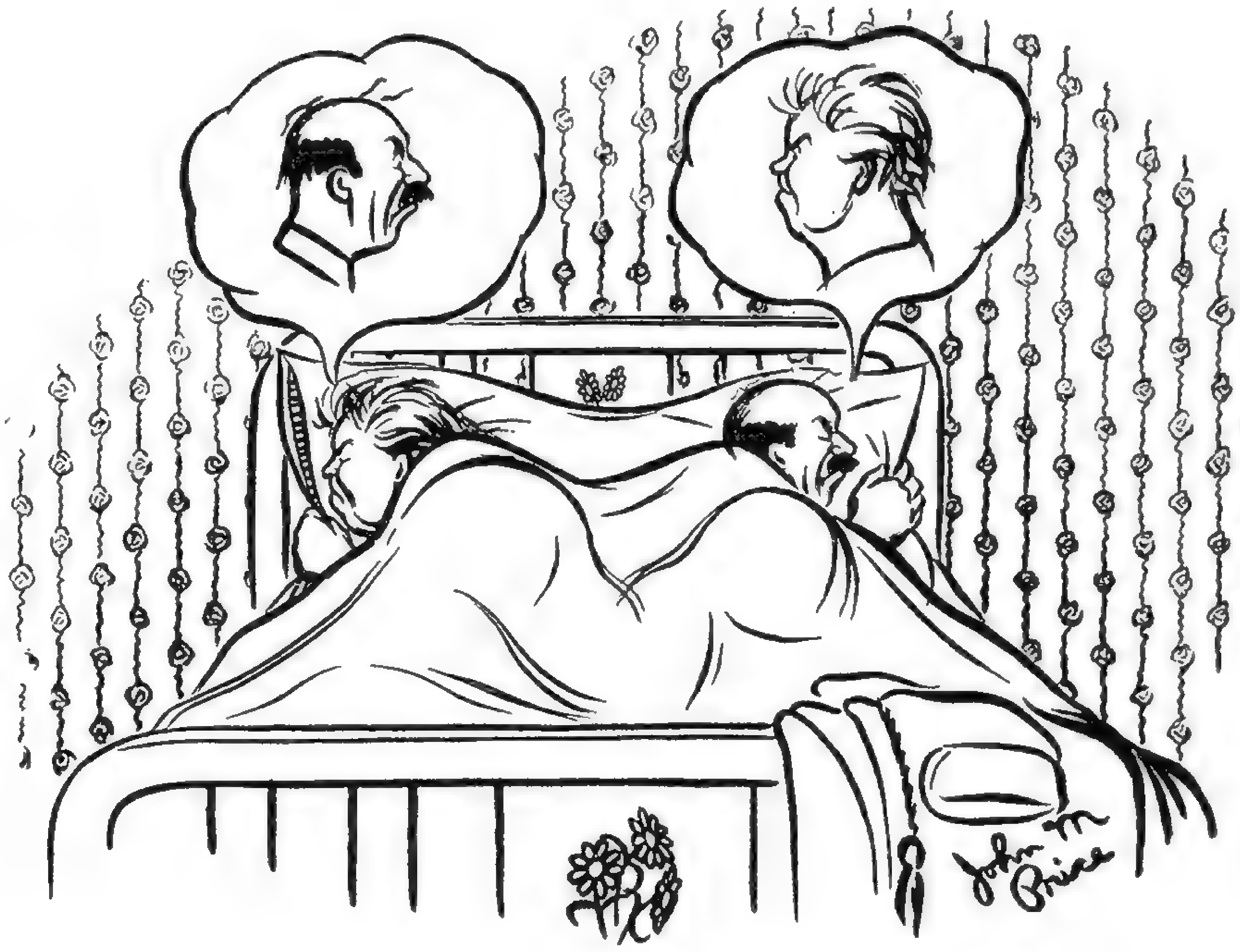
One would naturally think the tenderfoot would have difficulty in determining the bird's sex, in an effort to escape a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs if caught with a pullet. Such identification is a pushover. The gobbler, if young, has a very skimpy beard. As he grows older the beard becomes more luxuriant. The gobbler has long, large legs and a full-rounded breast, thus belying his sex. Another example of nature in reverse—he is also much more graceful than his weaker sister. The hen is slightly built, her breast being cupped inward and her neck is adorned with feathers all the way to the head, whereas the gobbler's neck is full of wattle, either blue or white, according to his blood pressure. Too, the color of the gobbler and hen differ, the gobbler being bright bronze and shiny, while the hen is a dull-looking dusky brown. It is quite breath-taking to see a gobbler full of vim and vigor, gobbling every breath and in full strut with his tail fan-shaped over his back and wings hanging stiffly on the ground.

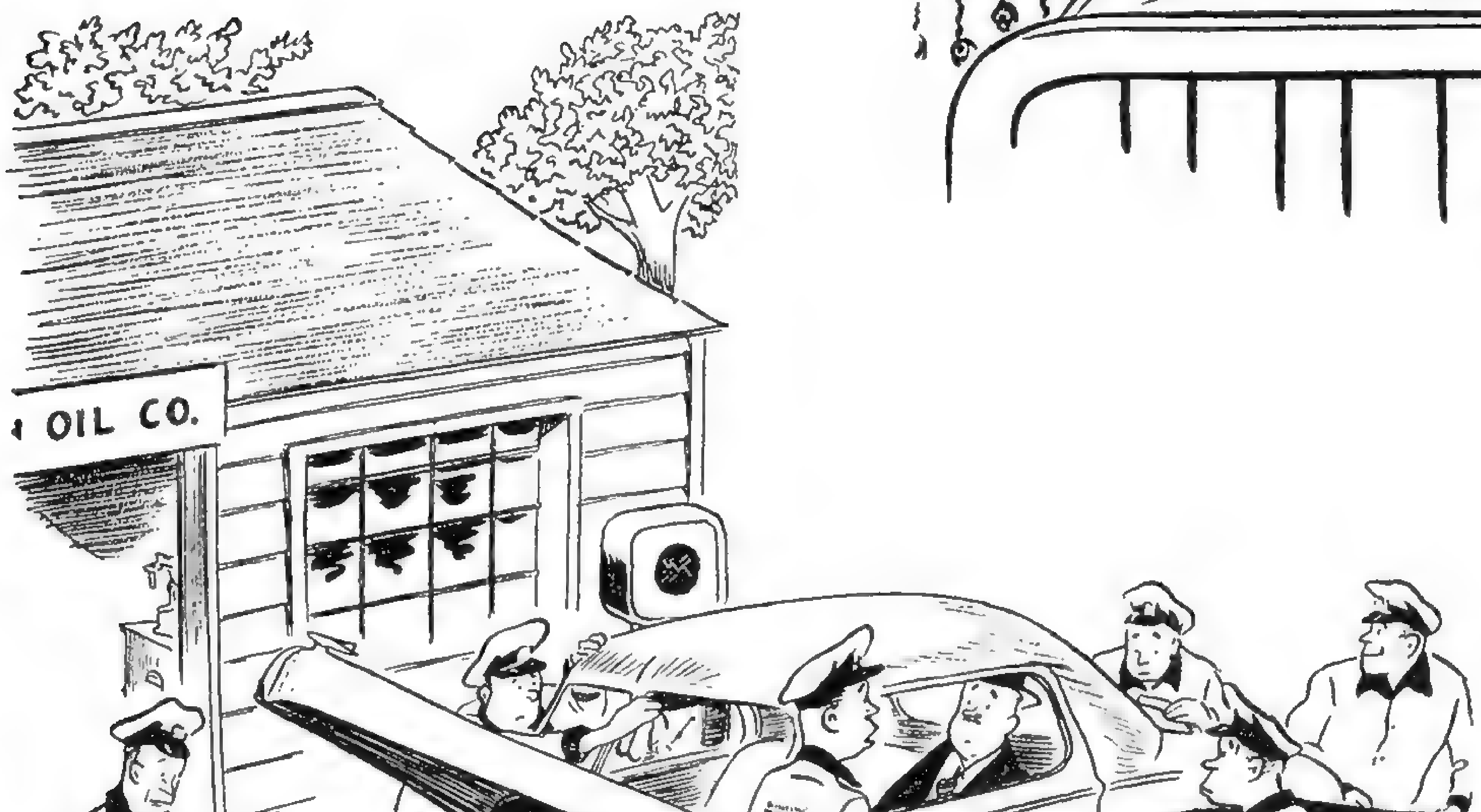
It's a fascinating game—hunting the wild turkey in Alabama—in which the phantom in feathers either gets or makes most of the breaks; and there's one thing the participant must ever bear in mind: The theme music for any wild turkey hunt is "Brahms' Concerto in B-Careful!" #



"He's lousy with money—has an assistant to work his way through school"

All we want to do is live to see the day when a swing clarinetist points his clarinet at the floor instead of the ceiling when he plays a high note.





"I hope you'll excuse the service today, sir—one of my men is off sick!"

Progress

An island paradise in this year of enlightenment, 1942, is an island that has natural caves that can be used for air-raid shelters.

Inside the Funny Page

Continued from page 57

ocre continuity called *Thimble Theater*, starring Ham Gravy and Olive Oyle in which even moronical customers weren't particularly interested. One day the one-eyed sailor, Popeye, ambled into the Thimble Theater and stole the show. Segar had to change the name of his strip and the whole approach. Success inspired the birth of Wimpy, whose name over hamburger shops is almost synonymous with Liberty steak.

A book could be done on Popeye alone, with a chapter on what he has done for the spinach business, and another on how, both as strip and as animated cartoon, he has stolen first place around the world from Mickey Mouse. And still another on the psychology of Popeye's success—mainly that all of us would like to be a guy who can give it even better than he can take it.

Popeye, the show-stealer, reminds me of other strips in which a minor character, casually introduced, made a ten-strike with the fans and changed the whole comic. Clifford McBride, doing a so-so feature which was getting no place fast, happened to draw one of his four-footed friends into it, a big mongrel named Napoleon. Cliff is a great dog man, and enjoys a houseful of tail-wagging playmates. The willing but dumb Napoleon captured the hearts of readers. Later, Uncle Elby made his entrance—a slightly revamped real uncle of Cliff's—and he and the dog made the team. Many of the situations are only slightly distorted events in the doggy McBride menage.

There was one happening Cliff itched to draw. Driving in an open car to his mountain cabin, Cliff noticed that Napoleon was shedding hairs all over the back seat. He buttoned a shirt on the dog, man-fashion. An old sweater served for pants by sticking the legs through the arm holes and the tail through the neck. A battered derby completed the picture. Stopping at a drive-in for coffee he came out in time to see two drunks goggling at the sad-faced dog. Napoleon yawned and they beat it back to the bar for another drink. Later, at the lake, he hopped out of the car and made for a tree—but the sweater had slipped! The dog stood there whining pathetically until Cliff pulled himself together and came to the rescue.

McBride, Pasadenish, fat, and forty, is a variety of men. Besides being a cartoonist and dog lover, he is a fine illustrator, musician, and magician. His hobby is racing outboard motor boats. There were times when he hadn't enough money in his jeans to race a hand-whittled toy boat. After apprenticeship on the *Los Angeles Times*, he worked for Hearst for a year and never had a drawing published. They filed his stuff on the shelf and forgot it, and forgot to explain what the hell. The business is sometimes like that.

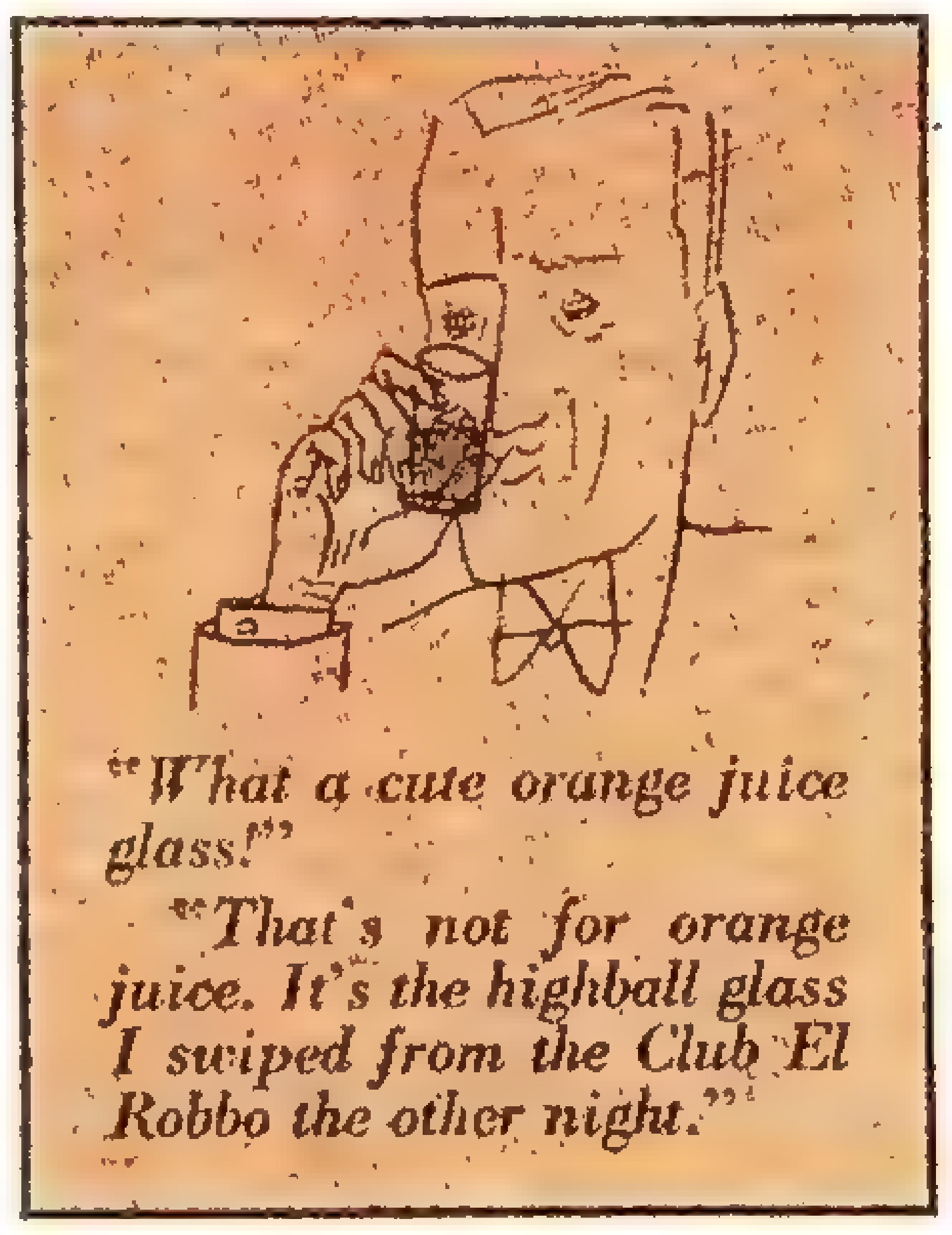
Most strips are all make-believe; others follow the cartoonist's life at a respectable distance, and still others practically step on the heels of the artist-author's domestic history. Blondie, the most popular family life continuity is inspired by the cast of characters, furniture, and fixtures of stripper Chic Young's household. The Bumstead's Baby Dumpling was patterned after the Youngs' first child. When the real infant died, Chic was so broken up he left off drawing the strip for a year.

The feature for a while was carried on by a substitute. When a new baby arrived at the Youngs, she appeared in due time in the life of the lovable Bumsteads.

Another champ-class comic is Joe Palooka—pleasant to record, because this serial is on the credit side and helps balance some of the moronical stuff that gives strippery a bad name. Joe's maker, Ham Fisher, looks like a prize fighter. He used to be a Fuller Brush salesman, and his success at getting his foot in the door led to a job on a Wilkes-Barre paper. Ham, in the money with a 500-newspaper strip, has a studio in New York, lives on his estate in Deal, New Jersey, and is a well-known night-clubber, frequently mentioned by the columnists.

Ham Fisher employs several assistants, and, being a right guy, has his studio equipped with a gym and billiard room for the use of his artists. Drawing a strip is exacting work. Most comic artists, as soon as they can afford it, train an understudy who takes over the routine chores as he becomes competent and learns the boss's style.

Milton Caniff uses a secretary and assistant for *Terry and the Pirates*, which is rated about the best-drawn of the melodrama-story strips, with yarn and characters closer to reality than in other serials of the type. A conscientious artist, he does extensive research for his background material and poses real models. The Vassar girls chose his handsome character, Pat Ryan, as their ideal of perfect manhood, and 200 Loyola U. students faced east at the "death" of the platinum heiress, Raven Sherman, of the strip. Caniff is only thirty-three, a southpaw, and he too got his start as copy boy on a newspaper—the *Dayton Journal-Herald*. He owns a marvelous collection of guns, daggers, and miscellaneous curiosities from the Orient, which he built up as part of his reference "morgue."



"What a cute orange juice glass!"

"That's not for orange juice. It's the highball glass I swiped from the Club El Robbo the other night."

The *Terry and the Pirates* type of strip is fairly new to the business, and its popularity leads old-timers to forsee the total passing of the original comic strip, like *Mutt and Jeff*, *The Katzenjammer Kids* and *Polly and her Pals*. Hal Foster, who drew the first Tarzan pictures for the funny papers, is now doing a beautiful job of artistic drawing in his own Prince Valiant. *Flash Gordon* and *Jungle Jim* are also stand-outs in first class drawing and scenario. Behind them is the fertile mind and pen of Alex Raymond, one of the youngest in the craft. Alex started out a few years ago as a syndicate ghost on a microscopic salary. He pegged along until he landed the job of drawing Secret Agent X-9. Now *Flash Gordon* has tapped movie and radio gold. Raymond was one of the first to sense that the trend toward female flesh can be used in tease-stripping—his scantily clad beauties please customers as much as his manly guys.

Red-haired and baby-faced Ernie Bushmiller, whom you might mistake for the butcher's boy minus the meat, started out as copy boy on the old *New York World*. When he wasn't pestering the artists on the paper he was attending night classes at the National Academy of Design. After three years he came out with Fritzi Ritz. Later Fritzi's little niece, Nancy, was introduced into the strip. After a look at the increased fan mail, he gave Nancy the star role in the Sunday page. Bushmiller hates peace and quiet and does his best work in the midst of the noise and bustle of the United Features art department. He often draws the last, or gag, panel first, and then thinks up a sequence leading up to it. He usually finishes a few seconds before deadline, with a boy pawing the earth at his elbow to rush the job to the engraving room.

The other extreme, Monte Barrett, keeps five months ahead. However, he only writes the script for Jane Arden, the girl reporter who works for 248 newspapers. Russell Ross does the drawing. Monte owns a big ranch in Texas and race horses, and grinds out mystery stories on the side.

The only artist in cartoon history who ever got far enough ahead to take a trip around the world is Little Mary Mixup's Bob Brinkerhoff. The busiest man in the racket is probably Jack McGuire, whose prime achievement is *The Red Knight*. Minus the plumed helmet, Jack resembles his lead character. Besides drawing his strip, he teaches art in a San Antonio high school, runs his own art school and commercial art business, and in his spare time illustrates advertising contests in newspapers. Chester Gould, who had three unsuccesses before he hit on *Dick Tracy*, keeps elaborate files on crime and consults with detectives and G-men. He educated himself on his strip subject by taking courses in Northwestern University's crime detection laboratory. *Tarzan*, No. 1 in popularity when the last strip census was taken (*Superman* is pushing it now), is a corporation and a factory. Edgar Rice Burroughs has nothing to do with the production, except for the checks ($2,000 a week gross). Rex Maxon draws the strip; Hogarth, the Sunday page; the story is thought up by staff writers. Drawing Tarzan had a queer effect on Rex. He took on jungle instincts. When the moon was full he went out and howled. United Feature's George Carlin and cloudy Manhattan nights have curbed the habit.

Gus Edson, who took over the Gumps after Sid Smith's death, works best with his drawing board in his lap, leaning way back in his swivel chair with his feet on the desk. In the process he uses up more liquor than ink—but let who is without a breath among us throw the first corkscrew! Frank King, auto-touring addict (remember *Gasoline Alley* in its early days?) often draws the doings of Walt and Skeezix on the go. It was King who started the vogue for allowing strip characters to grow up. A real artist, he introduces many a fancy camera-angle into his panels, and his Sunday stuff shows a true art sense. Another innovator of a different kind is Carl Ed. His Harold Teen, developed from the high school, puppy-love theme, doesn't follow juvenile fashions but sets them. His comic has started as many slang expressions as Tad Dorgan.

Every cartoonist I know keeps a "morgue," or picture file. He saves pictures of everything from autos to zebras, and toothpicks to plows—never knowing what unfamiliar object he'll have to draw next. If you have to sketch a freight car, why hunt up a railroad track and wait for the fruit express or the milk train to come along? Some of us use models or dummies for our characters, and some work from photographs posed specially for each panel. But the majority know the characters by heart and muscular hunch and draw them without more outside aid than a glance in the looking glass to get the right twist for a villainous leer or girlish grin. The drones have a stock background for every scene, usually a blank wall or a suggestion of distant buildings, or if it's an interior, a framed picture or blacked-in doorway. There was more of that in the old days when competition wasn't so keen.

Some very successful strips have

been done by artists with no experience of the life they portray. Big, jovial Al Capp had never been below the Mason-Dixon line or seen a hillbilly when he created *Li'l Abner.* In fact, his first trip south was last November when he attended the Sadie Hawkins Day orgies at the University of North Carolina, where they apparently regard his stuff as authentic. The fact that college kids have taken over the make-believe holiday which originated in his comic, is a real tribute to Al Capp's creative genius. Knowing nothing about real life among the crackers, he still has enough imagination left over to write the continuity of another strip for his syndicate.

The nearest Milt Caniff, a wizard at producing Oriental atmosphere, has ever been to Shanghai or Foochow is eating subgum chow mein with Canton-style floy-floy in a Chinatown cafe. Harry O'Neill, who rides herd on Broncho Bill of the funnies, has been a circus clown and a vaudeville acrobat, but was never west of Galena, Illinois.

On the other hand Roy Crane, bespectacled and as inoffensive looking as his character, Wash Tubbs, has lived many of the experiences he depicts in his stories. In his younger days Roy knocked about the world on cattle boats and vagabonded through Central America. He probably met his popular Sunday page hero, *Captain Easy, Soldier of Fortune*, on one of his trips south of the Rio Grande. A native of Texas, Roy Crane has now settled down on a beautiful estate in Florida.

We comic strippers make up a strange and wonderful rogues' gallery. There's Milt Gross, of *Count Screwloose* and *Nize Baby* fame, one of the best gag-men in the movies besides. There's Rube Goldberg, the Boob McNutt and Crazy Inventions creator, one of the most versatile of the crowd: after-dinner speaker, master of ceremonies, fiction writer, better than good golfer, being turned by the serious state of the world to articles and political cartoons. There's Jimmy Swinnerton, Hearst's oldest employe in length of service, whose *Little Jimmy* is one of the oldest comics going. Swinnerton spends a lot of time living among the Navajos, wears a wide-brimmed Stetson, silver concho-studded belt, and moccasins. He has won fame with his oil paintings of the western country and his popular magazine feature, *Kiddies of the Canyon Country.*

There are serious artists among us who, such being the way of the world, earn a hundred times more by doing a daily comic stint than by painting masterpieces. Brinkerhoff, Little Mary Mixup's pipe-smoking papa, is a noted illustrator; Clyde (Vic) Forsythe is a No. 1 easel man of Southern California; Harry Homan, artist of the Joe Jinks strip, is also a fine painter in oils and a political cartoonist. Denys Wortman's *Everyday Movies* manages to combine the popular with the worthwhile, and his daily black-and-white reports on life in the big city are preserved by the New York Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Nothing frightens a cartoonist worse than a sheet of blank, white paper. Even years of drawing don't dispel this panic. The average stripper will sit hunched in his chair in the general shape of a pretzel, chin resting on the drawing board waiting for an inspiration. His wife may have to remind him that the installment collector is at the door, the bank account is overdrawn, and the strips are already a week late, to drive him into action. Most of the ink-slingers I have known are night owls and work best under pressure. Those who live away from New York are apt to putter along until they suddenly realize the deadline is about to catch them under the chin, then it'll be a mad day-and-night rush until the strips are ready for the air mail. The gang of comic men who have settled down in Los Angeles and environs, often meet only at the airport when they rush out to hand their rolls of strips to the pilot. Gene Aherne vows he's going to start sending Major Hoople to his syndicate by wire-photo. Old timer George McManus is an exception. He works from nine to five every week day with the punctuality of a department store clock-puncher, and Jiggs always arrives in New York on time.

Seriously, turning out a strip every day in the year is no lead-pipe cinch. The four panels you breeze through in thirty seconds reading-glancing time took hours of painful, tedious work. Most strips are planned out in advance in scenario form, either by the cartoonist or in collaboration with a writer. Each strip must be complete in itself, yet carry on the story. The dialogue must be short and snappy, with occasional gags, punch lines, and humorous double talk. The favorite strip-writing maxim is: "Each 'balloon' for the panel; each panel for the strip; and each strip for the story."

Then before the drawing can begin, there's research to be done. Do they do this way or some other way in Mexico, China, or Hoboken? Maybe the script calls for a railroad bridge. You look in the picture file under "Railroads"—no bridge. The "Bridge" file contains shots of a rope bridge across the Amu-Darya, a colonial covered bridge in Maryland, the Bridge of Sighs, and some nudes out of *La Vie Parisienne.* Nothing under Bridgework, Dental, either, where Junior, who helps with the filing, might have put it. Nothing to be done but go out and look up a bridge. After a couple hours' drive you are impressed by the scarcity of railroad bridges in this country. The only span you come across is the plank affair across Goose Creek. You go home and look feverishly through the magazines—deadline is 2:50 at the airfield next day. You put the wife, Junior, and the maid on the job, but in 129 back numbers there isn't a single damn bridge—suspension, truss, arch, draw, bascule, beam, deck-girder, through-girder, trestle, lift, or cantilever.

In desperation you have to make up a bridge out of your head. Two months later, when the strip is published, you receive complaints through the newspapers and syndicate from the Society of American Structural Engineers, the Federation of Bridge Riveters and Welders, and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. Even the one-armed switch attendant at Dogpatch Holler Crossing takes his pen in hand: "Dear Sirs: That so-called bridge over which Ella escapes from the gunmen in the Cinders strip of the 16th inst. positively wouldn't be safe for a kiddy on a tricycle."

And that's the way the glamorous chore looks from here, gentlemen. ##

PORTRAIT OF TWO

by WILLIAM STEPHENS

Only by certain hours when the moon,
Flooding the countryside through leafless trees,
Poured down its arctic light upon her face,
And wind but gently disarrayed the hair
Flung backward from her small defiant brow—
Only by moments when the gradual stars
And she were kindred, and her mind became
As cold and as apart from his as stone—
Only by these will he remember her
Till memory is nothing, and his blood,
That once was hers, is dust blown out of time—

(His heart being what it was before he knew
The sunburnt desert and the thirst for dew)?

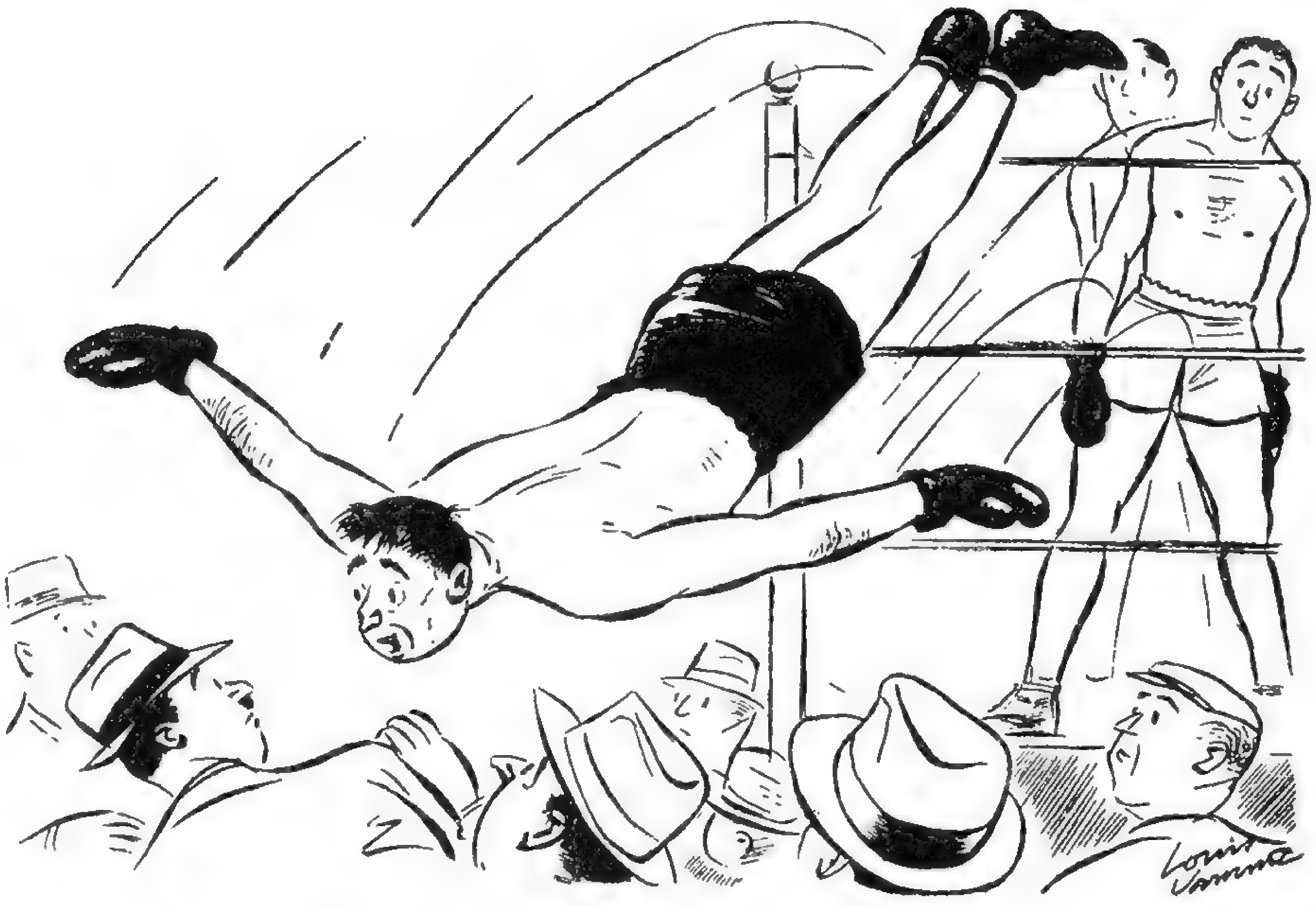
Not by these only (for his heart is still
Amazed and strangely shaken by her voice,
Like syllables of song), nor by the care
That marked the steady justness of her mind.

The traits that so endeared her to him then
Are constant and familiar as her name:
The way she crossed a room or closed a door,
Or, answering, came presently downstairs,
Bringing her human gift of loveliness
To him, who waited in the hall below;
Her quiet sidelong glance, her slender hands
In motion or repose, and her small head
Shaped clearly as a faun's head carved from stone.

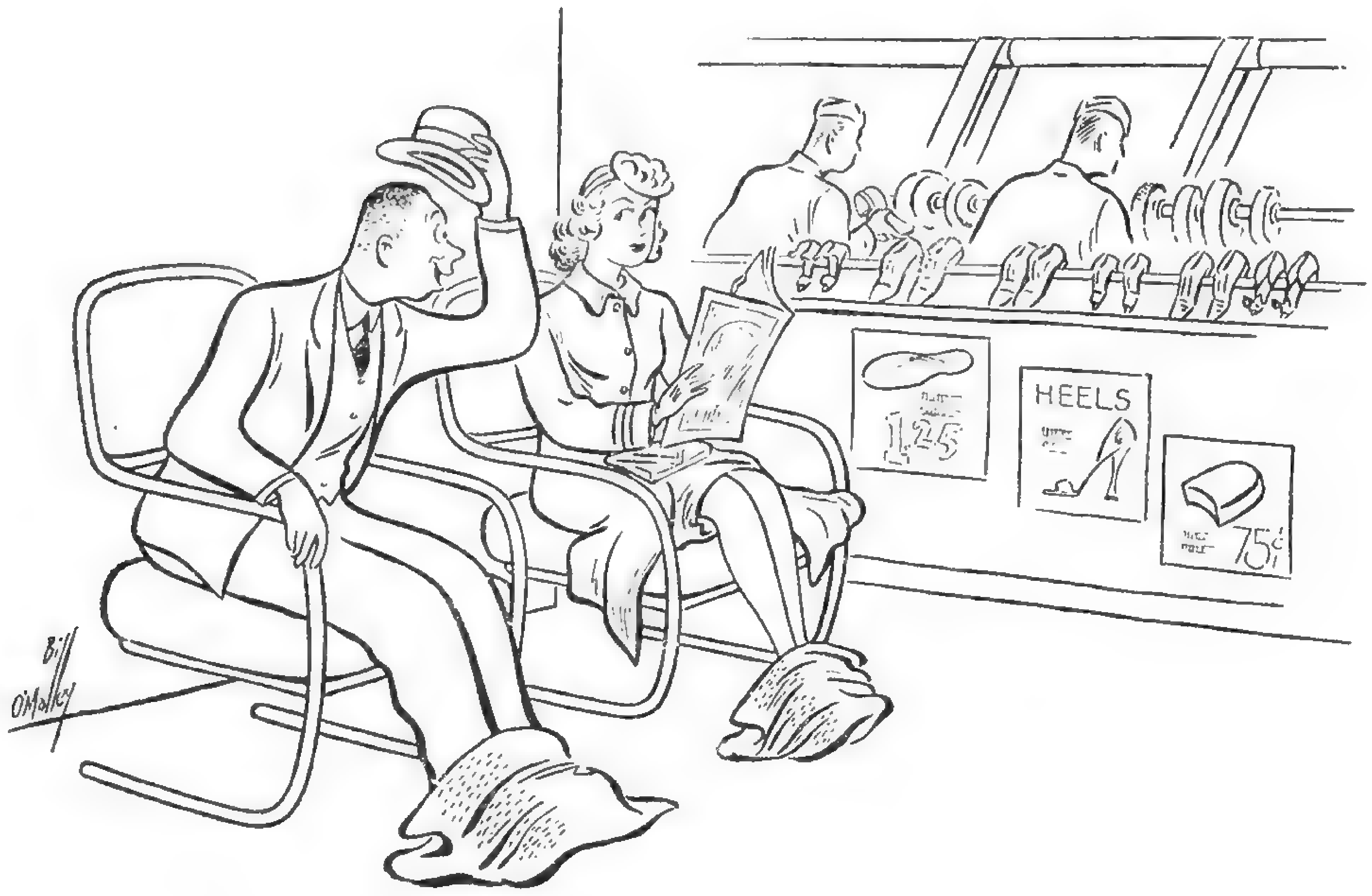
By these; by certain silences at dawn
And certain hours at sunset under trees,
Or on a hillside, gazing at the sky
(What did she see that he could never see?)
By truth like daylight, beauty like the bloom
Of bridalwreath and lilac in her room—

(But most by certain moments when her eyes
Were life and death and terror and surmise.)

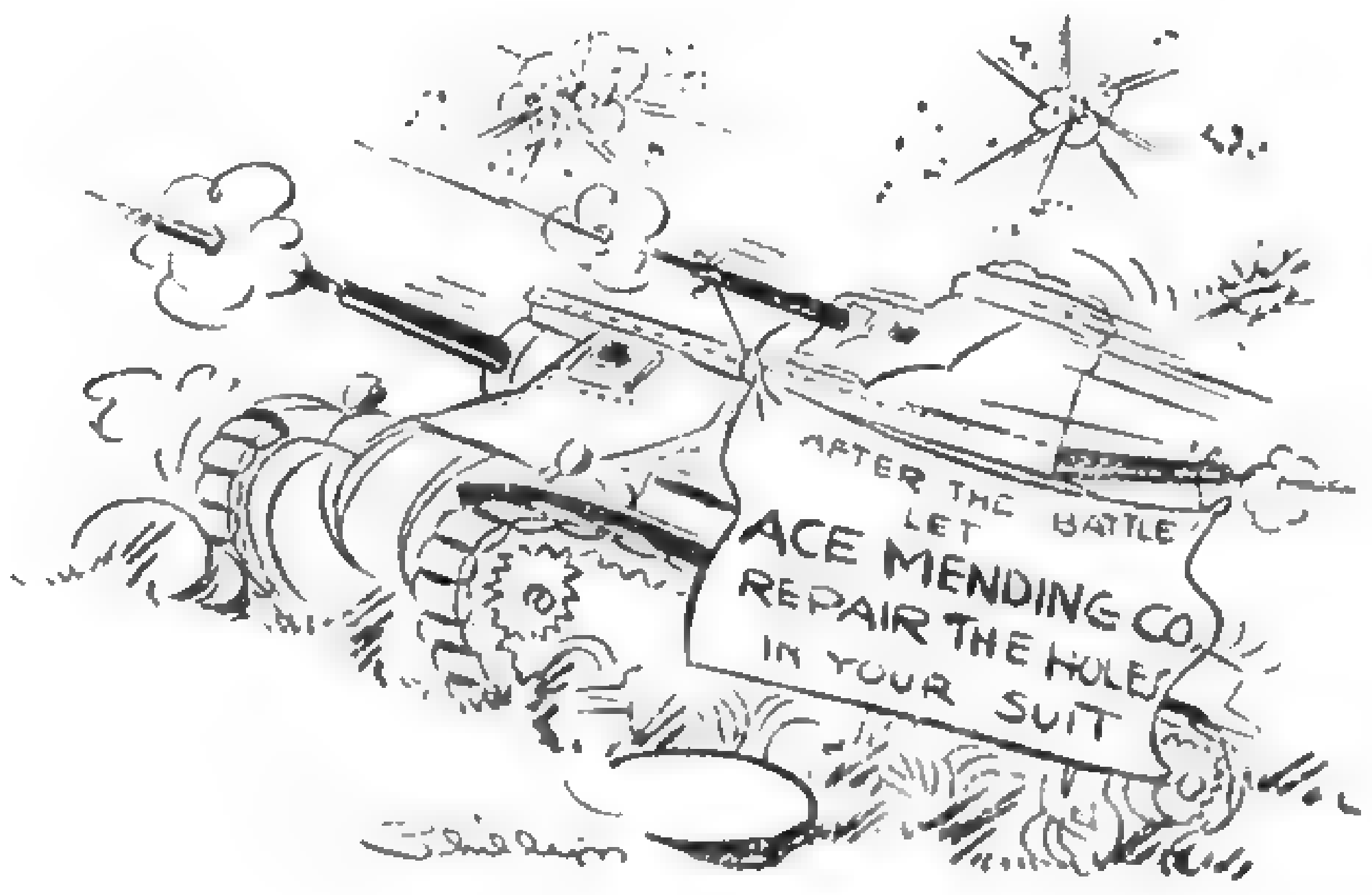
At the latest report Russians were still driving the Germans back. Stalin's motto, apparently: "Keep 'em fleeing."



"They told me to take a dive in the third round!"

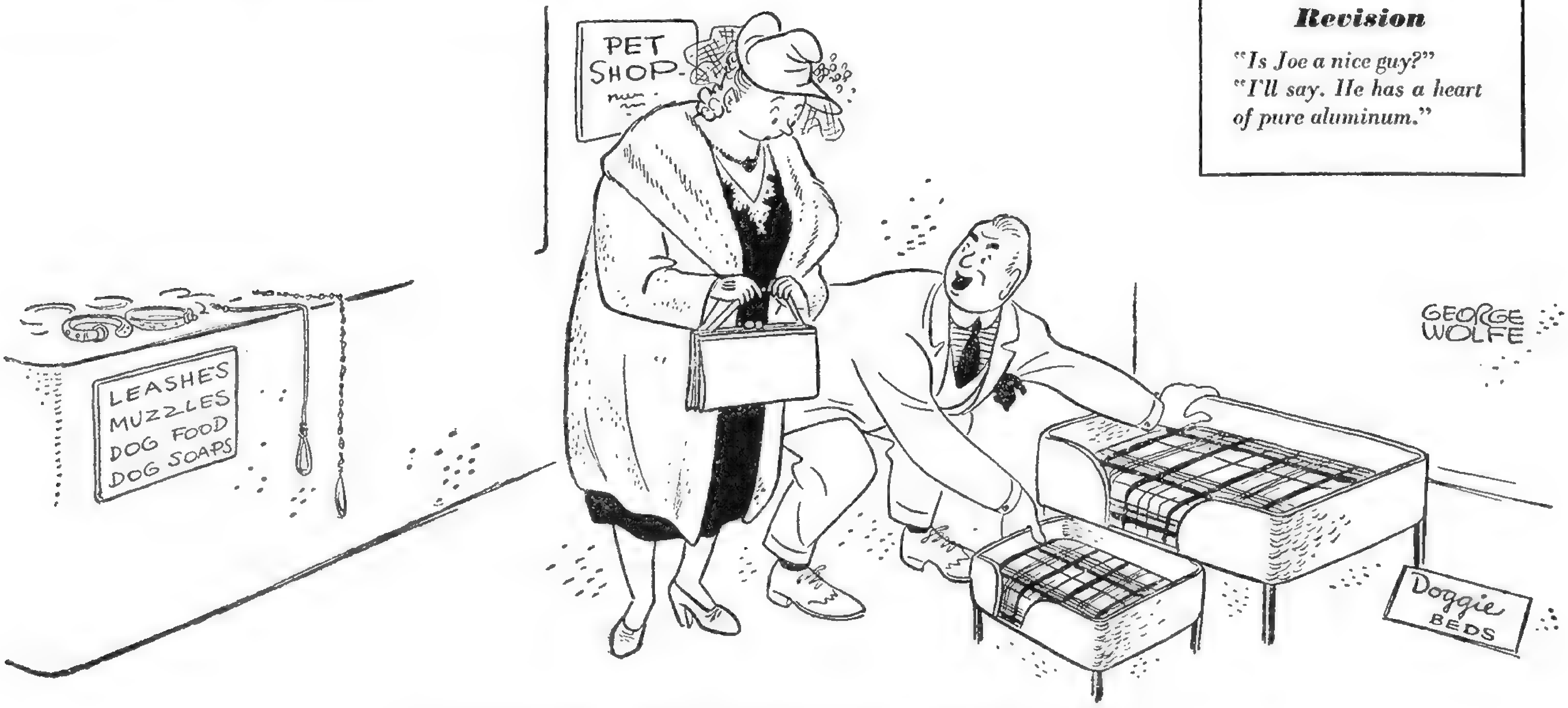

HEELS
1.25
75¢

"Remember me—heels and soles in January?"


AFTER THE BATTLE LET
ACE MENDING CO.
REPAIR THE HOLES
IN YOUR SUIT

Revision

"Is Joe a nice guy?"
"I'll say. He has a heart of pure aluminum."


PET SHOP
LEASHES
MUZZLES
DOG FOOD
DOG SOAPS
Doggie BEDS
GEORGE WOLFE

"This little bed pulls out in case your dog ever has a guest"

King of the Hills

Continued from page 73

looked at us with eyes that sparkled with livin fire. Black Boy growled as he wallowed on the ground. Then Black Boy jumped to his feet like he was a young pup. He ran circles around us with his tongue out.

"That tonic is workin on 'im," Finn said. "He's a happy dog. It's doin 'im good."

Then Black Boy made a beeline toward the barn. He leaped over the gate like a red fox. He took down the path that leads from our barn to the big pasture field. He was out of sight under the trees whose pine needles looked good in the moonlight.

"Where's that dog goin?" I asked Finn.

"He's goin to hunt," Finn laughed.

"He's got so he can't smell a track when the ground is damp," I said. "I know he can't carry a track dry as it is now."

We hadn't stood there talkin five minutes until we heard Black Boy bark treed.

"What did I tell you," Finn said. "Black Boy's got somethin. Listen to that music won't you!"

"He's barkin to a bunch of poplar leaves," I said. "That dog's drunk. He doesn't know what he's doin."

Finn started runnin toward the sound. I followed Finn out the path by the barn and under the oaks and pines to the far pasture field. We saw Black Boy jumpin up on a small sourwood at the edge of the pasture field, barkin every breath.

"Sure he's got somethin treed," Finn said.

"I believe he has," I said. "I believe he can see it. Probably a house cat."

We ran across the field.

"House cat," Finn laughed as he got to the tree first. "It's the biggest ground hog I've ever seen."

Tall, bean-pole, freckled-faced Finn reached high on the small tree and with his big hand he gave the tree a shake. The groundhog tumbled to the ground. He hadn't more than hit the ground until Black Boy had him. He gummed the groundhog to death with a throat hold.

"Let's take it to the house," I said.

"Hell no," Finn said. "You go to the house and get a mattock and two coffee sacks. Black Boy is runnin in high gear tonight. Let's stay with him. It may be his last great hunt!"

Before I got back with the mattock and the two sacks I heard Black Boy bark treed. When I reached the pasture field, I saw Finn with the groundhog in his hand, lookin up the black gum where Black Boy was barkin. I hurried across the field to the tree.

"He just walked up here and started barkin," Finn said. "May be somethin down in the hollow of that tree. I don't know. Can't see anything from the outside."

"Probably nothin there," I said. "That dog is drunk and you can't trust him."

"Trust hell," Finn said. "I believe there's somethin in that tree."

Finn pulled off his shoes and climbed the big black gum. He grunted as he climbed for it was a hard tree to climb. When Finn got to the top, he looked down in the tree where the top was broken off.

"Have a surprise for you, Shan," he said. "I'll show you somethin."

"What is it, Finn?" I asked, for I could hardly wait to see.

Now Finn had braced his foot against a black gum limb. He reached down in the hollow top of the black gum carefully. And he pulled a big possum up by the tail.

"Has the drunk dog lied?" Finn asked.

He threw the possum to the ground. Black Boy grabbed it soon as it hit the ground. But I took Black Boy off the possum and put it in a sack.

"That possum had the prettiest bed up in that tree," Finn said soon as he reached the ground. "He was layin up there asleep."

After Black Boy saw me put the possum in the sack, he went off over the hill like a blowin wind. He was goin with his nose high in the air, snifflin as he went.

"He's after somethin' right now," Finn said. "He's windin somethin."

Black Boy hadn't been gone long enough for us to get our sacks and mattock and walk down the hollow when we heard him bark deep in a hollow on the other side of the low ridge.

"He's barkin in a hole," Finn said as he stopped and listened, holdin his breath with his hand cupped over his ear to catch the low sound.

I followed Finn as he made his way through the briar thickets over the low ridge and down into the next hollow. Before we reached Black Boy, we heard him kickin the dirt with his feet. We heard it sprinklin over the dry leaves below 'im. Then we heard him growlin as he jerked on a root with his toothless mouth. When we reached him, he had a hole dug big enough to bury himself in by the end of a blackberry briar thicket. The hole was in the soft loamy dirt and he was diggin fast; he was barkin like he was close to somethin. We made our way through the thicket to him. Finn held Black Boy while I struck a few licks with the mattock. Then Finn let Black Boy loose to clean the hole out with his paws. He rammed his head back in the hole and pulled out a polecat that was black as a moonless midnight. I jumped back. I didn't want its scent to settle on me.

"He can't kill it," Finn said. "He doesn't have the teeth."

But he did kill it. He crushed its head with his powerful jaws.

"What a powerful dog he is today," I said. "How can a dog old as he is crush a polecat's head when he doesn't have a tooth in his head?"

We put the skunk in one end of the sack where we had the possum.

"That's the prettiest polecat hide I've ever seen," Finn said. "That will bring a good price."

"Seven or eight dollars," I said.

Now Black Boy was sick. He wallowed on the leaves. He rooted his nose under the dry leaves on top of the ground down to the wet, half-rotten leaves against the ground. He ran his nose down in the fresh dirt that he had dug from the hole.

"The hunt's over," I said. "He's really sick."

"After a dog gets that polecat scent on him he's through," Finn said. "This may end our hunt."

Soon as we had reached the little hollow below us we saw Black Boy standin to his knees in a hole of clean spring water. Then he left the water and took up the hill as if nothin had ever happened. He was soon out of sight over the hill where there was a beech grove between our farm and Uncle Mel's farm. And soon as we reached the hilltop, he barked in another hole. Wet with sweat, and tired of keepin after Black Boy, we hurried down the hill. Black Boy was barkin in the end of a hollow beech log.

"There's somethin there, Finn," I said as I took the ax-end of my mattock and started pryin away rottin slabs from the log.

"We'll soon know," Finn said as he held the dog back so I wouldn't hit his head with the ax-end of my mattock. "I'll bet it's another possum."

"You're right," I said. "Look!"

I pulled off a slab from over the possum's bed of leaves. He stuck his head out to see what was goin on. Black Boy broke the collar that Finn was holdin him by and leaped three times his length to the possum. I had to choke him loose before I could free the possum to put in the sack with the other possum.

"What a possum," Finn said as I put it in the sack. "Did you ever see this dog do any better in your life?"

"Never saw him work this fast," I said.

Black Boy wagged his tail at us. But he didn't hang around for us to pat his head and rub his nose. He was off like a black flash over the brown leaves to the bluff beyond us. We saw him with his head held high in the night wind, go straight to a little rock. We saw him put his head under the rock; we heard him sniffle. Then he barked. Then he started diggin fast as he could. His hind feet threw sprinkles of loam and wet leaves twenty feet behind him down the steep bluff.

"He's got somethin," I said, grabbin the mattock and one of the sacks.

"You damn right he has," Finn said, grabbin the other sack and followin me.

Soon as we started up the bluff he brought somethin from the hole.

"Phew," Finn screamed. "It's a damned polecat sure as the world."

They came rollin end over end down the steep bluff toward us. And soon as they reached the bottom of the bluff, the polecat's legs stretched out limber. It was dead. Black Boy had crushed its skull with his jaws.

"It's a broad-striped polecat,"

Continued on page 114

"Did Dick Tracy get out of that jam O K?"

King of the Hills

Continued from pages 73-113

Finn said, tense with excitement.

Finn put the polecat in the sack while Black Boy rooted his nose down under the dry leaves to the wet half-rotten half-loam leaves. Then Black Boy made for the little fresh spring water creek that flowed from the steep bluffs to drink water. He wallowed in one of the little deep holes against a fern-covered bank.

"Two livin possums in one end of this sack," Finn laughed. "Two dead polecats in the other. It's gettin heavy."

"Wonder when the herbs will die in Black Boy," I said.

"When they die in Black Boy," Finn said, "his huntin will be done for tonight."

"Maybe, forever," I said.

"But this is wonderful," Finn said. "I've never seen anythin like it."

Now Black Boy left us. He went down the creek toward Ragweed Hollow. And we followed the cattle path down to the fence. We didn't hear from Black Boy. He didn't return to us nor did he bark. Tired of runnin after him and carryin the game, we sat down on a beech log to rest. But we didn't rest long. We heard Black Boy bark in a hole on the hill across the hollow. We started runnin toward him. When we climbed the hill, sweaty, tired and out-of-breath, we found Black Boy in a dirt hole in a little drain.

Finn poked a long stick back in the hole and told me where to dig down to strike the hole. I soon put a hole down for it was shallow down to the hole. Then Finn put the stick back again and told me where to dig. I put down another hole and then another. When Finn put the stick back, he felt a bed of leaves.

"It's a ground-hog or a possum," Finn said. "I feel it."

He twisted with his stick; then he pulled it out.

"Red hairs," Finn said examinin the hairs on the end of the stick in the moonlight.

"Let Black Boy loose before somethin jumps out," I said.

Soon as Black Boy put his nose in the hole to sniffle, he yelled. Then he started fightin.

"Somethin bit 'im," I said.

"A young red fox," Finn roared as Black Boy and the fox tangled.

"What do you know about that," I said. "Who ever dreamed of a fox bein in a dirt hole?"

"He's found him a rabbit in that hole," Finn said. "He was havin a good meal when Black Boy found him."

"He's finished the fox," I said.

"We'll just carry it outside the sack," Finn said. "It would take too much room in a sack."

"This will about end our hunt," I said. "Black Boy is gettin tired. Look at his tongue. It's dropped down like a shoe-tongue."

Finn carried the sack of possums and polecats and the mattock; I carried the fox and the groundhog. It was like carryin a full-grown hound-dog pup to carry the fox. Now we made our way off the hill. Black Boy walked in front of us. But soon he disappeared.

When we reached the foot of the hill, we started up the Ragweed Hollow jolt-wagon road for home. We were tired now; we were wet with sweat—our clothes looked like we had jumped in the river. And the load of game was gettin heavier every step we took.

"I hope he won't find anythin more," I said.

"Listen," Finn said turnin his head sideways for his ear to catch the sound. "I hear 'im! He's got somethin!"

We hurried toward the sound. By a log pile at the upper side of the field where Doore's had had tobacco, Black Boy had found another polecat under the log pile. He had it killed when we got there and he was wallowin on the tobacco-patch dirt. He was rootin his nose in the ground like a hog.

"It's a narrow-stripe," Finn said. "He's crushed its skull."

"Another damned polecat," I said. "You can put it in the sack or we'll leave it. I don't aim to put my hands on it."

"It's got wonderful fur," Finn said. "Sure, I'll put it in the sack."

Finn opened the sack and put his dead polecat with the other two. He tied the sack and grunted as he swung the sack across his shoulder with one big heave.

"Some load," Finn said. "But there's money in these hides."

"Thank God this hunt's over," I said. "Look at Black Boy. He's sick enough to eat grass."

Black Boy was eatin stems of dead crab-grass that he found in the tobacco balks.

"You can't tell about Black Boy," Finn said.

And Finn was right. As we were slowly trudgin toward home, weary under our heavy loads, Black Boy let out a blast of barks that came hard and fast.

"He's treed," Finn screamed. "He can see it! He's close to it!"

Even with our heavy loads, we broke out in a slow run. He was barkin on Doore's bluff just above the road. We had a good road to get to him.

"Look up there at that groundhog," Finn laughed.

The groundhog was up a little sassafras saplin. It was bigger than the first groundhog that we had caught. We hurried up the bank to the tree. Black Boy was backin off and runnin toward the tree, then leapin up and barely missin the groundhog.

"He's got plenty of pep left," Finn said.

Then Black Boy tried to climb the tree but his toenails wouldn't hold in the sassafras bark. Finn shook the sassafras. When the groundhog hit the ground, it hit the ground runnin. But before it had got many steps Black Boy grabbed it by the throat and choked it to death. It made my load heavier. Two big groundhogs and a fox for me. Three polecats and two possums for Finn. And he carried the mattock. Now we called Black Boy and started home. The October wagon-wheel moon beamed on us; the night wind rustled leaves on the trees dry as oakchips. But now we were goin home to show Pa the game we had caught with Black Boy before eleven o'clock.

Before we reached home Black Boy barked at somethin in the bottom.

"You go to him, Finn," I said. "Leave your sack here and I'll watch the game. We can't carry all of this and follow that dog."

Finn walked across the bottom where Black Boy was barkin on the creek bank. Soon as Finn reached him, I heard him laughin. He came back across the bottom carryin a big black bug that had pincers.

"Back to his old age," Finn said. "The herbs have died in 'im."

And just as we reached the hog-lot bluff, Black Boy barked-treed somewhere upon the bluff. I went to him this time and Finn watched the game. Finn heard me laugh when I saw that he was barkin at a cluster of leaves lodged in the forks of a shell-barked hickory. The herbs had really died; Black Boy had been livin in his old world. Now Black Boy was livin in another world where he was an old dog.

"My God! Black Boy is going back to his prime," Pa said as he looked at the pile of game. "That's the way he used to hunt when he's a young dog."

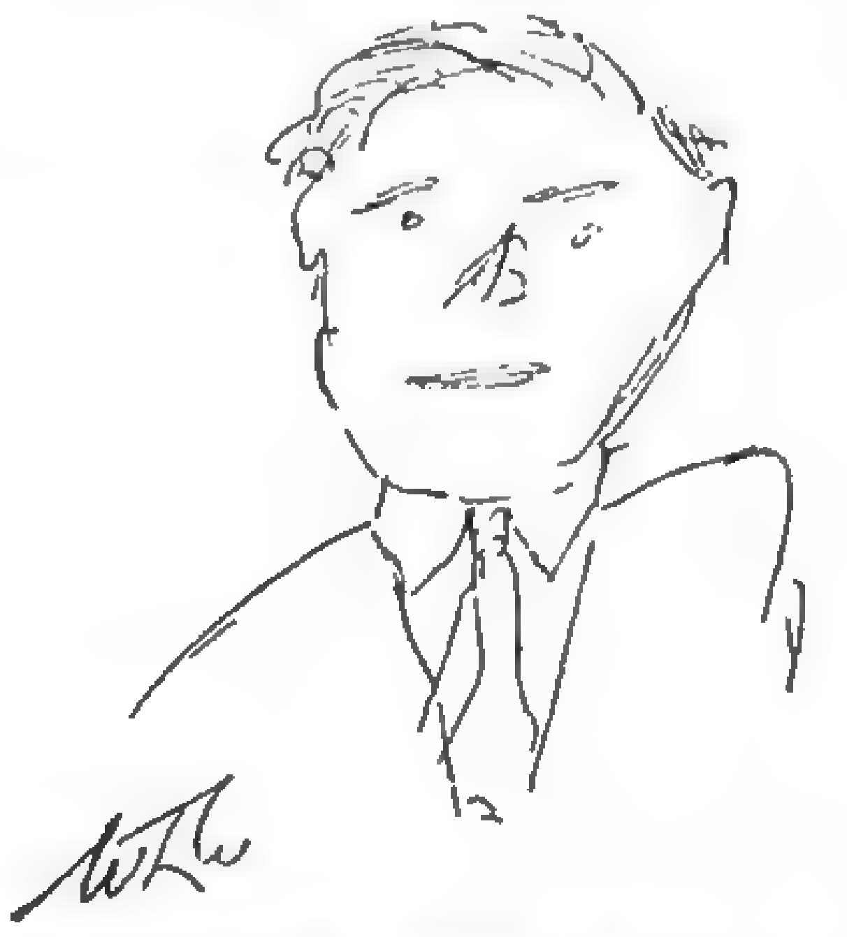
"Thirty dollars worth of hides," Finn said. "And enough groundhog hide shoestrings to lace our boots for a couple of years."

Black Boy laid down that night soon as we had skinned the game and stretched the hides. Next mornin at sunrise when we went to feed him he couldn't get up. But he ate a little layin down. His eyes were not like embers glowin in the night; his eyes were glassy.

"It's probably a tough hangover," Finn whispered in my ear so Pa wouldn't hear him.

But Black Boy's breath grew shorter; his great panels of ribs didn't heave when he breathed like they always had. And today was his nineteenth birthday. Before the sun had set, Black Boy had gone to the Great Huntin Ground where there was plenty of game. Pa was up on the barn logs with his hand back in the hay huntin for his medicine to break his October cold when we told him that Black Boy had finally breathed his last. ⌗

Wendell L. Willkie, as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Wendell L. Willkie

By Wendell L. Willkie

Favorite Occupation: Whatever I happen to be doing at the time, whether working as a farm hand, laboring in a tin mill, teaching school or practicing law.

Mainspring: A passion for freedom.

Chief Abhorrence: Prejudices of any kind, because they sap a man's independence of thought and warp his freedom of will.

Most Paradoxical Quality: A photographic memory, combined with an absent-mindedness that sometimes carries me two blocks past my destination.

Favorite Locality: Any room that contains a quorum of lively-minded people with a predisposition toward batting the conversational ball around.

Reaction to Axis-Grinders: That good old Southern expression, "Don't crowd me!"

Personal Panacea: The ability to read with complete absorption, at all times, in all places, under all circumstances.

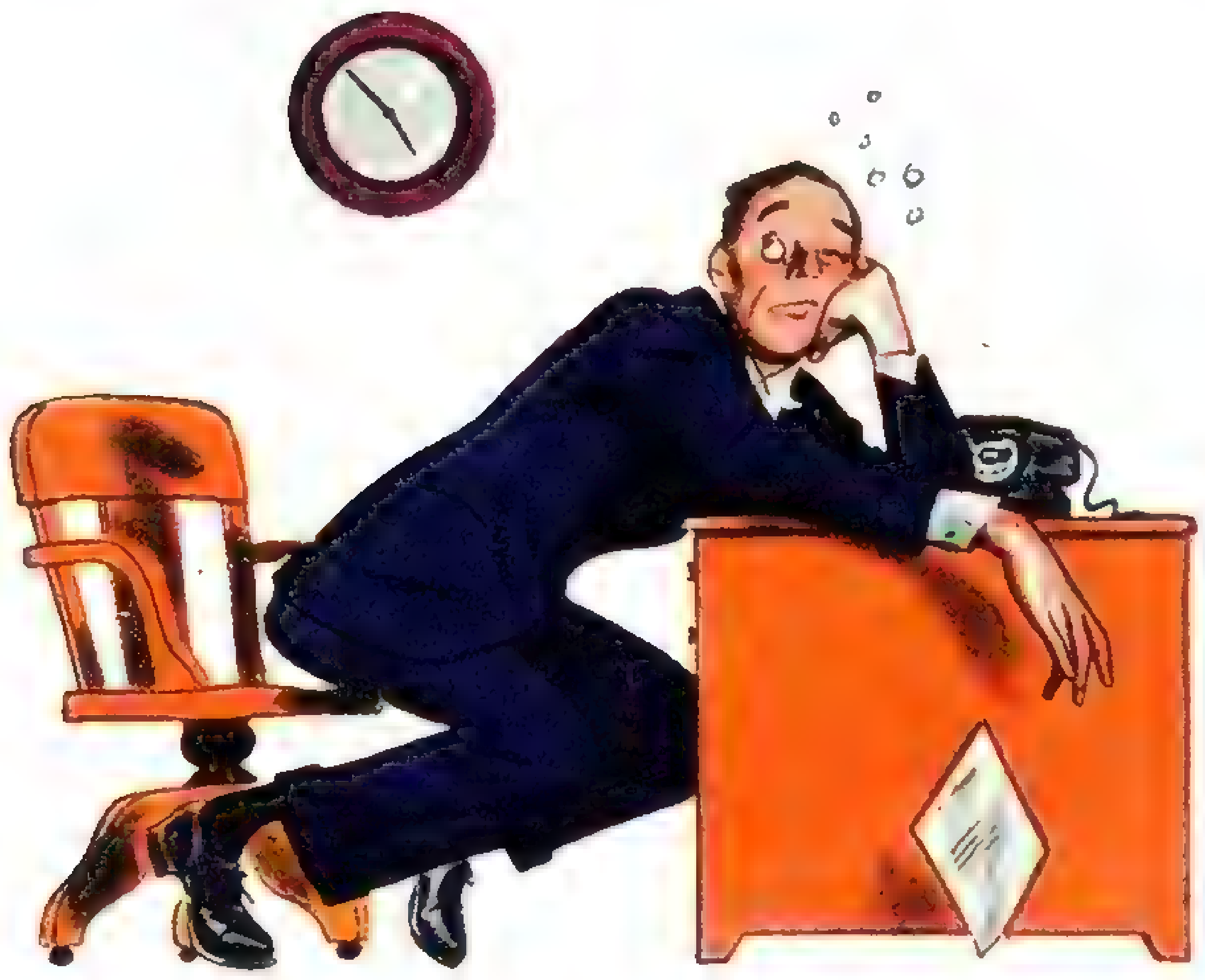
Natural Inclination: To serve as a professor of history on the faculty of a liberal university.

My Other Self: Still sitting on a cracker barrel somewhere in Indiana.

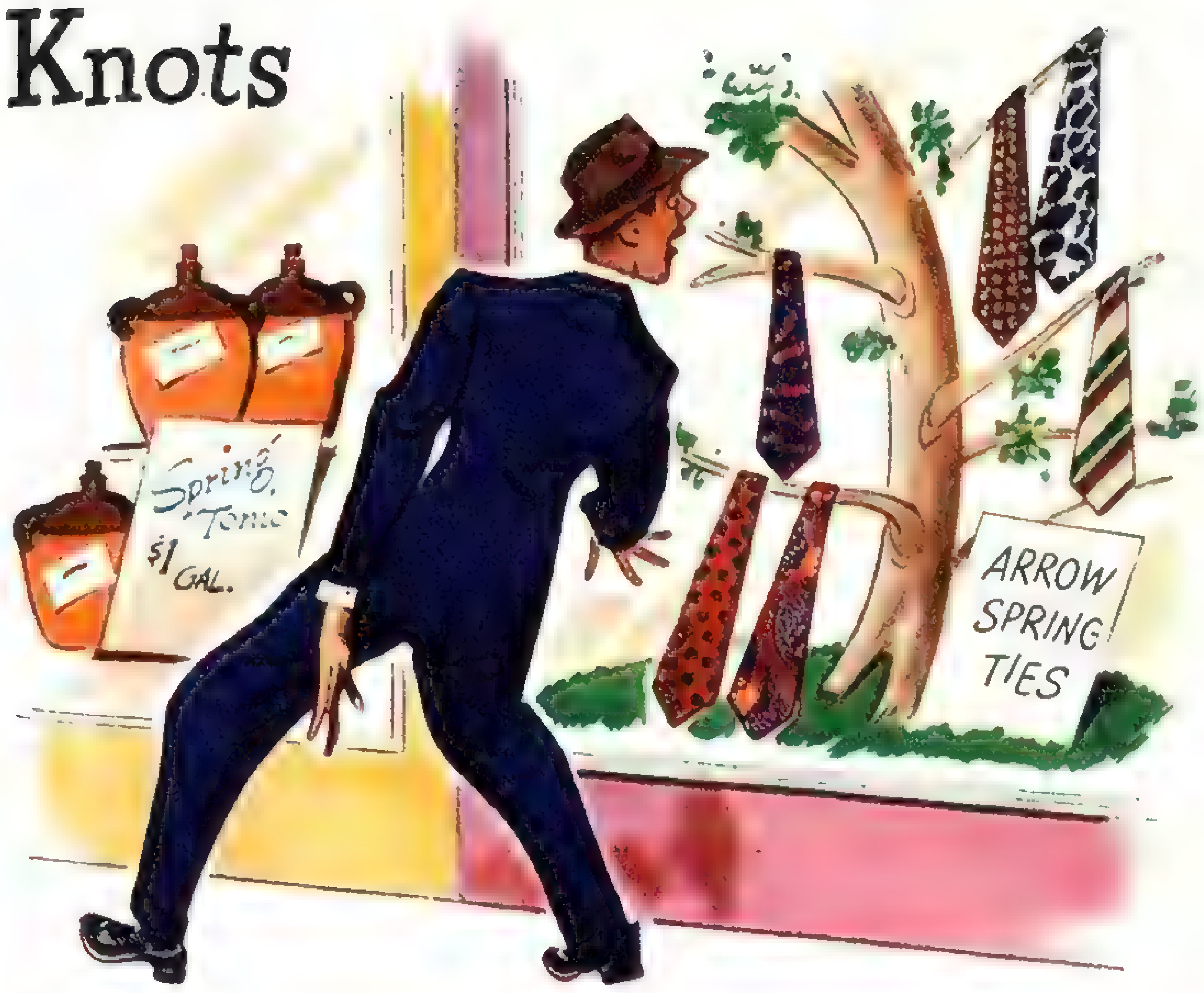
The Measure of a Man: The degree of his determination to retain his personal freedom, no matter how many jobs he has to quit, how many money-making opportunities he has to turn down, how many supposed friendships he has to break.

Future of the World: Not as good as we hope for, and not as bad as we fear.

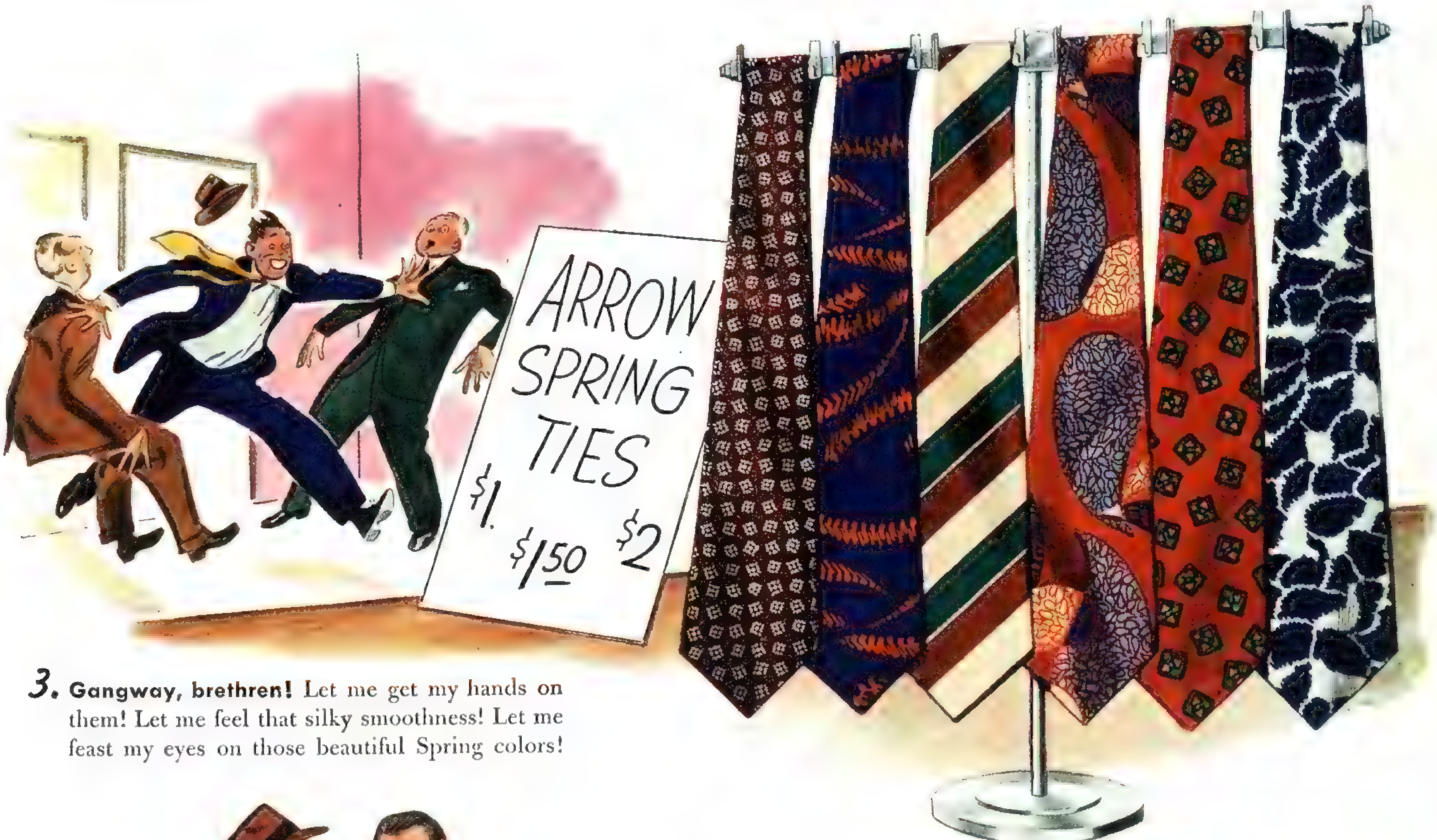
How to tie Spring into Knots



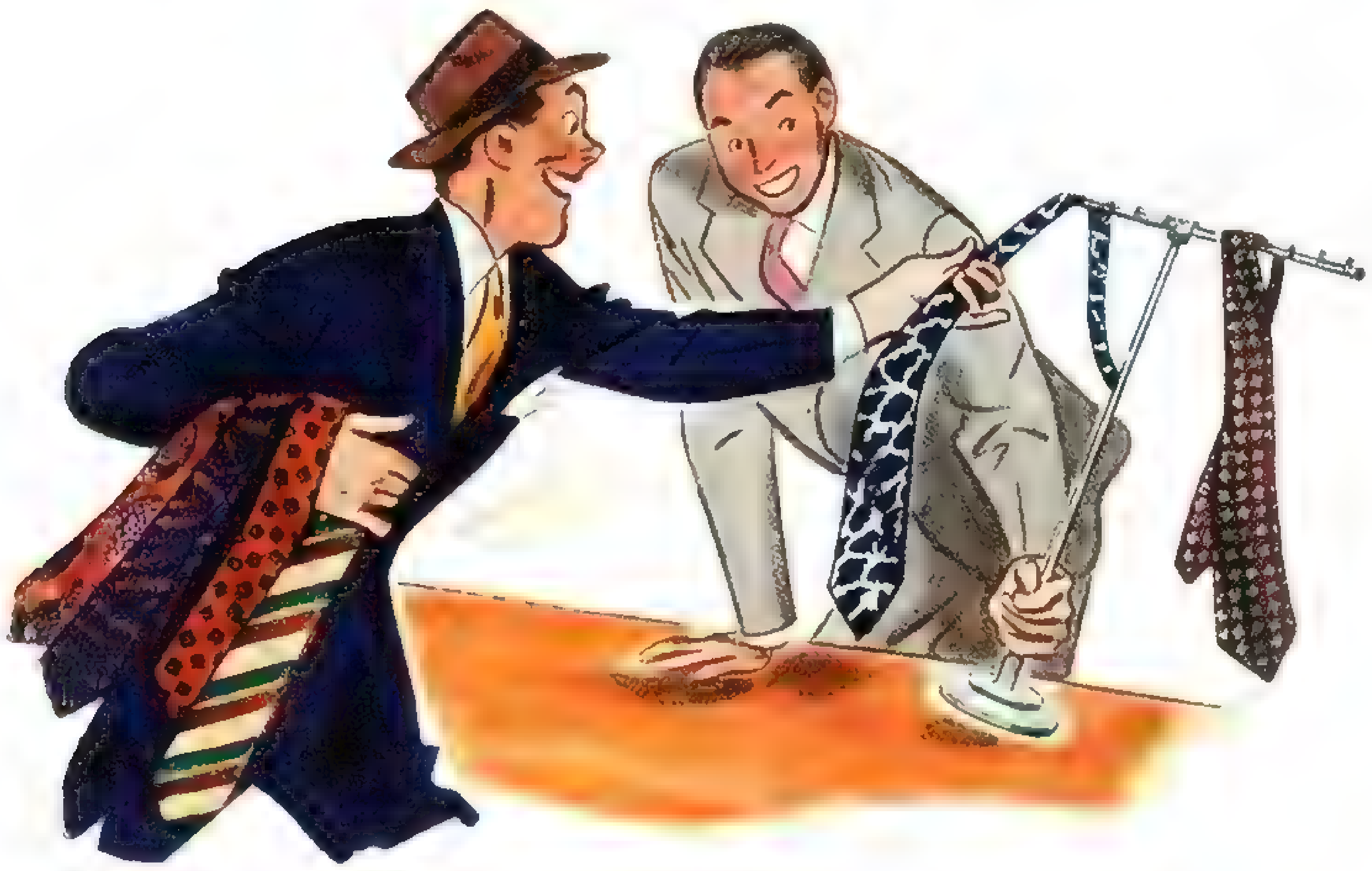
1. **Oops! There I go again**—nodding at my desk. Glad it's nearly 5 o'clock—better get me a *gallon* of Spring tonic on the way home.



2. **S-a-a-y!** Look at those Arrow foulards! What patterns! What stripes! And boy! How those Arrows keep their shape—and make perfect knots! What am I waiting for?

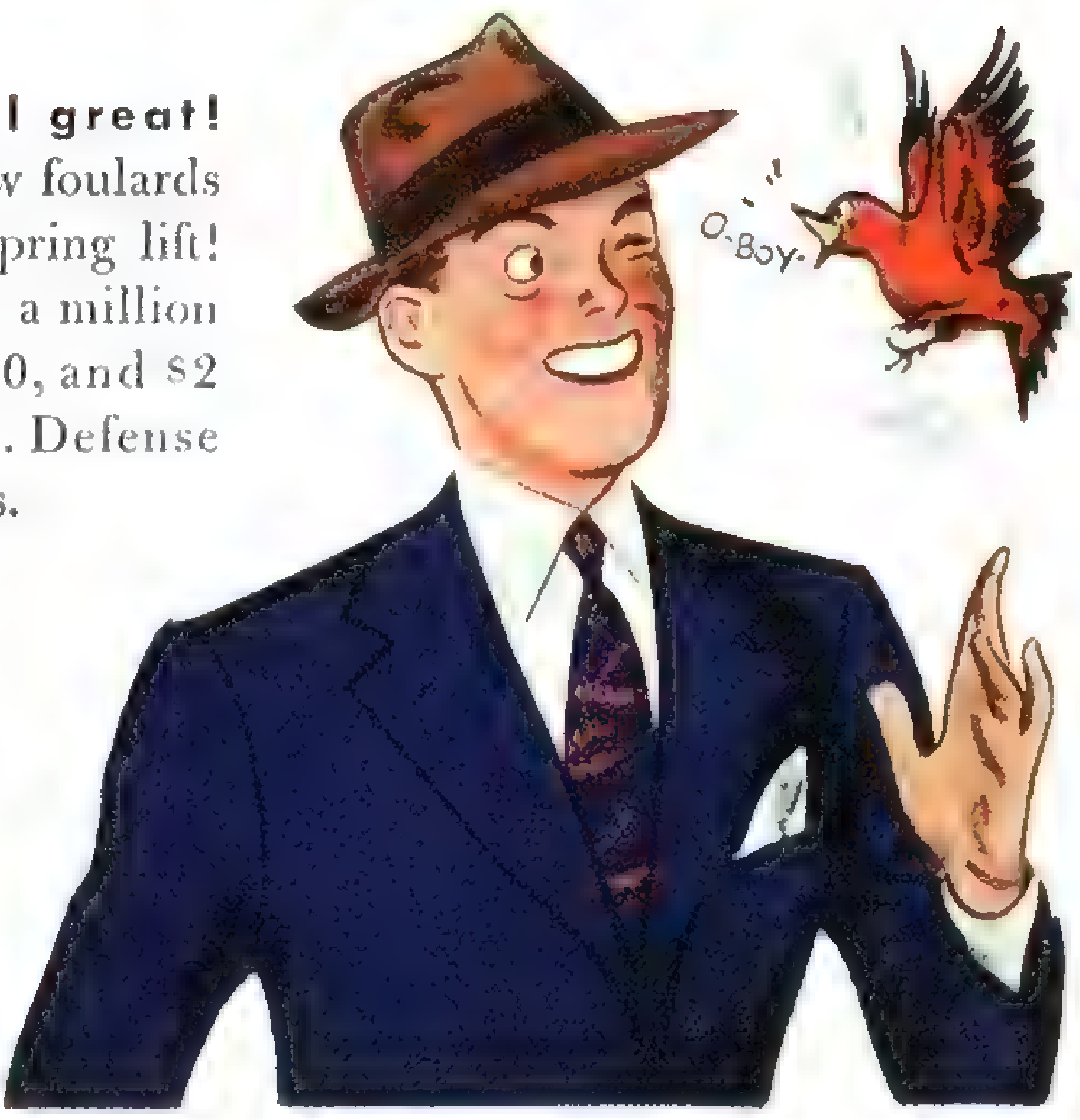


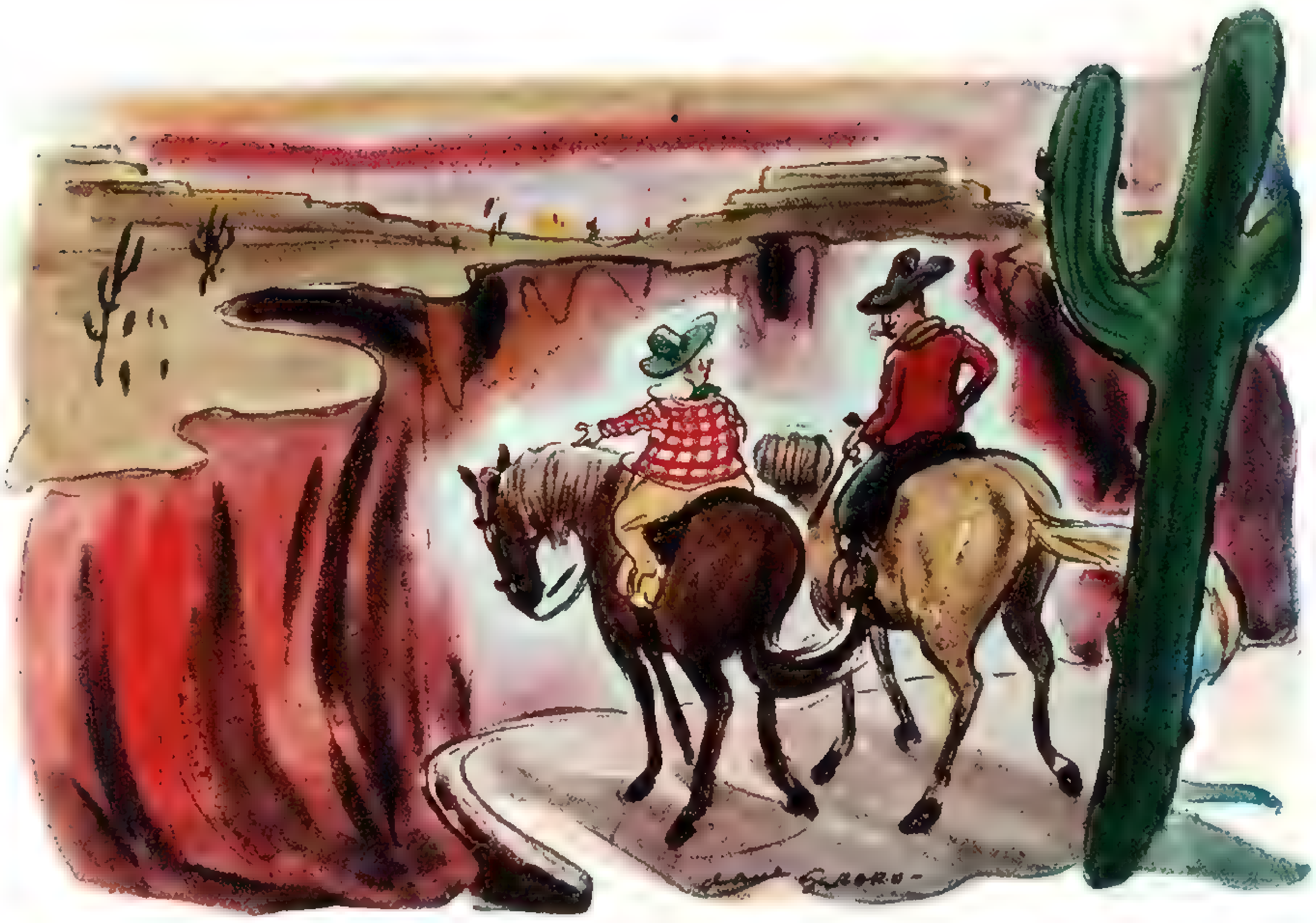
3. **Gangway, brethren!** Let me get my hands on them! Let me feel that silky smoothness! Let me feast my eyes on those beautiful Spring colors!



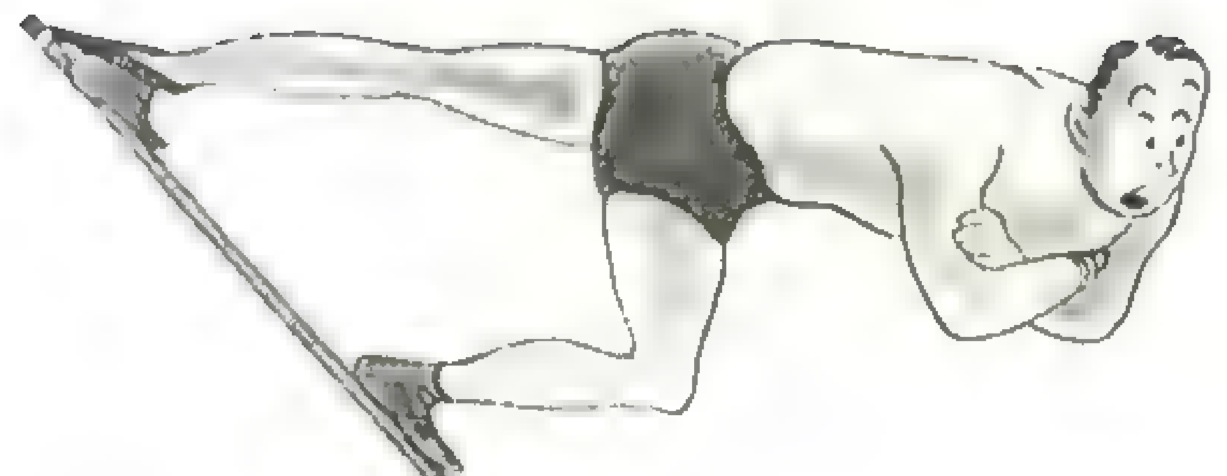
4. **Hummm! I'll take this striped one** . . . and this splash pattern . . . might as well take this neat figured one, too . . . shucks. I'll take 'em *all!*

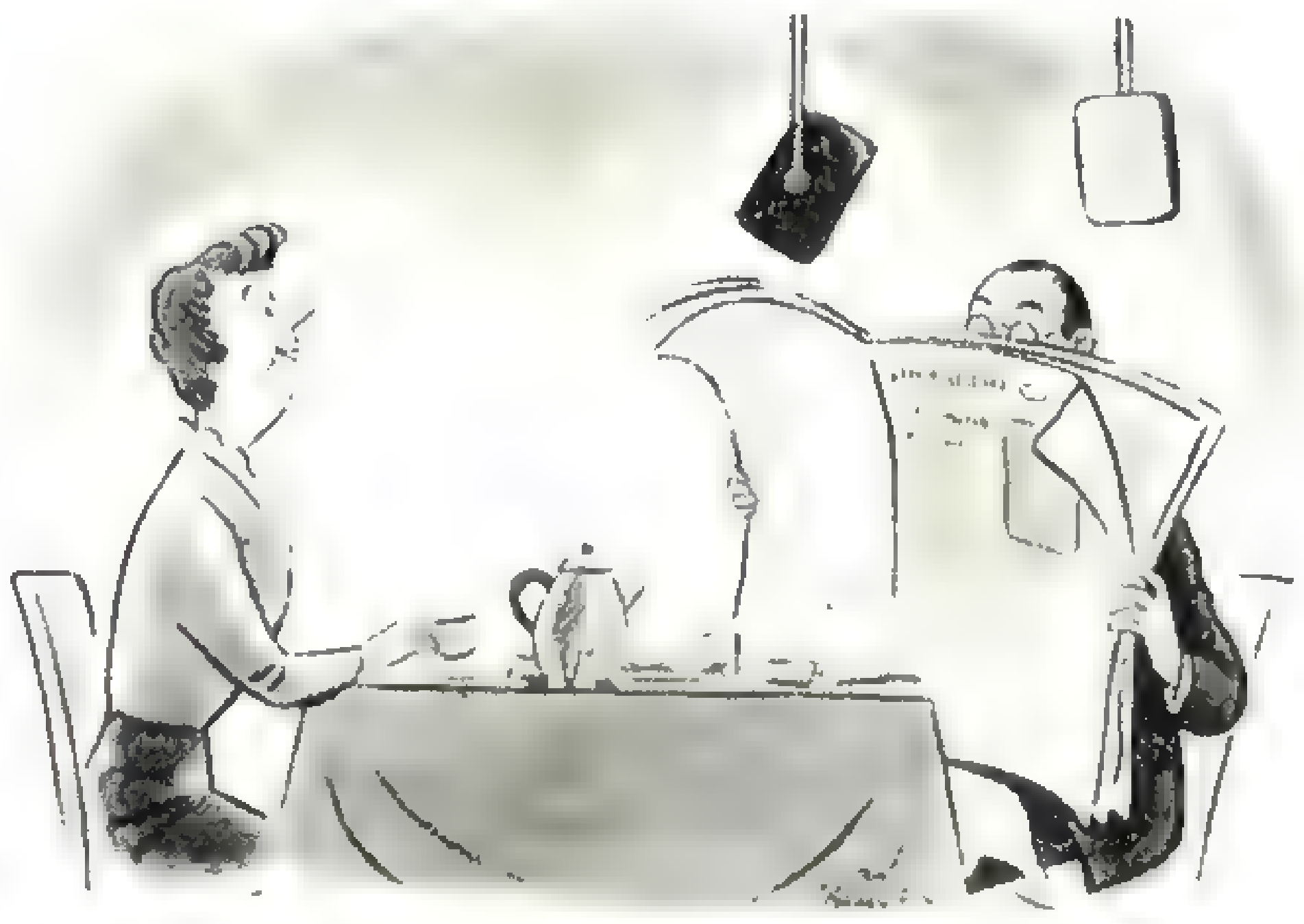
5. **Wow! Do I feel great!** Nothing like Arrow foulards to give you that Spring lift! Make you feel like a million – at only $1, $1.50, and $2 each . . . Buy U.S. Defense Bonds and Stamps.





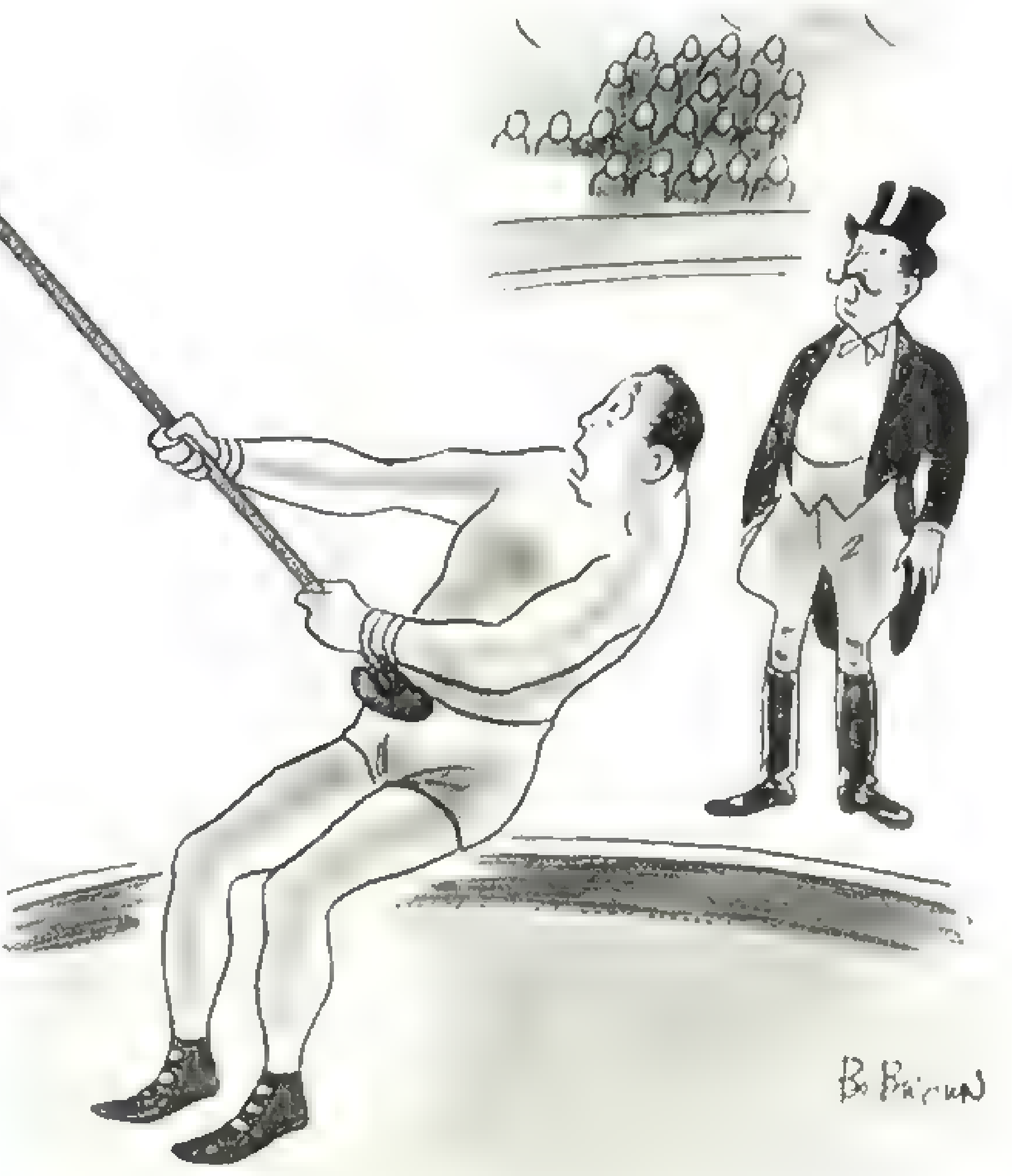
"How long did it take the Indians to build these canyons?"

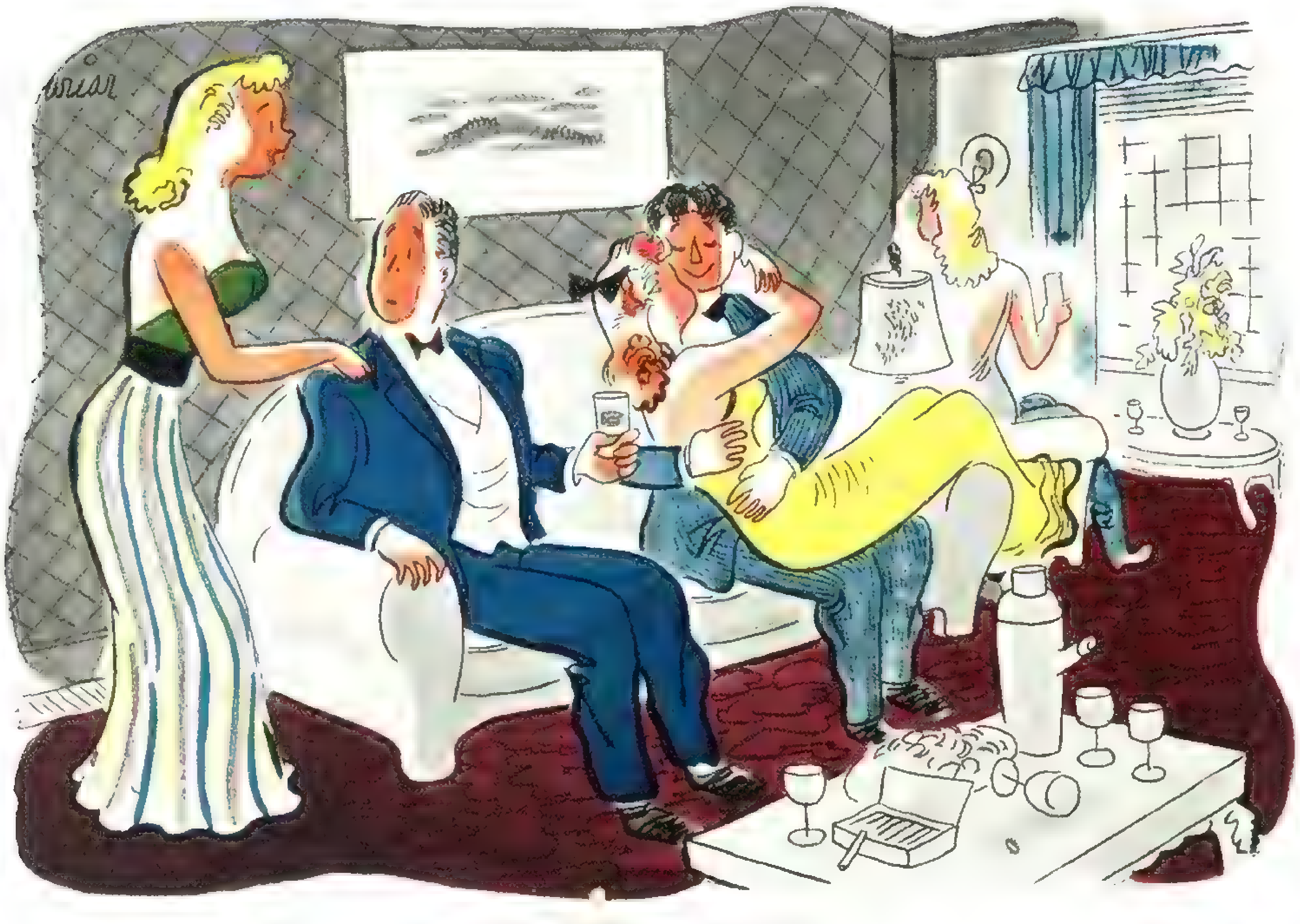




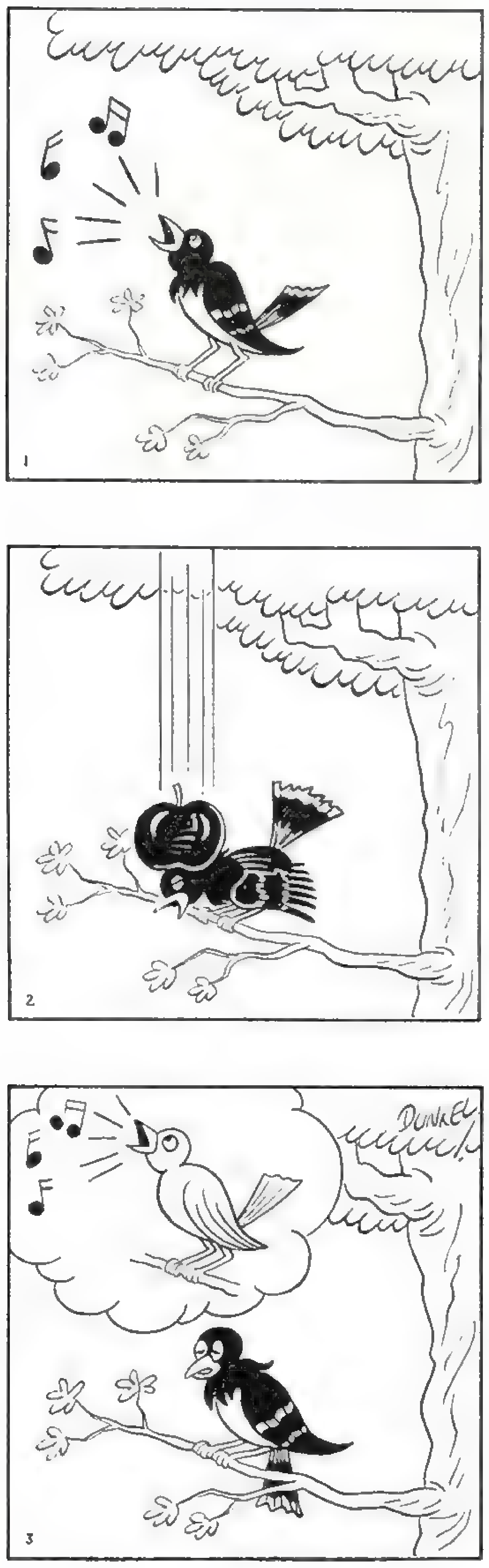
"You're looking well this morning, dear!"

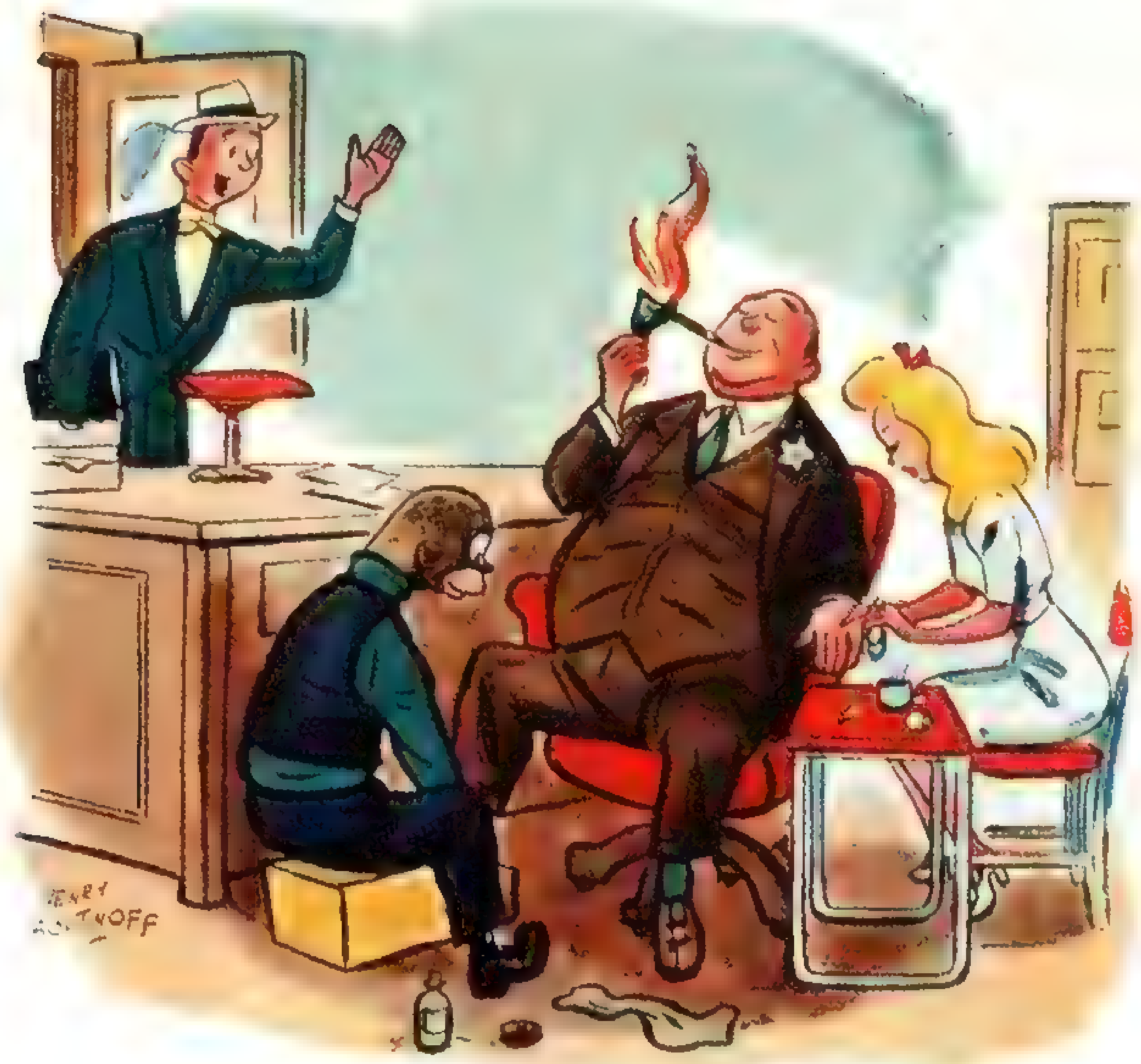
Baseball is the only activity that we can think of in which strikes help defense.



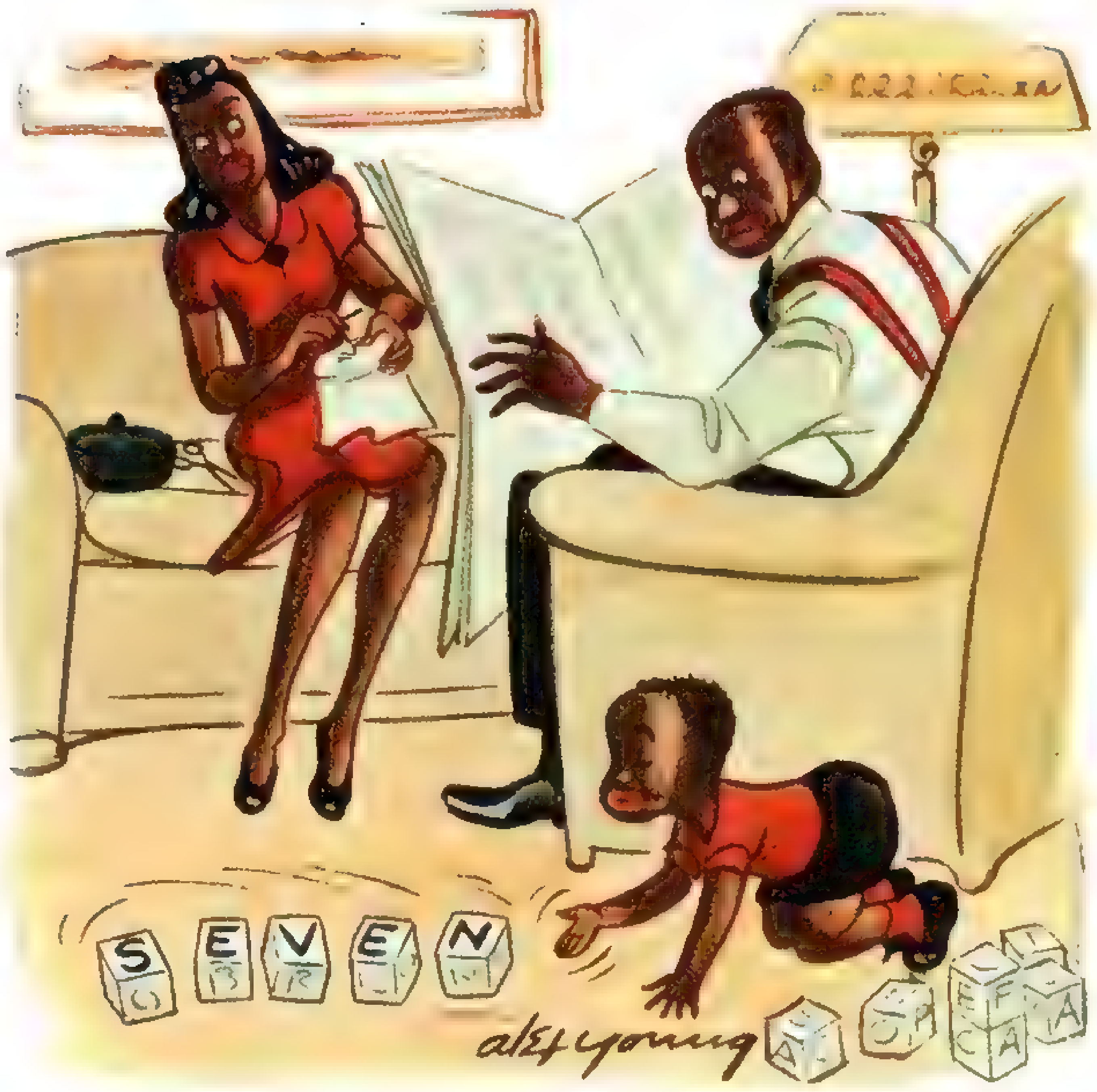


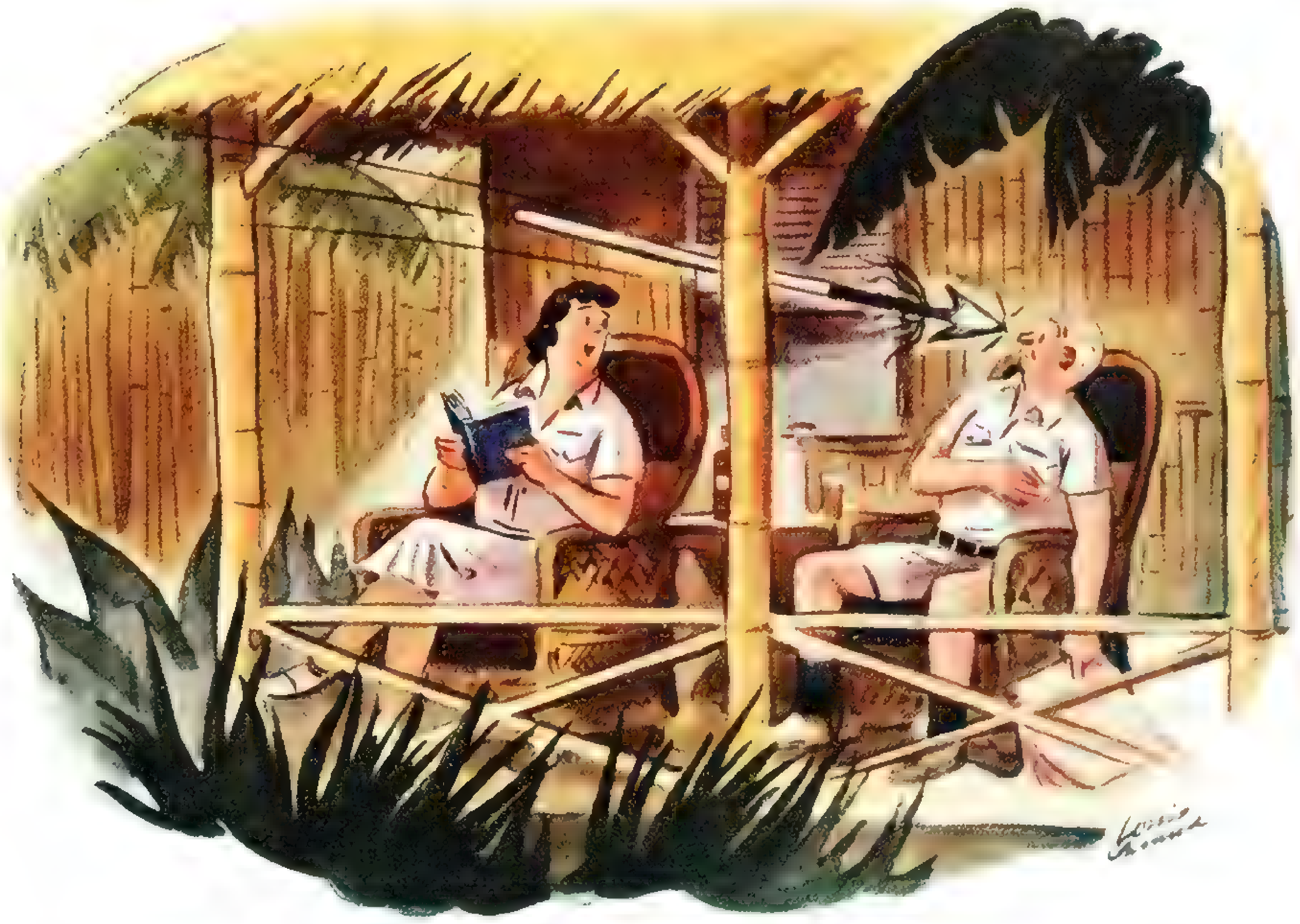
"Is this lap taken?"




HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Hello, Harry—how's business?"


SEVEN
alex young

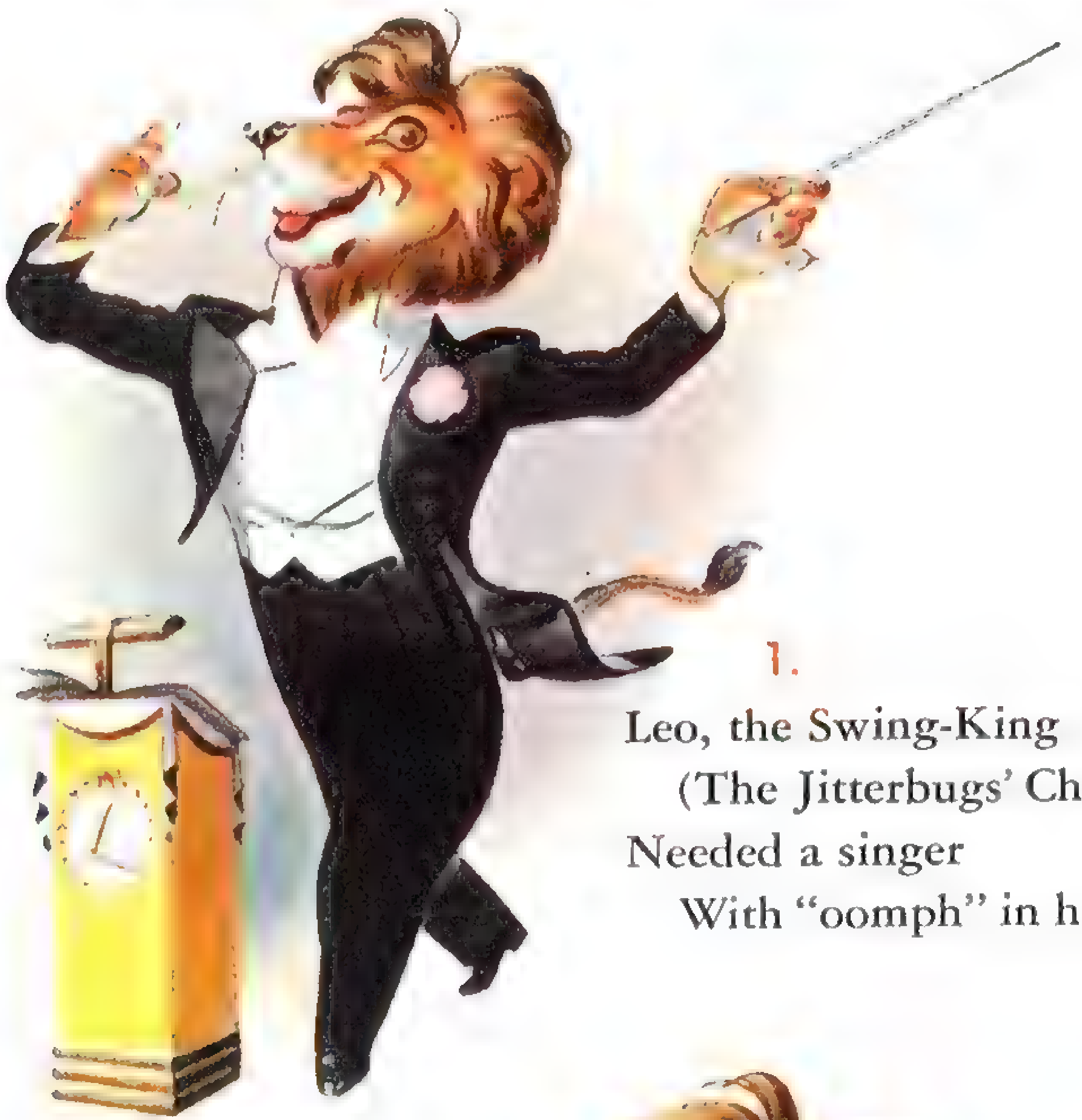

Louis Priscilla

"Don't you think that indicates restlessness among the natives, Fred?"

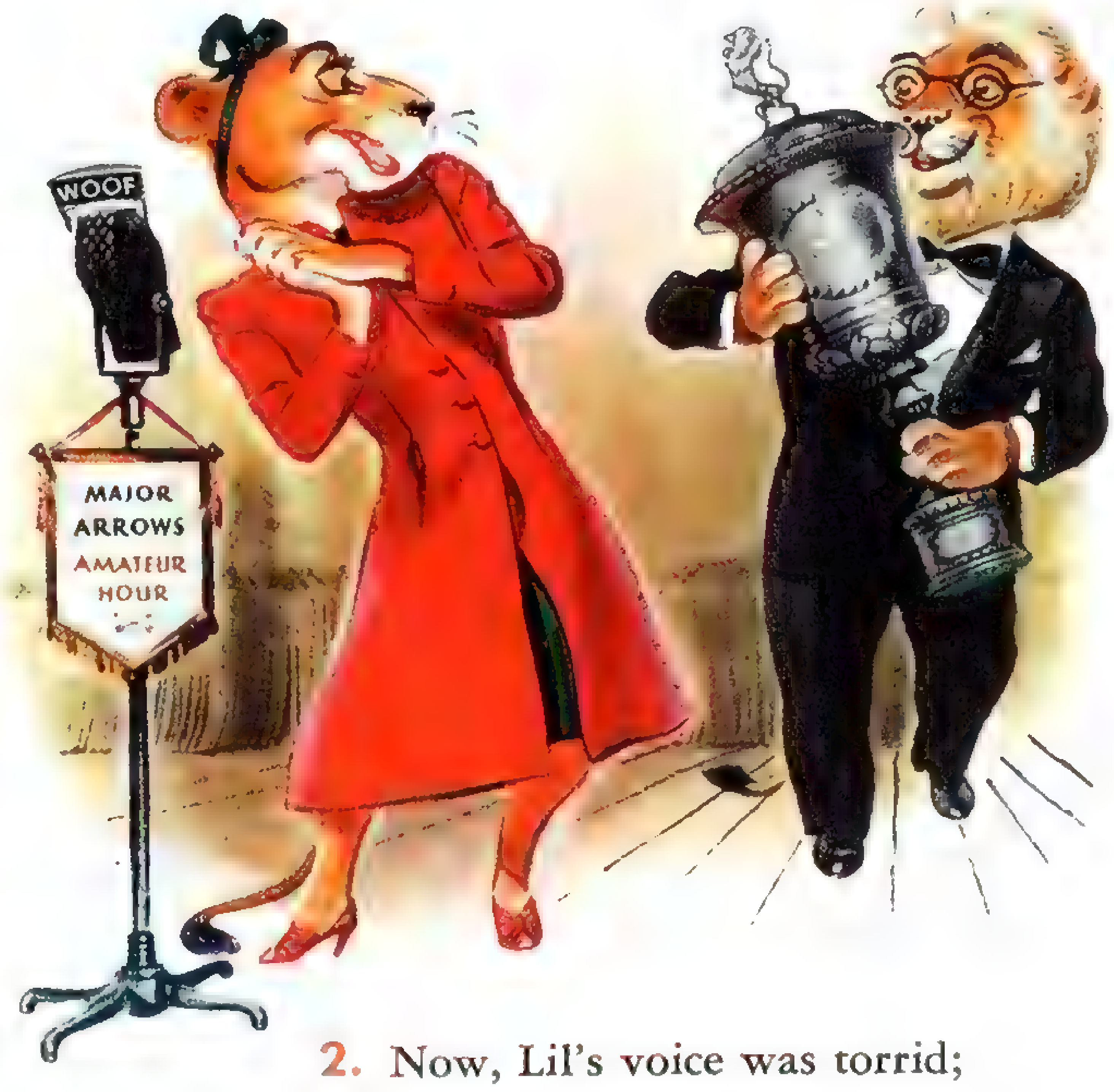
Campus Miracle

Bill Hinkis, campus fashion leader at Urbane College, created a sensation when he showed up in a novel outfit of pants, coat and vest that matched.

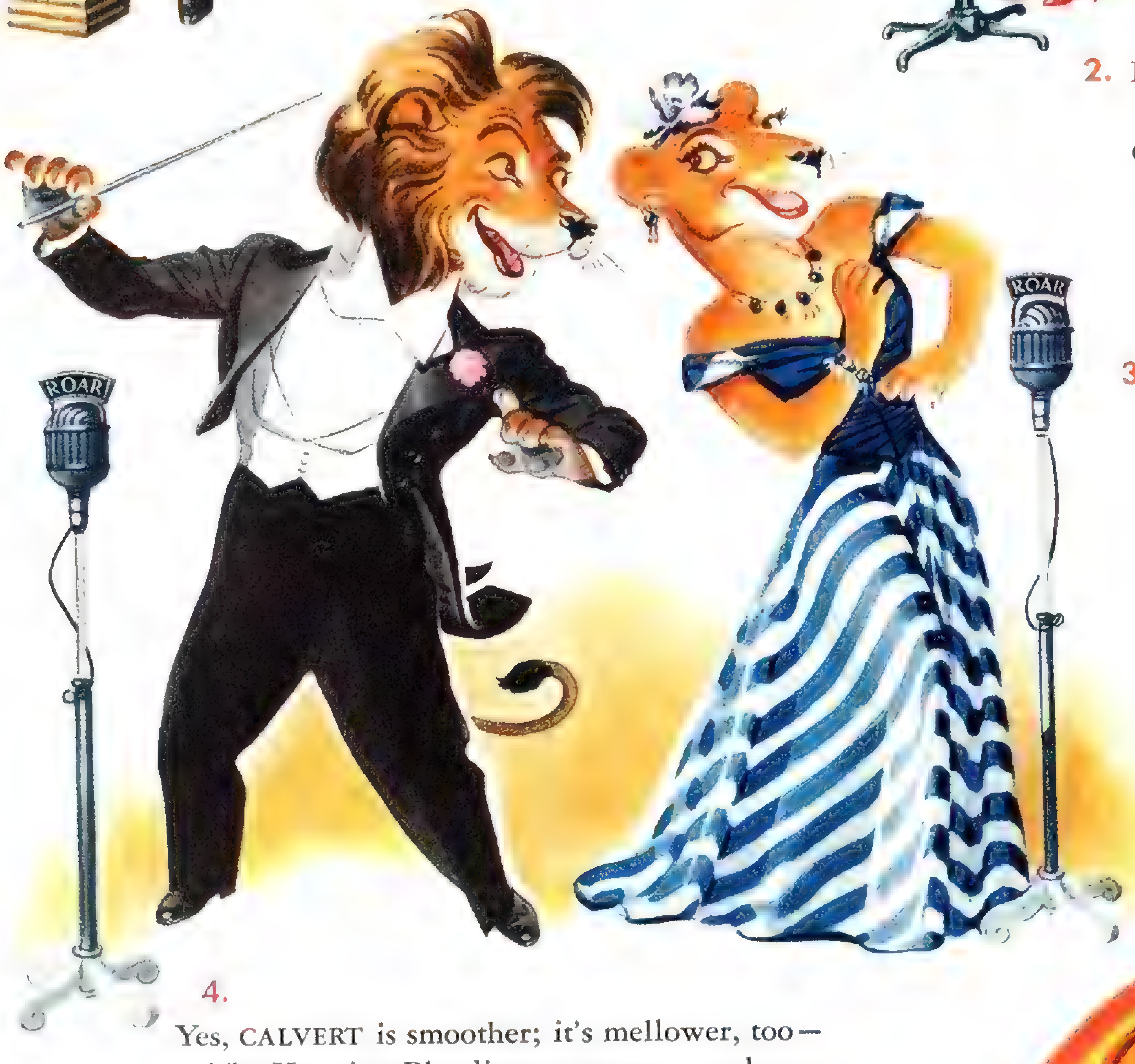
ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.
Leo, the Swing-King
(The Jitterbugs' Choice)
Needed a singer
With "oomph" in her voice.



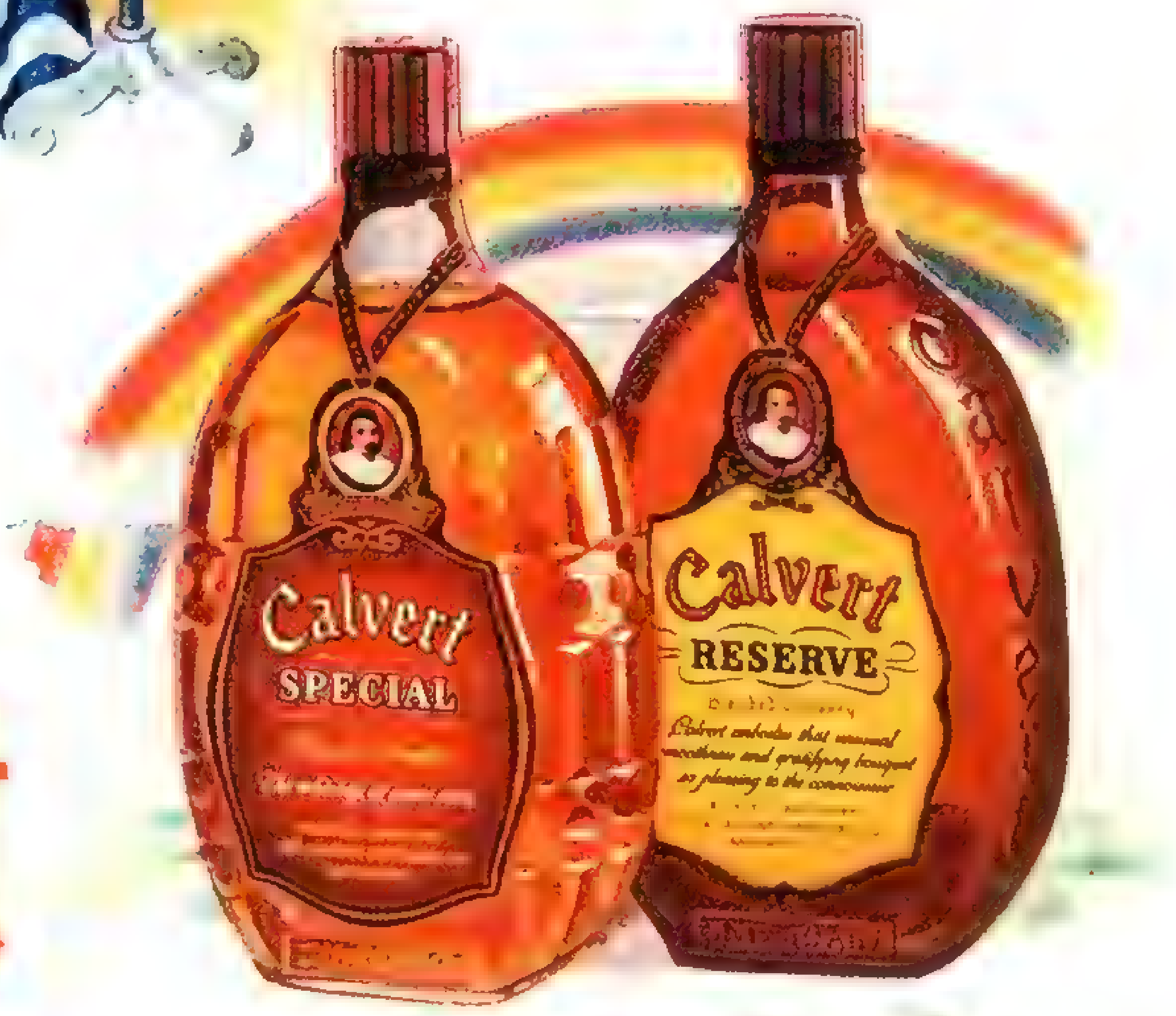
2. Now, Lil's voice was torrid;
It won her the cup
On Maj. Arrow's program—
And Lee signed her up!



3. Today, Leo's rhythms
And Lil's golden voice,
Swing out in a blending
That makes fans rejoice!

The same Happy Blending
Wins CALVERT esteem;
Great whiskey traits merge
To make CALVERT supreme!

4.
Yes, CALVERT is smoother; it's mellower, too—
The Happiest Blending your taste ever knew.
So swing now to CALVERT—for one sip will prove
That CALVERT'S *your* whiskey; it's right in the groove!



Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

The Truth About Lie Detection

Continued from page 51

of a musculo-graph. This consists of a chair in which the subject sits, so constructed that he or she cannot make any muscular movement that is not immediately recorded alongside the other graphs. Thus, the muscular movements, if any are made, can be "subtracted." If none occurs, all pulse-wave and blood-pressure changes can be accurately charged directly to the physiological reactions of the subject to the questions put to him.

Another important improvement worked out by the writer was a timer device, by means of which fifths of a second could be inked on the moving strip as the graphs were being made. This device enabled us to determine the time element accurately during a test, even though the speed of the machine should have to be varied to obtain uniform graphs because of such pathological conditions in the subject as certain heart diseases, accelerations or retardations in heart beat. Now one can count the beats per second despite any pathological variations.

With these precautionary inventions, the writer was able to continue qualifying the technique in the courts. The next introduction was in June of the same year, before the Federal Employees' Compensation Commission.

A colored employee had suffered a broken arm and brain concussion. There was no doubt of the amount of permanent loss of the arm, but the persistently claimed "headaches and dizziness" were a different matter. Our laboratories, by lie test, found that the employee still, at that time, actually had all the symptoms claimed. But when U. S. Deputy Commissioner Kenneth G. McManigal continued the case until September and asked for a follow-up lie test, the results were different. After this second test, the "patient" still complained of his earlier symptoms—but when he was convinced that the lie detector now showed that he was no longer suffering from headaches and dizziness, he broke down and said:

"Well, boss, I guess the machine am right. I does feel bettah now." And he went into court and testified that he had recovered. Where, otherwise, the complainant might have collected large damages, this lie-test evidence clarified the entire situation.

The third admission of the lie detector in New York State, that fall, was amusing. John Nowak was endeavoring to collect from the Buffalo Waterfront Corporation for a spinal injury allegedly received in line of duty. The evidence seemed to favor the injured man. But Deputy Commissioner McManigal, also hearing this case and remembering the results obtained in his recent Chicago hearing, continued the case and summoned the writer to Buffalo to test Nowak. The man was found to be an out and out faker, who had never been injured—on that job. The lie detector clearly showed that he had been injured on another job months before and did have a spinal trouble impossible to determine as old by physical examination or x-ray alone. The lie-detector proved the dishonesty of his claim, prevented a miscarriage of justice and saved the fifteen thousand dollars he might have collected.

The writer has been successful, since then, in qualifying the lie-detector technique in more than thirty courts of record, where it has cleared up numerous controversies and protected the innocent while exposing the guilty. One very interesting instance was the case of "Handsome Bob" Hammel, alias "Burt Armstrong."

True dual personality, or master faker? That was the question. Here, armed with an infallible technique, I crossed swords with the cleverest intellect, in some respects, that I have ever known.

Hammel, a motorcycle cop in Cleveland for many years, took a nose dive from his cycle one day that catapulted him from a mentally humdrum status into brilliant intelligence. Leaving his wife and five children, he hied himself to Pittsburgh, learned enough of the printing business by diligent study to bluff himself into a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job. Time went on. He left Pittsburgh for Chicago, where he drifted from one big job to another until the Depression struck. It was then he conceived the idea of becoming an armored-truck guard for the Brinks Express Company and making a big coup.

He dug in right. He went to the libraries and studied the lie detector. He knew that, if caught, he would be subjected to this test, and he wanted to know how to beat it if he could. He learned one salient fact—that the breathing rate, being voluntary, can be controlled; and that if, at the moment a lie is about to be told or immediately afterwards, one refrains from the usual sigh of relief, the breathing graph will not show characteristically.

When I got him on the lie detector in the Cook County Jail and asked, "Did you take Brinks' $39,000?" he said "No" with an ill-concealed smile as he held his breathing down to its regular normal rate. He knew that I could not tell by the lack of respiratory change that he was telling a lie at that point. He hoped, too, that holding his breathing to a constant rhythm would have some effect in keeping blood pressure and pulse wave so nearly normal also that a lie interpretation of the graph would be difficult or impossible. One might have been forced to believe him a true dual personality, who really did believe that his name was Armstrong. He figured that a jury shouldn't convict "Hammel" for a crime the "Armstrong" mind committed.

But the blood-pressure changes

Continued on page 120

Mr. George D. Widener, familiar figure in American racing circles, wears a narrow brim brown felt hat with center crease only, chalk striped grey flannel suit with long lapels on the jacket, white starched collar, blue and white striped shirt, striped repp silk tie and brown monk front shoes.

To shorten suspenders, snip off lower buttonholes and attach through those remaining.

Victory
"VINYLITE"
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BELTS • PARISWING SUSPENDERS

The Truth About Lie Detection

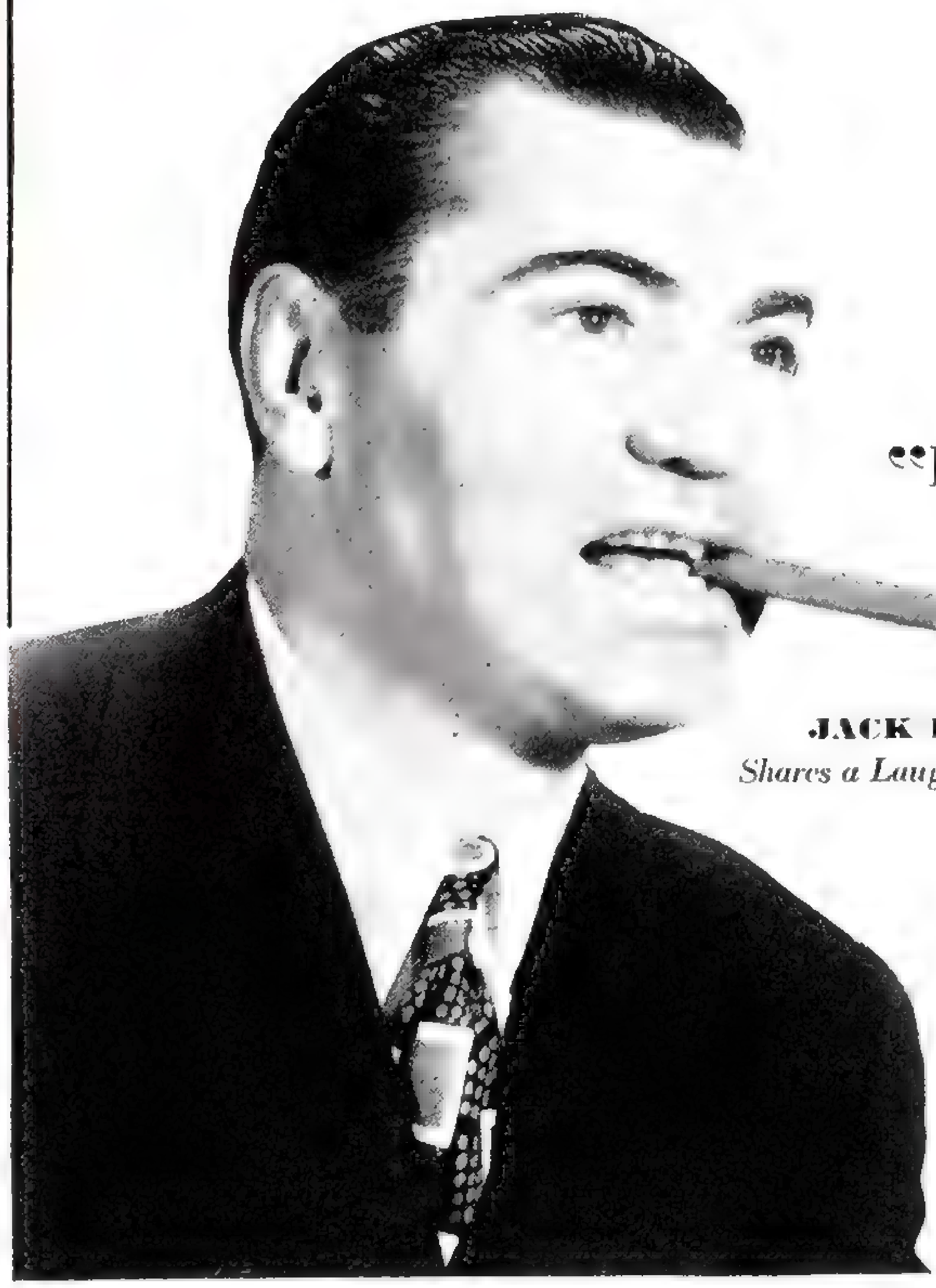
Continued from pages 51-119

gave him dead away. They showed that he *was* lying, and that his lie indicated that he remembered. Then he was still a Hammel personality and his masquerade as Burt Armstrong was a clear fake. What gave him away even more completely was his response when I had him select a card from a pack, then showed him the whole pack and asked him to deny *each one*, thus making him voluntarily lie about the one that he had chosen.

He outdid himself in pseudo-astuteness. Each time he lied about a card (and I had him do it sixteen times when I saw what his game was) he would take a deep breath. Then, when I showed him each graph, he would point with glee to the plunge the respiration pen had taken, and say, "Gee, Doc! That sure shows where I lied, don't it!"

Now, when I compared these sixteen voluntary lie-graphs with the graphs on which he had tried to beat the machine, the respirations there were then seen to be plainly controlled. The controlled breathing was so self-evident that I shoved the graphs before his eyes and pointed out his feeble attempts, smart as he was, to beat this scientific machine. When I said, "Hammel, you are just a plain, unmitigated liar, and no more a dual personality than I am," he broke down and confessed. He was serving his time when death called him to where lie detectors are unnecessary.

One-hundred per cent of individuals can be tested accurately with the Blood-Pressure Lie-De-



"I Bit"

JACK DEMPSEY
Shares a Laugh on Himself

I guess I've been taken into camp as often as the next fellow, but nobody ever put anything over on me as screwy as the trick my own subconscious played on me the night of July 4, 1919. I've never told this before because I've been kind of ashamed of it. And I suppose some people won't believe it happened, but I can't help that.

Anyway, I knocked out Jess Willard that afternoon. That night I went to bed on top of the world. But I couldn't have been asleep long when I had the most horribly vivid nightmare of my life—there I lay on the canvas, battered and bloody, with the referee holding up Willard's hand.

I jumped out of bed half dazed. I guess I went haywire for a minute because I kept saying to myself, "My God, I've lost the fight!" Deep inside I knew I had really won, but something kept telling me "You've lost the fight, you've lost the fight!"

I must have got dressed and down in the street in twenty seconds. Right in front of the hotel was a boy selling the *Toledo Blade*. "Who won the fight, kid?" I asked. "Hey, ain't you Dempsey?" he said. I nodded. "Why, you damn fool, don't *you* know you won?"

That ended what was left of the nightmare right there. I bought a paper and went upstairs, feeling like two cents. The newspaper story cheered me up though, and after a hot bath I went back to bed feeling a great deal more like a new world's champ is supposed to feel.

tector—after the twenty-five per cent of abnormals are eliminated by medical examination. But to be of practical value an instrument or a technique must be adaptable to economic use; and, certainly, there can be no economy in tests on the blood-pressure instrument if they are to be made with scientific accuracy on group subjects or employees. It requires at least an hour to determine whether a subject can be measured for deception by the blood-pressure yardstick, and by the time physical and mental examinations by competent physicians have weeded out the twenty-five per cent of abnormals whom no one can test on any Polygraph, a great deal of valuable time will have been lost.

You will have spent about twenty-five dollars per person for the psychiatrist's services. The twenty-five per cent to be weeded out will represent lost money, and if one of them happens to be the culprit for whom you are searching, that will be too bad.

* * *

The phenomenon of the Galvanic current is familiar enough. So is the fact that we normally generate in the brain and central nervous system a varying electrical potential of the Galvanic type, which maintains a standard "voltage" during health. Bioelectricity, we call it. But before considering brain-electrical potential measurements, let me cite two instruments that in their accepted fields are recognized. The Electrocardiograph is used daily in hospitals and clinics to measure accurately intrinsic electrical changes in the heart, guiding the cardiologist in his prognosis and treatment. It is accepted in the courts, and could be used to some extent as a lie detector, since the heart does change its electrically produced rhythm in normal persons under questioning if untruths are uttered.

The Electro-Encephalograph is known to the reading public as an instrument that measures "brain change" (Berger wave), chiefly used in the detection of differential brain-wave electrical changes for clues to the presence of tumor, epilepsy or dementia praecox. Regularly used in many hospitals and clinics as an instrument of intra-cranial diagnosis, its introduction into court is only a matter of producing its graphs and then qualifying them as exhibits.

Some five years ago, our National Detection Laboratories in Chicago discarded the Polygraph because of its expense and the time lost in its use, and shied away from the psycho-Galvanic reflex and the Psycho-Galvanometer because of their unreliability. We turned our attention to the field of brain and nerve bioelectricity. Measurements of this, we felt, would give us accurate reports of constant and reliable changes in all rational persons, regardless of disease. A circuit was finally worked out whereby brain-nerve electrical variations can be picked up and metered.

In this system, devised with the assistance of an electrical engineer of national reputation, electrodes are applied to the head, and the body is "grounded" in much the way a radio is grounded. Being the only variable in the circuit, the subject, when questioned, will evidence his brain-nerve electrical changes on a highly amplified and sensitized meter. It is a simple matter now to demonstrate these changes. The device works like the ammeter in an automobile: you step on the accelerator, the motor speeds up, more electricity flows along the circuit and the ammeter needle swings over to the "charge" side. Likewise, one about to utter an untruth is perturbed, his defense mechanism begins working involuntarily, he generates brain-nerve electrical change.

Thus, being the only variable in the circuit, his change of electrical potential must and does cause the meter needle to swing to the "charge" side on the Psycho-Detectometer despite attempts to control it.

Brain-nerve electrical potential change always registers accurately and to a readable degree in every rational subject whether or not the subject has some functional or organic disease. There are differences, of course, in the amount of change, since we all operate in different electrical intensities. Women, for example, show more electrical change than men. Their brain electrical generating matter seems to be more highly sensitized than that of men, so that they either produce more electricity in response to emotional stimulus or they have greater facility for involuntarily closing their nerve-switches.

By thousands of tests of rational persons in the laboratory and of known psychotics in asylums, as well as by check against Polygraph tests, we have determined the Psycho-Detectometer to be a machine of precision measurement. We have proved that its results are dependable, because brain-nerve electrical changes, although differing for each emotion and in each person, *are* a component part of every thinking mind.

In order to learn the manner and degree of brain-nerve electric change in each subject lie-tested with this newer technique, the examiner must ascertain the extent of brain-nerve electrical fluctuations when questions are asked and known truthful answers given: "Are you sitting in a chair?" "Is today Monday?" "Is it daytime?" etc. He must make the same determinations for known untruthful answers, requesting the subject to lie wilfully in response to such non-pertinent questions as: "Do you have two right hands?" or "Are you standing on your head?" The investigatory questions can now be evaluated in the light of these previous responses.

But there is one further step in

Continued on page 122

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The Truth About Lie Detection

Continued from pages 51-119-121

this lie-testing technique: the subject must be informed in advance of what each pertinent question is going to be. When a pertinent question is finally to be answered truthfully, only two involuntary brain-nerve exciting processes can occur: 1. The mental process that takes place in understanding the question; 2. The mental reaction that occurs in answering it. But when the subject lies in answer to a question, three excitation factors arise: 1. The mental process that takes place in understanding the question; 2. The mental reaction that occurs in avoiding the natural instinct to tell the truth; 3. The mental process involved in formulating the false answer. These usually are complicated by further mental reactions caused by anxiety or fear. Thus, even in the most unemotional and calloused, the telling of the lie will involve at least half again as much brain-nerve electrical stimulation as does the telling of the truth.

Experience has taught us that the subject cannot wilfully "wiggle a toe" or fix his thoughts on some innocuous subject in order to evade the point and deceive the operator. Familiar with maximum and minimum rhythmic change in brain-nerve electrical potential in rational humans, we can immediately spot the faker's attempts to deceive the operator and "cover up." Voluntary muscle movements made to "beat" the Psycho-Detectometer cause its needle to swing about as irregularly as a drunk staggering home at 2 a.m. Again, fixing the mind on placid thoughts cannot dampen the brain electrical excitation of the lying mind under questioning or replace its smooth, delicate, gradually increasing electrical rhythm as shown by the meter-needle swing.

That is why this machine that never fails under proper test conditions solves so many daily problems.

There was, for example, the wife whose jealous husband accused her of having an affair and was having her followed. She said, simply: "I want to take a lie detector test to prove my innocence." She took the test, her husband attended, viewed the reactions and accepted them as authentic, and the Ghost of Banquo was forever laid.

There was the Barrett divorce case. Mrs. Barrett, then an Indiana country girl, married a carnival glamour-boy playing the village. He disappeared; and her son was in Hyde Park High School before she caught up with her husband. He filed a petition denying that he was the boy's father. He maintained that she had been pregnant when she married him, and had told him so. A lie test of both parties proved that Mrs. Barrett not only had not been pregnant when she married Barrett, but had had no illicit relations with any other man since. This scientific lie-test evidence was presented to the court—and, instead of taking the test himself, the father withdrew his petition denying paternity and demanded custody of his son!

The lie-detection technique has exposed and prevented numerous frauds in business. I recall a suit for twenty-five thousand dollars insurance. A car owner, John F___ was being sued by one Leo Amideo, who said he had been struck and seriously injured by the other's car. Lie-test graphs were introduced, showing that Leo was a liar, that he and John had "framed" the whole thing, that there had been no accident at all. The judge gave the car-owner six months in jail, and the "victim" nine.

The lie-detector again uncovered the fakery in a group of suits for a total of $150,000 against the Checker Cab Company. It proved that none of the claimants had been paying passengers, and the case fell by the wayside.

Embezzlers realize that companies will not prosecute if all the embezzled money *is* spent, hoping to salvage something here or there from relatives of the culprit. Consequently, no embezzler ever has any of his ill-gotten gains left to hear him tell it. But bedtime stories don't get by the insurance-bonding executive now. These people are asked on the fibbing machine, "*Is it all spent?* Or is there something still left in cash, bonds, jewelry, annuities, real-estate, safety-deposit boxes, or some blonde's good-time furs?" If it is found that the culprit is holding out, the actual amount can be determined on the lie-detector. In a recent case in which two men had embezzled eighteen thousand dollars, the Psycho-Detectometer showed that twelve thousand dollars was still unspent.

It's the easiest thing in the world. You start at, say, "Have you as much as one hundred dollars left in any sort of equity?" If the subject says "No," and the meter disagrees, we continue after the meter balances again as his brain returns to its normal electrical potential. Then we raise the ante: "As much as five hundred dollars left in the kitty?" Finally, when the meter ceases to swing, we *know* the true amount he has left in hiding. If a fellow tells the truth, the meter doesn't swing, because his brain generates

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no increased electricity.

Walter P. was haled into court by his divorced wife, who asserted that he had struck her when she visited his private office to collect her alimony check. He denied the charge; but a warrant was issued and the trial was on. Judge Justin McCarthy, hearing the case, resorted to "Doc Scott's machine." Both submitted to the lie-detector test and, for the first time in medico-legal history, the presiding jurist personally propounded the questions. When the tests were concluded, Judge McCarthy announced: "*She* struck *you*—that's evident! Defendant discharged! Mrs. P______, another *faux pas* will mean peace bonds for you."

In 1936, when Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable were sweethearts, a six-thousand-dollar diamond ring he had given her was stolen during an auto-curbed hold-up. The newspapers decided it might be a publicity stunt, and challenged accordingly. Jackie came into the laboratory, hopped into the testing chair like "the Kid" of old, and denied the allegation. Betty, watching him with adoring eyes, hung on his every word. Then she said the words that tickled readers everywhere: "Let me ask a question. Do you love *me* more than you did Toby Wing?" The lie-detector gave her question the green light.

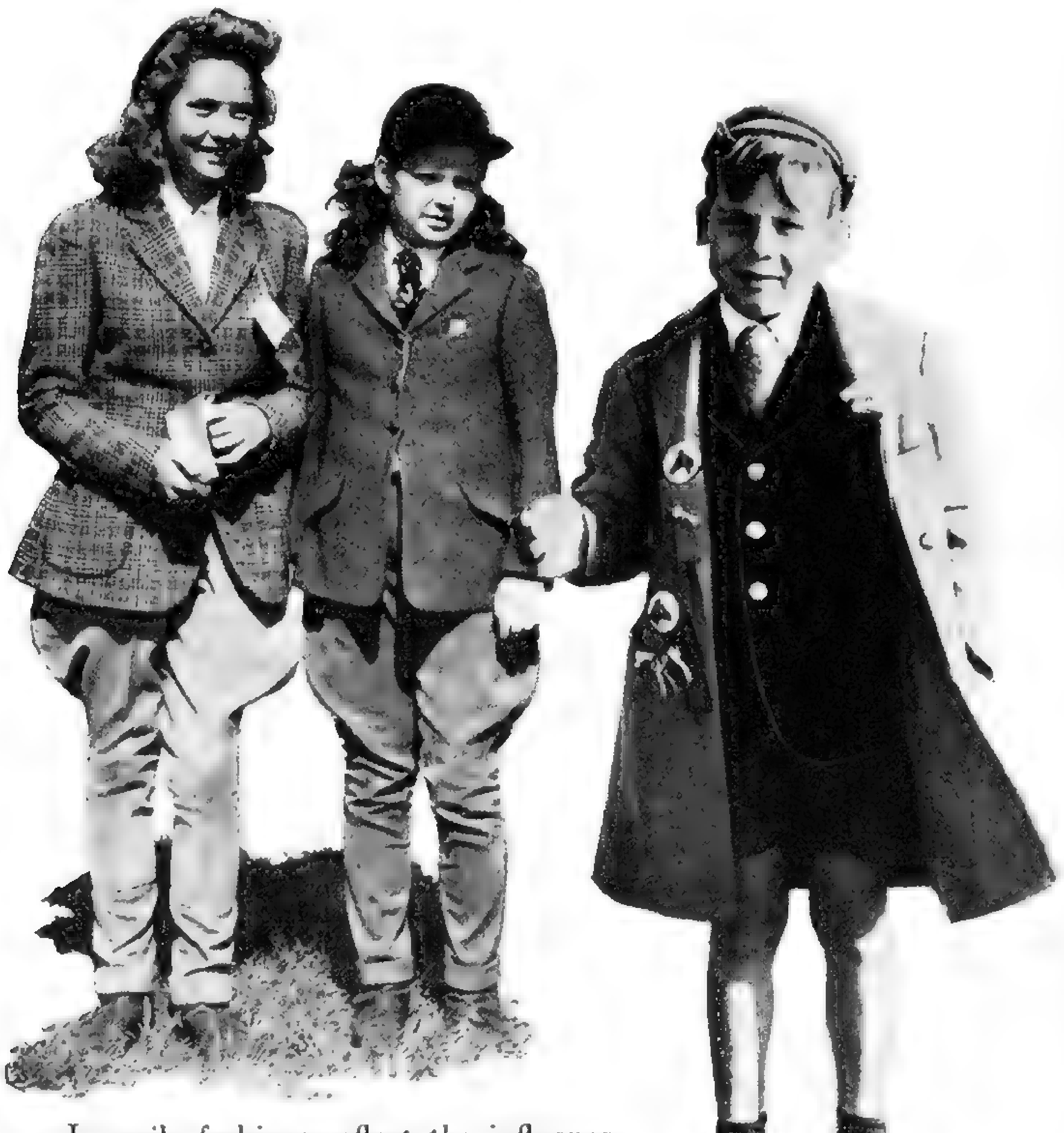
But that wasn't half as snappy as the use a friend of mine, Pete D______, made of the lie detector. He wanted to learn which of his two divorced wives he loved the most, having decided to remarry one of them. "Hell, I can't decide," he said. "Maybe your gadget can." It did. He married Dorothy again, because the needle said "Yes, sir!" as I spoke her name, and fell into the basement, figuratively speaking, when I named Rosale. That's giving the acme of confidence to the lie-detector, for five years have elapsed and Dorothy still happily bears Pete's name.

I could go on citing cases almost indefinitely. But proof need not be doubled and redoubled. Let me conclude my case with an example from the sports world.

Varias Milling. Ever hear of him? He was a pugilist not long since, as they come and go. But when he knocked out the favorite, and then told the wide world that his own manager had ordered him to "take a dive" instead, the Illinois Boxing Commission stepped in. A lie test proved that he had told the truth about his manager's orders. He said, "I agreed to throw the fight, because I had to have the fight. I needed money. But I never intended to throw it, and I didn't." The commissioners listened, and—well, I am told that Milling is still in there fighting.

With this cross section of factual case recordings, I am certain that the most doubting mind must be convinced that this newer type of brain-nerve measurement is the ultimate, the last word in detecting truth from falsehood. Add to this conviction the proved fact that this device measures one hundred per cent accurately under test conditions (proved by admissions at the time, or by later authentication, in all cases tested) then I think you'll agree that a person's mind these days can have no more privacy than a gold-fish. In every rational co-operating subject the phenomena recorded on this sensitive Psycho-Detectometer leave no room for doubt as to innocence or guilt. #

Legal Phases: Sol Andrews, LL. B.



Juvenile fashions reflect the influence of their elders. Shown here are plaid and diagonal tweed jackets, jodhpurs, a blazer jacket and a tweed topcoat.

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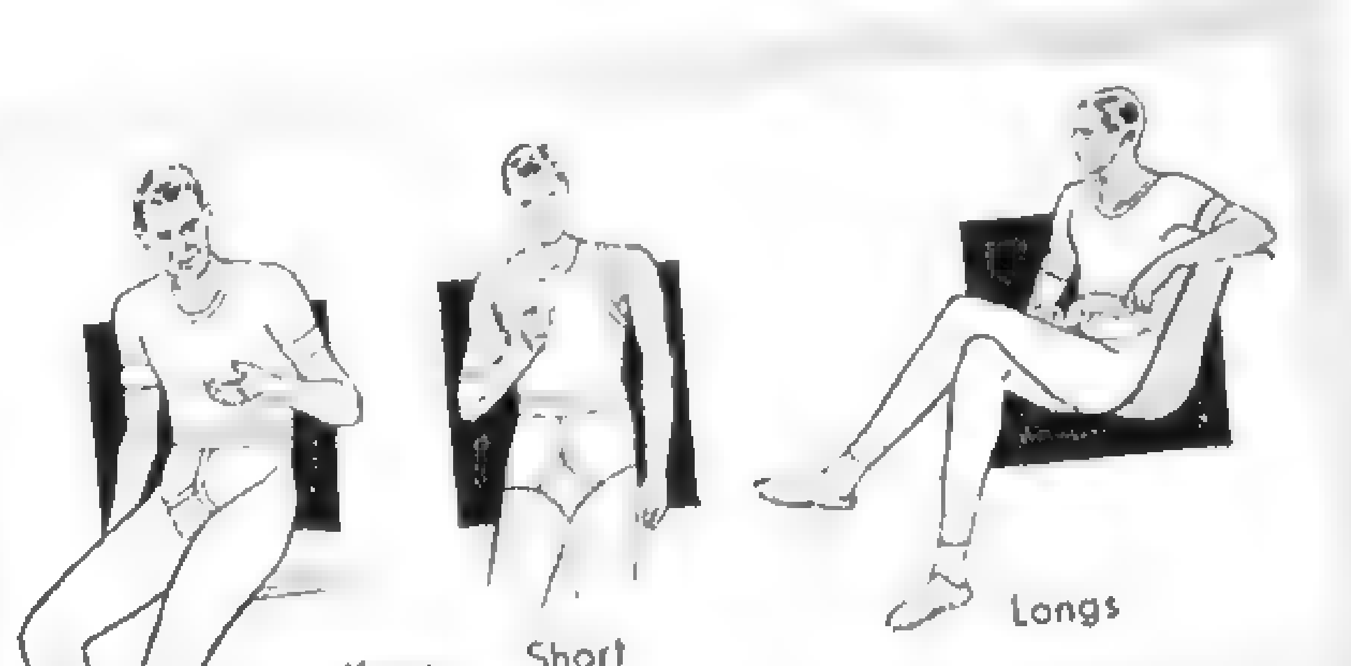

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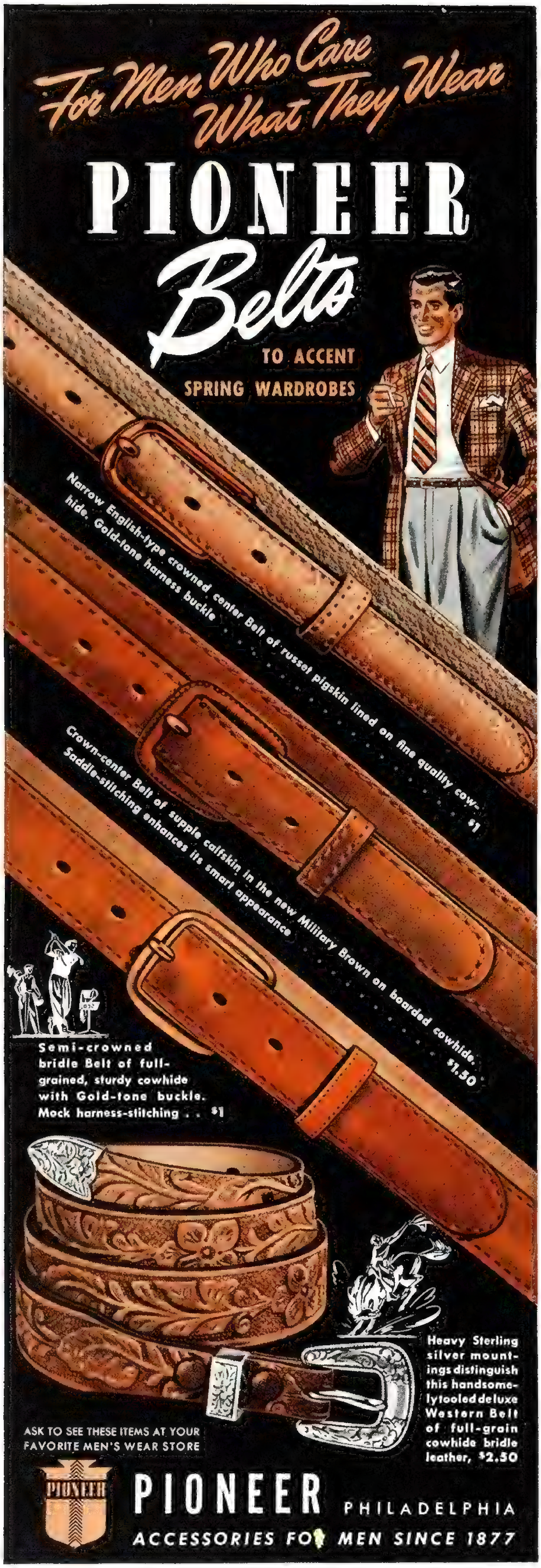
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ACCESSORIES FOR MEN SINCE 1877

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

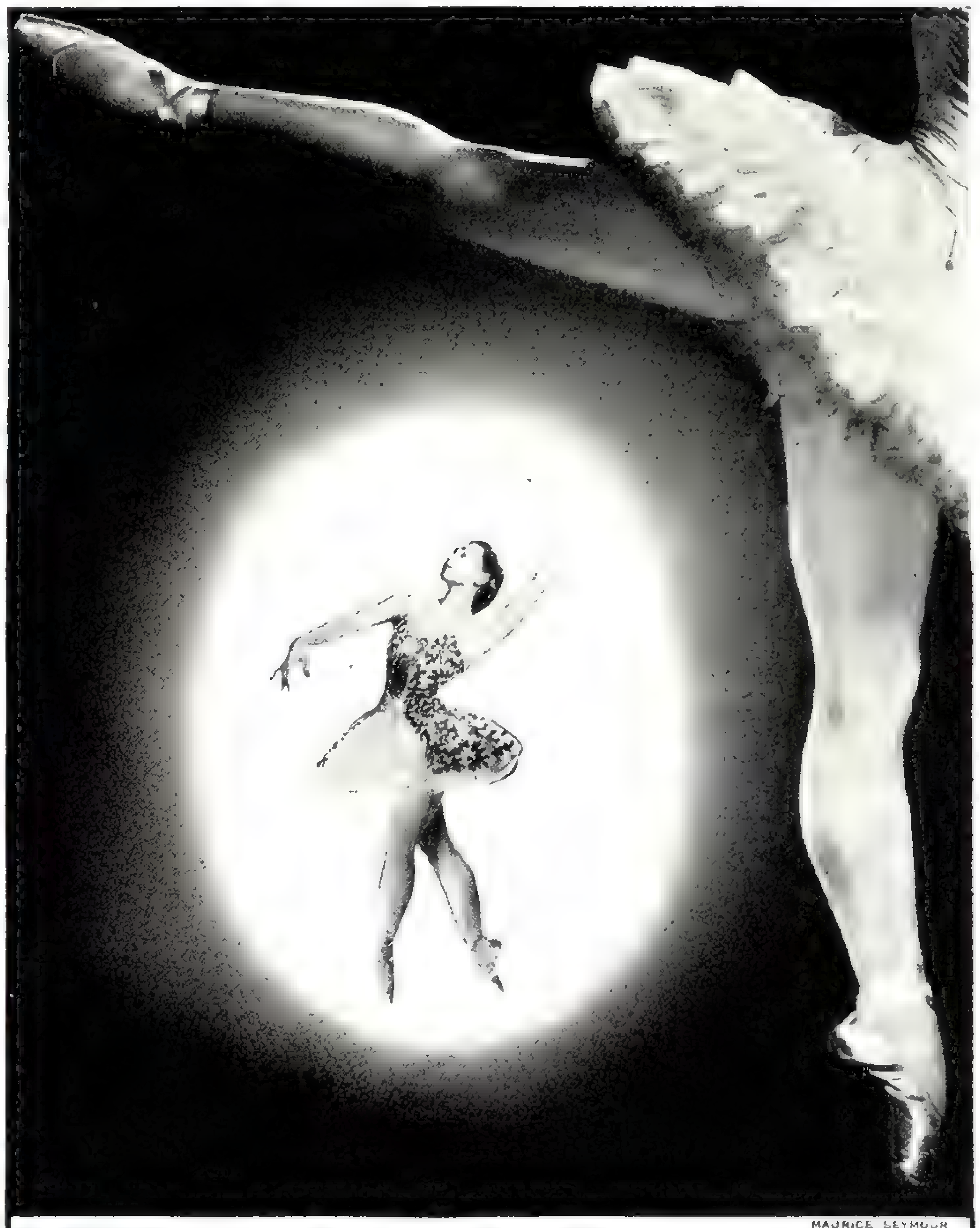
Continued from page 90

up with a solid and thorough classical education in Latin and Greek, in history and the humanities; and Mr. Kieran, although writing a column on sports every day for the New York *Times*, has apparently spent all his mornings outdoors, for he is an accomplished naturalist; his recent book on birds and other airmen I reviewed in this magazine.

Both Mr. Kieran and Mr. Golinkin are in the roaring forties, combining vitality with experience. Two better men to prepare this book could hardly be found; Mr. Kieran's humorous verse and prose are the reader's delight; Mr. Golinkin's drawings and paintings are easy on the eyes.

Mr. Kieran's knowledge of ancient and modern literature lends light to his comments, even when he describes a blackout. I remember when Jim Browning was a champion wrestler, and when on one occasion he not only pinned his opponent to the mat but deprived him of consciousness, Mr. Kieran placed in Jim's mouth the following quotation from another Browning: "Go to sleep! You will wake, and remember, and understand," which was perhaps even more true of the defeated wrestler than it was of the original sleeper.

There is this difference between football and baseball. To me there is no game more exciting to watch than football, *but only when my partisan feelings are aroused.* I do not care very much to see even well-played football as a game, whereas any game of baseball from the sandlot to the majors, I will watch with attention. One



MAURICE SEYMOUR

Legs and the Woman

IRINA BARONOVA

Prima Ballerina of the Ballet Theatre

The nimble legs of Irina Baronova have been supporting her professionally for ten years, constitutionally for twenty-two. Their current earning capacity—$1,500 a month—is exceptionally high for a ballet performer . . . They are famed as being the only limbs in captivity that can do thirty-two consecutive *fouettés* (a complicated kick with one leg while spinning on the other) . . . They were featured, at some length, in the movie *Florian* with Robert Young, a cinematic concoction about which Miss Baronova expressed her opinion by weeping copiously for two solid days after she had attended the preview . . . The left leg has been broken and the right knee dislocated in line of duty. And these valuable gams are *not* insured for a million dollars—the danger of re-injury being so great that no insurance company in the country would venture to assume the risk.

reason for this, apart from the weather, is because of a very serious defect in football—the interfering power of the judges. The officials have it in their power to deflate the wild enthusiasm of the spectators. This does not mean that any football official is dishonest; but everyone knows that a vital decision made by an honest and able official might by another equally able and honest official be quite different. A touchdown occurs; the spectators go into a frenzy of excitement. Then they discover that instead of a touchdown it is a penalty. In baseball one instantly *sees* what happens. To have a situation in baseball similar to what happens so frequently in football, let us suppose the bases are filled; the batsman makes a clean home run: four runs are scored; then the umpire rules that because he thought the coach at third base had stepped six inches out of his box, no runs have been made and the batsman is out.

The chapter on rowing is good, and it is surprising how all modern first-rate rowing came out of the State of Washington. Some one asked me why the University of Washington crews made their shells fly over the water like a bird; and being at a safe distance, I suggested it was because their oars were feathered.

And here is a new book that will please nearly all men and an increasing number of women. It is *Nat Fleischer's All-Time Ring Record Book.* It costs five dollars and is worth it. For it gives the statistical record of ring-fighting from James Figg (1719) to Joe Louis in December, 1941. It has 548 pages in double column. This makes the ordinary Ph.D. thesis look like a book for children. The author says, "I believe I have compiled the most extensive, the most accurate compendium of ring performances yet put together." I am sure he has. The information is given in an immense variety of ways, but all easy to walk in. The different classes, welter-weight, etc., geographical, biographical, number of rounds in every fight, age of fighters, weight, etc., so that you can get extensive and minute information about any and every man who ever stepped into a professional ring. One of the world's most famous battles was that between Tom Sayers, the Englishman, and Heenan, the big American on April 17, 1860, in England. 42 rounds, lasting 2 hours 20 minutes; there was the wildest excitement, noblemen throwing gold and jewels into the ring; but no one will ever know who won; the crowd broke into the ring. This fight was the subject of conversation for thirty years in the English-speaking world. Browning mentions it in his poem, *Mr. Sludge, the Medium.*

I wish I could unreservedly praise Mary Ellen Chase's new novel, *Windswept;* I wish I could, for in addition to several good novels and one absolute masterpiece, *Dawn in Lyonesse*, her successful and inspiring work as a teacher illuminates her book, *A Goodly Fellowship.* But *Windswept* falls short of the mark aimed at. A novel that has no plot except the births, lives and deaths of a family and their associates, should have characters of immense vitality and the situations should command attention. Judging by the high standard of the author's previous work. *Windswept* is good but not good enough.

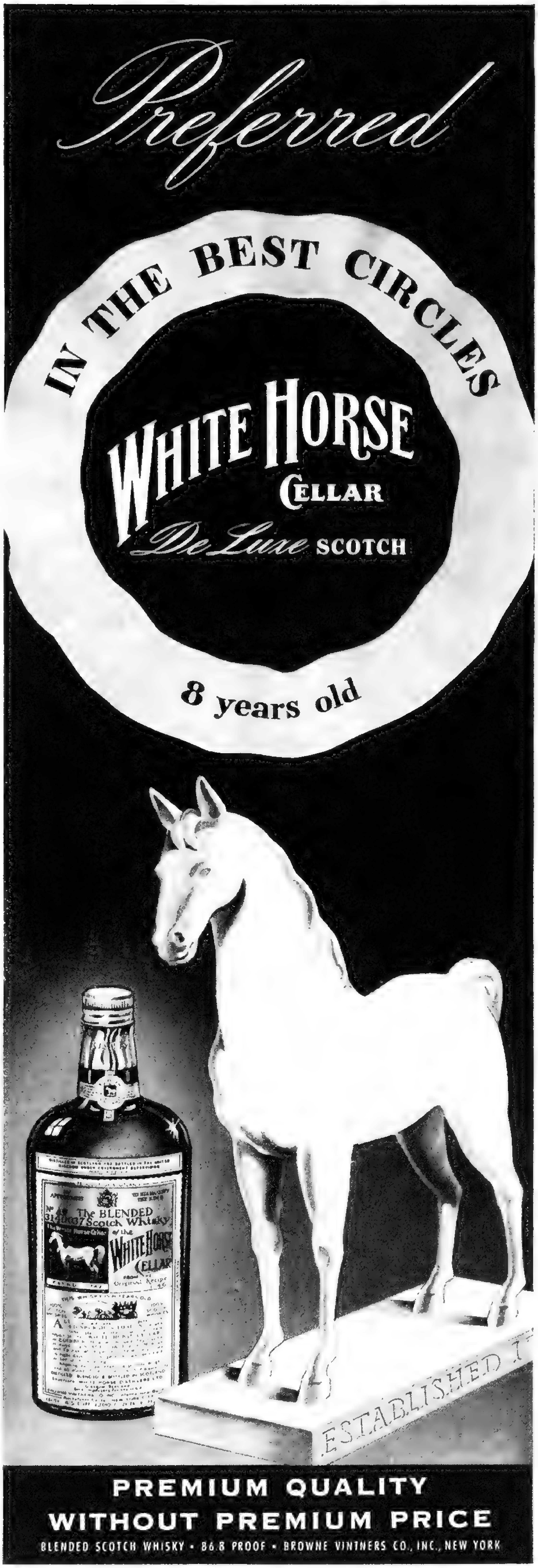
The death of Otis Skinner on January 4 closed a long and splendid career. In the year 1887 at Hartford I had the pleasure of seeing young Mr. Skinner (then not widely known) play Macduff when the Macbeth was Edwin Booth and the Lady, Madame Modjeska. Mr. Skinner stole the show. I knew him well and saw him often. In his time he played many parts and always with distinction; off the stage he was a charming and cultivated gentleman. Fortunately for us all his daughter Cornelia is adding lustre to the family name.

When Barnum said the American people love to be gulled, the saying would be equally true if we omitted the words "the American," for thousands everywhere chronically wear their ears and mouths open. Nostradamus has suddenly come to life. *Nostradamus on Napoleon, Hitler, and the Present Crisis* (1941), by Stewart Robb, is worth reading as a literary curiosity, and it is not surprising that as the old fellow said so much he occasionally said something that might be applied to historical or contemporary persons in the public eye. O poor public eye! why doesn't it consult an oculist? What is claimed for Nostradamus is that he foresaw persons and events centuries ahead and foretold them. In this idea I have not even a grain of faith. Whenever the world is in a turmoil, there is a resurrection of the prophets. Curiously enough, only last night I was reading in the eighteenth of the hitherto unpublished journals of Boswell; in the year 1792, when hell broke loose in France, he was making a peaceful journey down in Cornwall and on September 14, dined copiously and elegantly at Lord Camelford's; and, writes Boswell,

> We talked naturally a great deal of the horrid scenes in France. Lord Camelford mentioned the Prophecies of Nostradamus called his *Centenaires* some of which had been pointedly fulfilled in the very years foretold. This his Lordship *admitted*, but maintained that it was only chance, because the greatest part had not happened; and proved that if you would throw upon paper a number of events as predictions, no matter what, *some* of them would be fulfilled. This I did not like, supposing the predictions to be very *circumstantial*, so as to multiply very much the *chances* against hitting a *future fact.* I must see this curious Collection of *second sight* and examine what has *happened* or been *proved* to correspond.

Goethe's Faust, in his opening soliloquy, turns the pages of a

Continued on page 126



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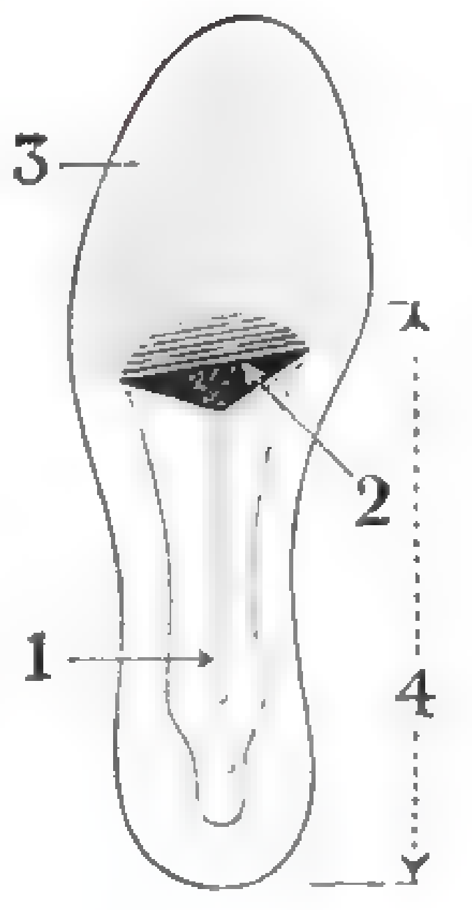

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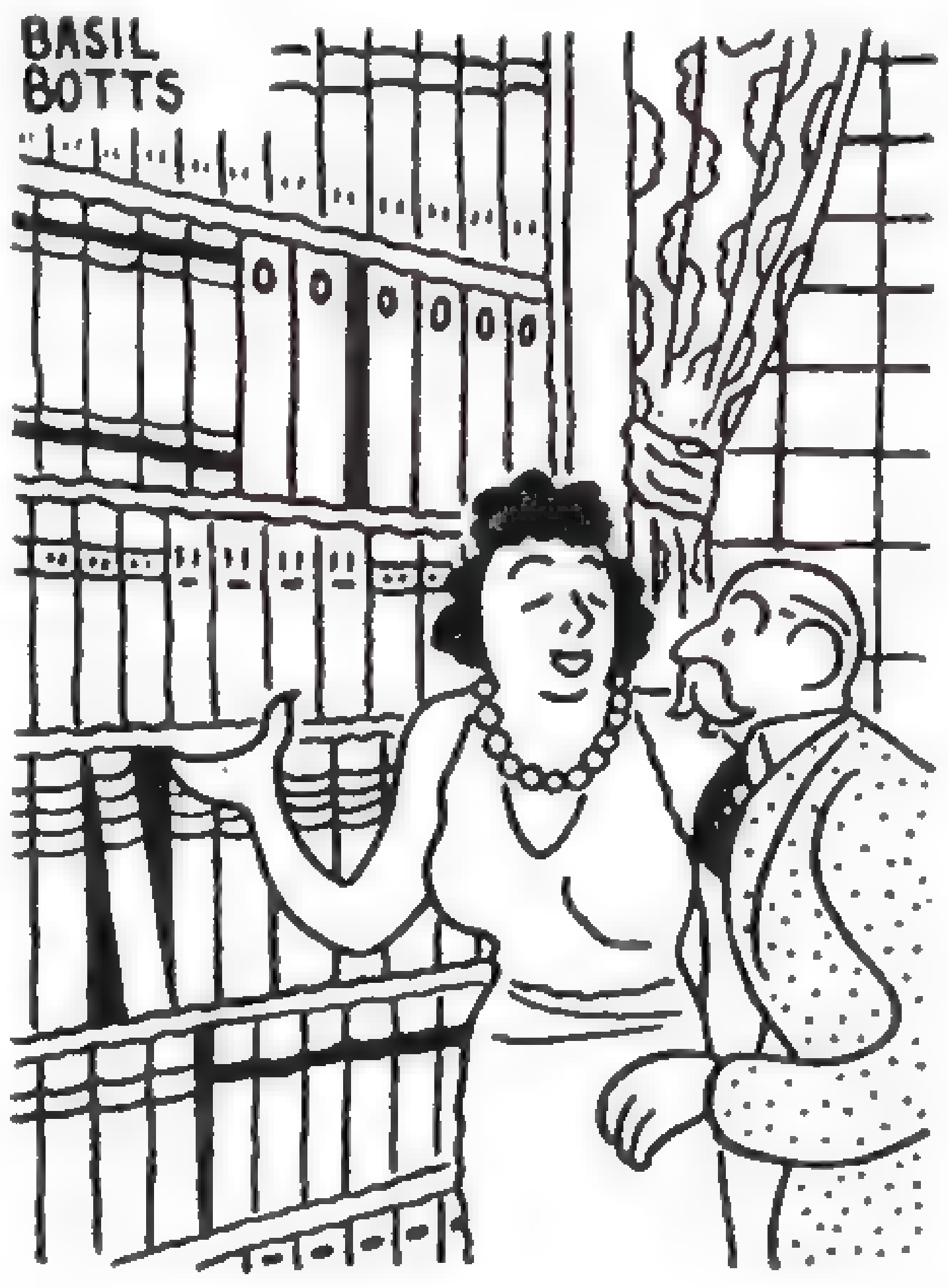
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 90-125

MS. by Nostradamus, reading the work of a then living man. The veracity and foreseeing power of Nostradamus have been the subject of fierce debate ever since the first appearance of his book; his sayings are, fortunately for him, often ambiguous, so that they gave rise to a proverb—"As good a prophet as Nostradamus," meaning, so obscure that no one is sure what he meant and anybody can interpret him to suit himself. Speaking of *Faust*, a new translation in English has just appeared in a tall, handsome (and heavyweight) volume, by Professor Carlyle F. MacIntyre of the University of California. The German text appears on the left pages, the translation on the right, the translator thus bravely challenging those who know German. The illustrations (very good) are by Rockwell Kent; and the publishers are "New Directions," Norfolk, Conn., who have for the last few years been publishing some interesting new works. (Send to them for lists.) Now every new translation of *Faust* is welcome to me, because everyone throws some light on an immortal masterpiece; but I am not impressed by two statements, one in the book and one in the blurb; it is called an *American* translation: Can't Americans read English? This has the same effect on me as the *American* revised version of the New Testament, widely used for a time. The blurb gives readers the impression that this translation is the only "readable" one for Americans of today. The same advantage was claimed for a translation (1930) by Alice Raphael.



"There's my surprise, John—I got rid of those old and worn first editions and got you bright new editions in their place!"

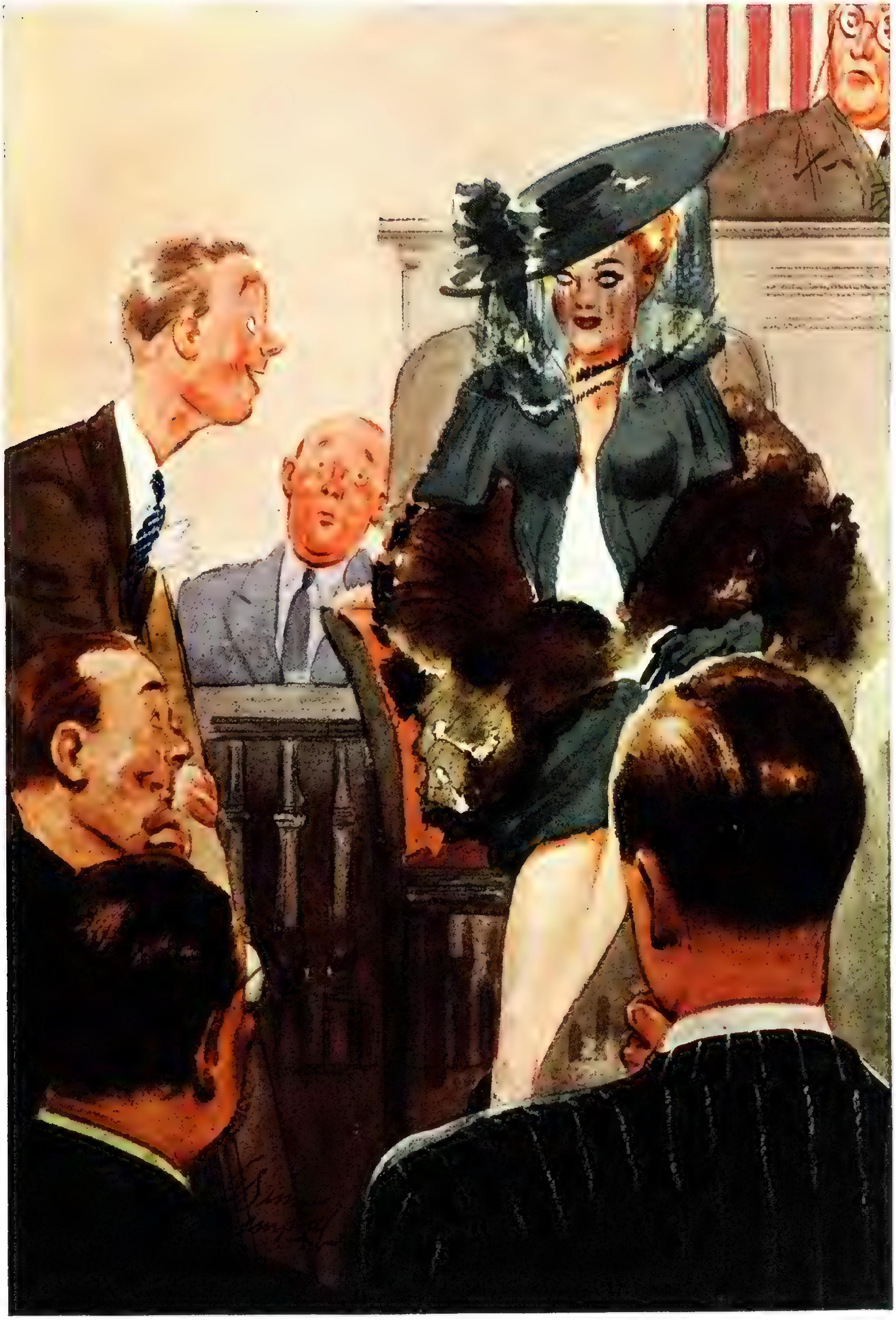
The English translation by Bayard Taylor in 1870 is still so superior to any others, that we can almost say of any new translation what the New York *Sun* years ago said of Richard Le Gallienne, "who has prepared a version of Omar Khayyam for the benefit of those dissatisfied with Fitzgerald's version"; yet of course I am glad to see the results of Dr. MacIntyre's scholarship, and his Translator's Note at the end is modest and courageous. I merely remind you that Taylor's incomparable translation can now be bought complete in one volume, *Modern Library*, for ninety-five cents.

Payment Deferred was the play that introduced Charles Laughton to America. I had forgotten it was taken from a novel of the same name by C. S. Forester. Since its production both the actor and the novelist have become deservedly famous. And now, the publishers have wisely decided to issue a new edition of the novel, as it was one of the earlier works of the man who wrote *The African Queen*, *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, and *The Captain from Connecticut.* It is an exciting murder story, with the interest mainly in the psychological state of the murderer; and painful reading, for, as Aristotle via Lessing pointed out, the pity and fear aroused by tragedy are for *ourselves* more than for the characters. Everyone who reads this imagines himself as the criminal; and Mr. Laughton told me that the reason the play did not have a longer run was because men in the audience felt they might have been caught in just that way. The climax with its almost laughable ironical twist of fate, by which the criminal was hanged for the wrong reason, was on the stage unforgettably impressive.

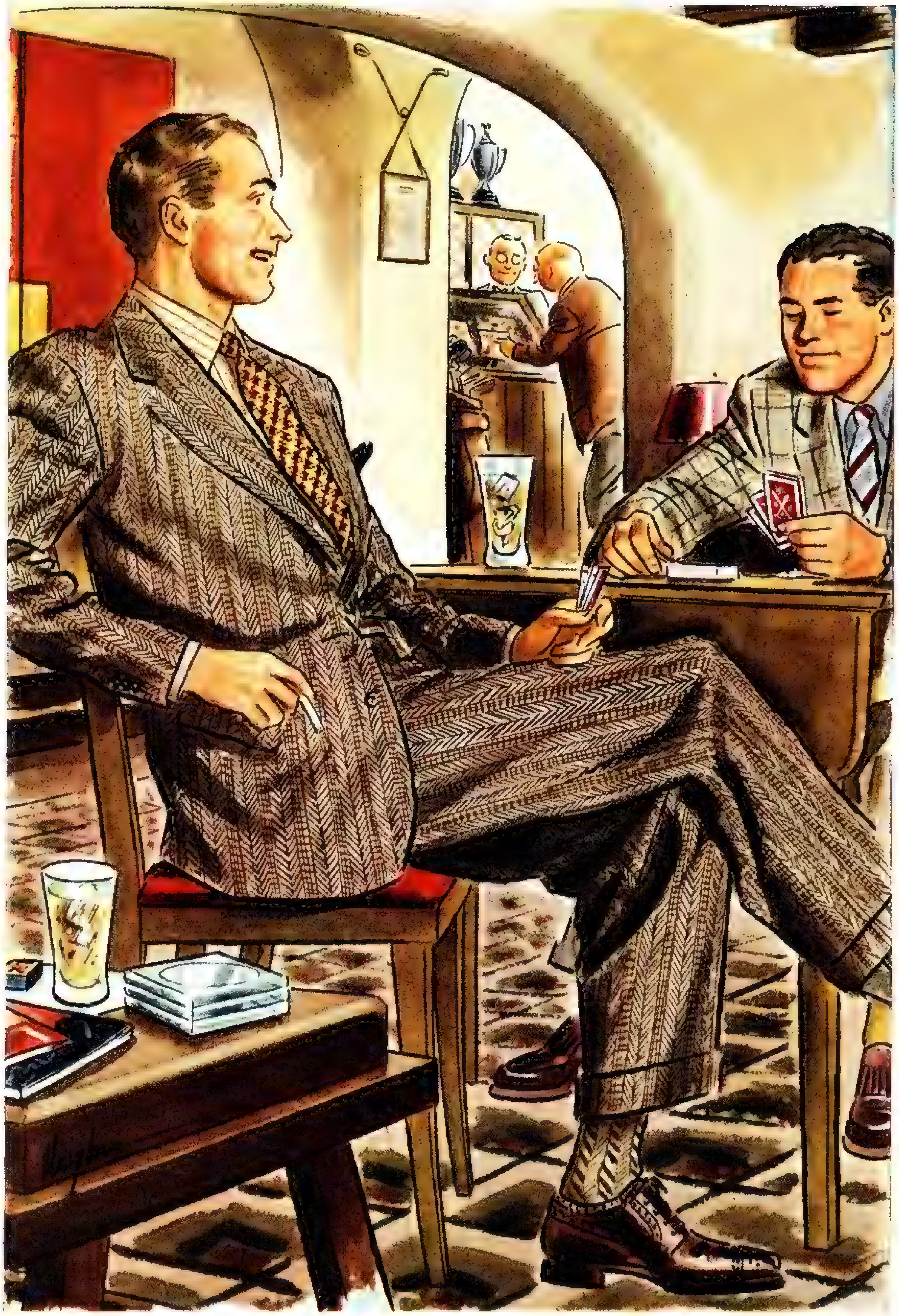
In the March number of this magazine, in a list of murder-writers who I said were dependable to provide excitement, I inadvertently omitted Rex Stout which is like omitting Dickens from a list of prominent novelists. To deepen my shame at this sin of omission, Rex Stout has just produced one of his best murders, triumphing over his own omission of Wolfe and Goodwin, which I thought even he could not do. This new masterpiece of excitement is called *Alphabet Hicks*—don't miss it. Hicks is as kinetic as Wolfe is potential; and both are a welcome addition to my literary acquaintances. And here are three murder novels written under three assumed names: try if you wish, to name the real authors; I could not; and the publishers' names won't help you much. The three books are *The Last Doorbell*, by John K. Vedder, *Double or Quits*, by A. A. Fair, and *The Silver Jackass*, by Charles K. Boston. All three are in the front rank for excitement.

A list of titles of recent books and plays, if my readers care to see if they can "spot" them:

1. *Malice Domestic*
2. *The Land Is Bright*
3. *Fears May Be Liars*
4. *From the Sublime*
5. *Evil Under the Sun*
6. *Tomorrow to Fresh Woods*
7. *All That Glitters*
8. *Obscure Destinies*
9. *This Is the Victory*
10. *The Way of the Transgressor*
11. *Where Stands a Winged Sentry.* Answers on last page. ###



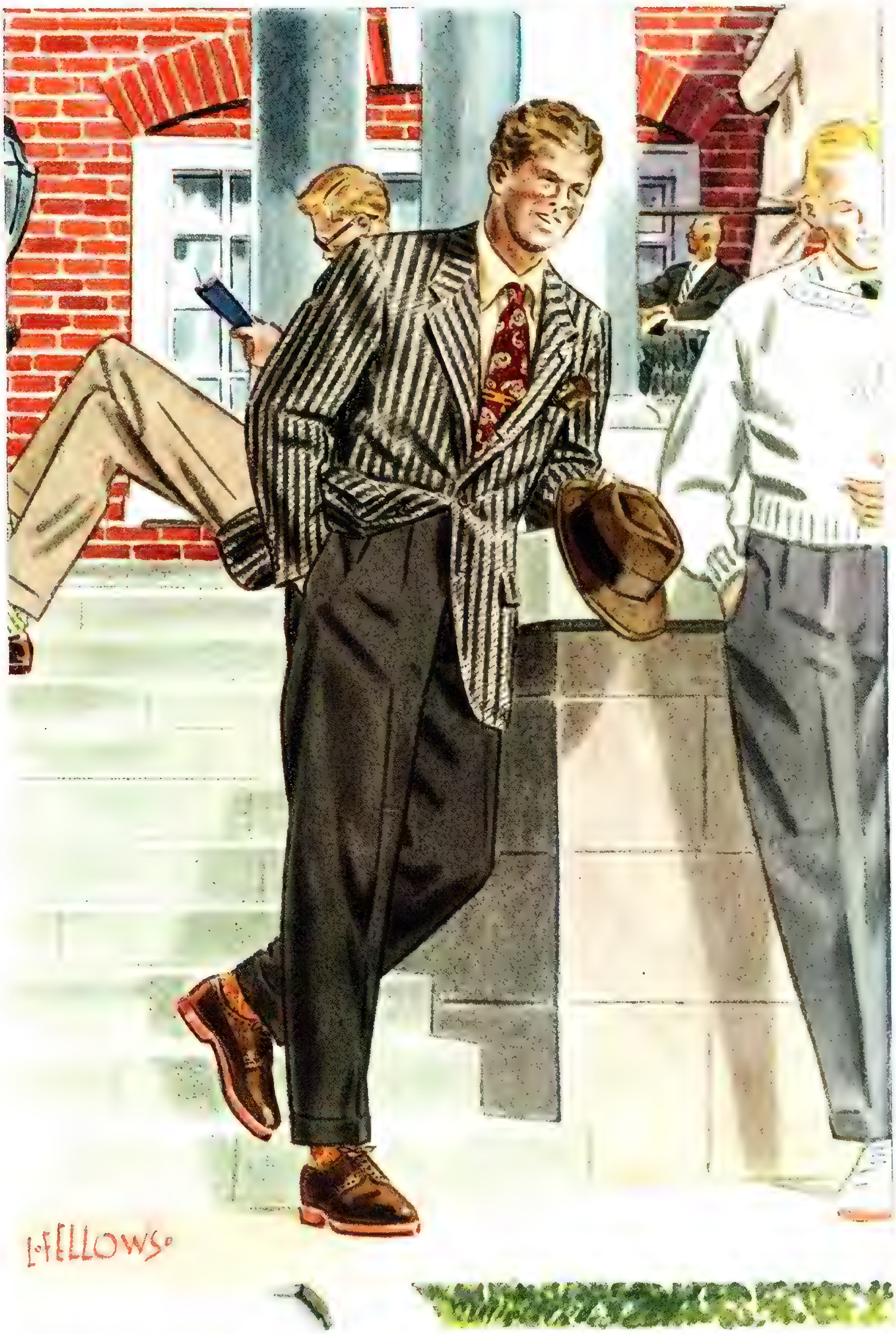
"We're still undecided—would the defendant mind crossing her legs again?"



stymied at the 19th hole

This 19th hole which runs the gamut from Gin Rummy to Gin Slings, is obviously not a water hole. These two rovin' gamblers above are engaged in a tense game of G.R., the Hollywood craze, and judging from the expression on the puss of the player on our side of the table, the game is already in the bag for him. This winner scores high in fashion, too, with his tweed suit, which has been adopted by many who like its soft texture and lighter-than-it-looks weight (10 oz. to the yard). Companionate accessories are the smooth flannel finish shirt, homespun wool tie, and brown and natural wool socks. His resigned partner, "unlucky at cards," is still able to smile, for he knows he'll make up for his defeat, as the proverbial old saying goes. He, too, is a devotee of lightweight tweeds, and wears an overchecked odd jacket with flannel slacks, Sandune wool socks, and a pair of brown calf moccasin shoes.

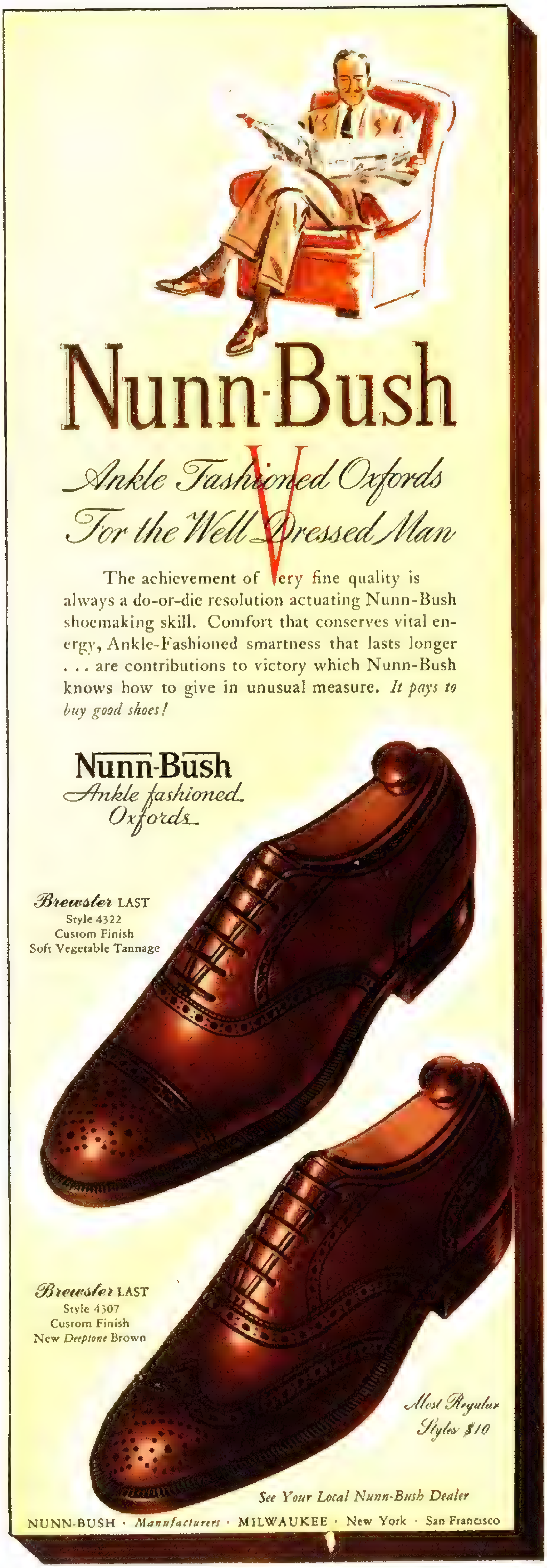
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



sandwich stripes for frail bait

This campus beanie is dressed plenty fancy considering it's one of those "My-God-It's-Monday" mornings, but the reason will arrive on the spot in a few minutes for a mid-morning coke date. He's pretty confident that the wolf standing next to him will not swipe his queen, for he knows that his rough, Shetland jacket with the new bold sandwich stripes, is probably better frail bait than a class numeral sweater worn inside out. He also wears with this neutral jacket, the latest pick-up in slacks, Brownstone flannel instead of the traditional grey like those of his friend. His crisp Paisley foulard is tied as carefully as a lover's knot for the occasion, and matches the red and brown diamond patterned wool socks. No, you're not looking at the effects of a hot-foot, Mister . . . those are red rubber soles on his brown seamless top shoes, the most recent step in the footwear of Mr. Joseph University!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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Restatement About Liberty

Continued from page 63

will also believe that whatever they like is second-rate. So if they like to eat like pigs, you invent delicate gourmandise as a superior way of enjoying food or you say that the pleasures of the table are gross and unworthy. If they like to dance, you assure them that their dancing is vulgar, and only classical ballet has the true spirit of movement; and so on down the line with poetry (in which the taste of the masses is demonstrably appalling) and fiction (where you get hits and misses) and the theatre and the rest.

But suddenly you run up against something new. All these things (except food) are inventions of the upper classes. In his time, the wandering minstrel went to the palace first; ballet rose from a popular source, but became a court-function; only the few could read when printing was invented. So that the arts consistently have a minority background. And the new thing is that the movies, the popular illustrated press, and radio are, like our mass sports of bowling and skating-fiestas, totally made for the great mass of people. They are definitely not what the "rich and wellborn" like and allow us, the commonalty, to enjoy; they are things we thought up for ourselves.

That is why we are willing to fight for them.

And that is why we should keep them out of the hands of the improvers. I speak now as a statesman, or a dictator-for-freedom. Since I want freedom not to perish, not to be diminished, but actually to increase on this fragment of the earth, I want to give millions of people the incentive to fight for freedom. I want them to have one more good reason for killing Hitlerism (or Hitler, as far as I am concerned). They have several already: Hitler and his pals attacked us and we're the boys who won't take the double-cross as a symbol of religious faith; Hitlerism is costing us plenty now and if it should win, it would cost us everything. Once in a while you hear these things said; but mostly you hear that if the dictators win, you will not be allowed to hold meetings of protest; your newspaper will not be permitted to criticize the government; the religion of a few minorities will be troubled or forbidden; and a lot of people you don't know will be jostled about. (I assume that you are a member of the American majority, white, Protestant, and able to read English.) From my own point of view, these are terrible things. But when did you or I last go to a meeting of protest? When did we last petition for redress grievances? When did we last go to church? When did we last *protect* the rights of any minority-man?

As I am not a reformer, these are not nasty questions. They merely lead to the conclusion implied in my opening: that we care little about the practice of civil liberty because we have never missed it; and that we care immensely about the enjoyment of our fun. So that if I were building morale in America and using the basic technique of telling people what would happen IF, I would concentrate on their simple pleasures. I would not hesitate to use all other forms of persuasion. But I'd make intensely precious every bit of popularity by throwing around it the fear that it will vanish. Do people still listen to and look at Dorothy Lamour? Then I would make it clear that under any tough total State, they wouldn't be allowed to. Do they prefer *Tonight We Love* to *Elmer's Tune?* The former was written by a Slav, and therefore a no-good and you couldn't hear the melody if Hitler had his way; but the moment *Elmer's Tune* was preferred, I'd let people know why that would be forbidden, too.

A few days ago Paul Webb, who draws those pictures in this magazine, and I were selling Defense Bonds together, and Webb drew Paw and Maw and allowed as how he made them citizens anxious to defend their country. And I felt he was right. They were good citizens. And they were protecting their right to live as they wished.

I might say that I don't think anyone should be forced to live in poverty and no one should be compelled to enjoy only the second-rate.

But in the name of God and the Continental Congress we'll fight even for filth if that's what we want. It's our wanting that makes things good—not their goodness that makes us want them. And getting what we want—or at least having the chance to get what we want—is liberty. Getting what's good for us, ain't. ⌗

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 89

QUESTION VII

Will the playing skill of baseball players be greatly impaired after their return from war service?

The public	**No 56.33%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 50.96%**
Sports editors	**No 51.85%**
Major leaguers	**Yes 63.79%**
Jefferson Barracks	**Yes 53.58%**

Ball players aren't kidding themselves on this one. Possibly other voters may be expecting a U. S. victory in a 5-inning war, after which the service men will return to their sport labors with physiques sturdier, zest revived, and skill undulled.

Ed Barrow, the master-mind that keeps the Yankees up, believes that the ball players will suffer an impairment of their skill as a result of their period of military service. **H. J. Osborne,** Saint John's, New Brunswick, *Telegraph Journal*, recalled that "Hank Gowdy of the Braves was an example." **Alf Anderson,** Pittsburgh's classy young shortstop, agreed: "It will affect some of them. A year or more away from any business will affect one's efficiency in his line." **Gus Mancuso** of the Cards, **Bill Dietrich** of the White Sox and **Bobby Doerr** of the Red Sox concurred. **Jerry Priddy** of the Yankees felt otherwise. **Mervyn Shea,** Detroit coach, said: "I don't think it would hurt a ball player if he was out for one year, but two years or more I would say 'yes.'"

Captain C. E. Smith, Captain R. M. Banic, Captain S. S. Sorenson, and **Lieutenant R. S. Mylroie** of Jefferson Barracks all felt that army life would not hurt the ball players.

QUESTION VIII

Should more drastic penalties be imposed on the use of the "bean ball"?

The public	**Yes 72.85%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 67.96%**
Sports editors	**Yes 63.83%**
Major leaguers	**Yes 53.65%**
Jefferson Barracks	**Yes 67.61%**

As protective devices haven't become popular in meeting the peril of the bean ball, punitive legislation is believed by the majority to be required. Opposition vote was based on the problem involved in deciding whether the suspected bean ball was an accident or a deliberate intent to score an unethical bull's-eye in a batter's ear.

This point was well worded by **Bill Brandt,** former Philadelphia ace sports writer and now director of the National League Service Bureau, when he said:

> The so-called "bean-ball" is a close pitch which accidentally strikes a player on the head. Unless intent to injure can be proved, any penalty would be a penalty for an accident outside of the penalized pitcher's control; therefore unfair. To legislate against pitching the ball "close" to the batter would so distort the values that you would soon need a rule penalizing the batter for knocking the pitcher's kneecap off with a line drive!

Bill Nagel, Athletics infielder, said: "There is not much bean ball throwing, and what there is is a manager's fault."

QUESTION IX

Would you rate a team of sluggers superior to a team with superb pitching and fielding?

The public	**No 73.79%**
Sportscasters	**No 64.42%**
Sports editors	**No 60.88%**
Major leaguers	**No 73.98%**
Jefferson Barracks	**No 80.12%**

This question is boiled down by the majority of voters to the conclusion that *if* the pitchers only pitch strikes and *if* the fielders cover all the ground in the park the sluggers' only hope is to hit 'em over the fence.

Buck Newsom of the Tigers said: "Pitching and fielding beats all great teams." **Red Rolfe** of the Yankees, however, stood by the hitters, having experienced some results among them. **Bob Logan** of the Reds qualified the point by saying: "It depends on the ball park."

Bill Kinney, Rock Island *Argus*, argued: "Look at what the Yankees, with hitting power and average defense, did to the Cincinnati Reds, supposed to be the tops in fielding and hurling, in the 1939 World Series. As long as they pay off on runs, I'll take the sluggers!" **Charles H. Pointel,** W R D W, Augusta, Georgia, drew the line a bit finer when he said: "Sluggers would be superior in a series, but pitchers and fielders would hold the upper hand in a given single contest." **Tait Cummins,** Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, took the sluggers "with the current lively ball." **Porter Vaughan,** promising young Athletics pitcher, said: "I believe in the long run the sluggers would prove the stronger team with average pitching on their team."

Private Lamont R. Dickey of Jefferson Barracks wrote:

> A superb fielding and pitching team is nice to watch, but power at the plate is required to score runs. The pitching staff of the Brooklyn Dodgers was rated over the staff of the New York Yankees, but the power of the Yanks at the plate was too much for them. The Cincinnati Reds, another club with fine pitching and good fielding, last year were another example of power at the plate being the deciding factor. The Reds of last season couldn't punch their way out of a paper bag.

QUESTION X

Is the coaching and training of players in baseball as expert as that of college football players?

The public	**Yes 73.19%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 65.09%**
Sports editors	**Yes 55.30%**
Major leaguers	**Yes 77.16%**
Jefferson Barracks	**Yes 79.43%**

This result surprised us. The baseball coach generally gets a mere whisper of public acclaim now and then, but the public gives the winning football coach loud and long credit for teaching the great Superman everything he knows.

Tom Harmon of Michigan and W J R, Detroit, who had some experience with college football training, thinks the ball players get just as good a going over.

Continued on page 132

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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 89-131

Ken Raffensberger of the Cubs, however, thinks differently, as does **Dale Stafford,** Detroit *Free Press*. **L. D. Meyer,** promising young Detroit second-baseman who formerly played football under his uncle, Leo R. "Dutch" Meyer of Texas Christian, significantly voted on the side of football. **Ernie Koy** of the Reds, former Texas grid star, rated the college football training of a higher order than big league instructions.

Eddie Collins, Jr. of the Athletics wrote:

Training of college football players is not more advanced than that of professional baseball players. Football is more of a team game, with less chance for individual initiative. By this I mean football is more dependent on what eleven men do at the same time than baseball is on what nine are doing.

Tommy Bridges of the Tigers said:

Major league teaching is expert, but players in pro sports are considered men and are not tolerated with faults as a college boy might be if they can't deliver.

Bert Haas, outstanding young outfielder of the Reds, stated:

There is so much more to learn in a ball player's life that it entirely dwarfs anything a football player has to learn. It is just fundamentals that are important in football, but I will say quite hard to take. It takes at least four to five years for one to become a really polished ball player and then only those who have that second sense of learning become proficient enough to attain major league stardom.

Stuart X. Stephenson, W S F A, Montgomery, Alabama, declared:

The moral habits of professional baseball players present a problem most managers are afraid to tackle with temperamental ball players; hence, the willingness and zest of college football players enables coaches to accomplish a better job.

QUESTION XI

Is it fair for a star ball player to be marooned on a tail-end club?

The public	Yes 56.11%
Sportscasters	Yes 70.47%
Sports editors	Yes 78.40%
Major leaguers	Yes 74.35%
Jefferson Barracks	No 59.62%

A star on a tail-end club is an asset to be converted into the cash the club needs to keep itself from sinking for the third and final time into the depths of the red.

Warren Giles, general manager of the Cincinnati Reds, said, "While it may not appear 'fair,' it is necessary for the game that it be so. Otherwise a bad club would *always* be a bad club with no hope and consequently no interest in it."

Ernie Harwell, W S B, Atlanta, Georgia, maintained:

If he's top-notch he'll be traded. Note Bucky Walters, Kirby Higbe, Dolph Camilli of the Phils. That is, he'll be traded if he gives his best and hustles and plays real ball. Other stars are stuck because they want to be swapped off to a pennant contender, and they talk too much about it.

On the other hand, **George H. James,** Brazil, Indiana, *Times*, contended:

I believe that it is contrary to the spirit of American freedom for a ball player to be hog tied like a slave. Contracts should be for a year with privilege of changing jobs like an actor or anyone else under contract.

QUESTION XII

Do you believe that a baseball manager has as many tribulations as a college football coach?

The public	Yes 70.92%
Sportscasters	Yes 80.18%
Sports editors	Yes 72.64%
Major leaguers	Yes 88.46%
Jefferson Barracks	Yes 74.76%

This vote classified Freddie Fan with Albert Alumnus; both of them sitting on their sterns and conducting blabby post-mortems. Counting the hot-stove season the baseball manager is parked on the griddle seven months a year. The football coach is victim of the niceties of the partisan inquisition only about half that time, but the critical blasts may be twice as hot.

Michael Lee, Jamaica, New York, *Long Island Press*, blared:

There's nothing more vicious than alumni!

R. M. Hitt, Jr., Charleston, South Carolina, *News & Courier*, sided with the majority, saying:

A baseball manager has more trials than a football coach and over a greater period of time. Baseball players usually are full grown men with an undeniable spirit of independence. To them baseball is a means of earning a living. To the average college football player, the element of glory and self-sacrifice offsets independence.

QUESTION XIII

Do you believe that broadcasting baseball games has affected the attendance detrimentally?

The public	No 88.02%
Sportscaster	No 98.13%
Sports editors	No 82.32%
Major leaguers	No 86.04%
Jefferson Barracks	No 77.74%

Note the extremes the Sports Editors and the Sportscasters occupied on this one. The result seems to indicate that baseball attendance will keep up until press and radio can provide a substitute for the thrill of the popcorn-peanut-hotdog-and-drink men rug-cutting on your corns, or until a foul that can be kept pops out of the sports pages or radio.

Hal Totten, W M A Q, Chicago, explained:

While baseball's palmy days date from the rise of Babe Ruth as a slugger, the great growth in crowds and enlargement came after the start of broadcasting.

For the other side, **Estel Crabtree** of the Cardinals, remarked:

Yes in some places; others no. For instance, the broadcasting of the Cincinnati Reds games affects the attendance at Columbus by winning over the attention and interest of fans in territory rightfully belonging to the Columbus club.

QUESTION XIV

Who is your choice as baseball's greatest manager?

The public	Connie Mack 44.43%
Sportscasters	John McGraw 41.58%
Sports editors	Connie Mack 41.61%
Major leaguers	Connie Mack 50.00%
Jefferson Barracks	Connie Mack 63.38%

It's win, place and show for the

Continued on page 134

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 89-131-132

Macs. The venerable McGillicuddy is first choice, although the late John J. McGraw was the Sportscasters' choice. That may mystify some as McGraw won his last championship in 1924 when radio was crackling out of flower-shaped horns. Joe McCarthy finished third in Esquire's poll.

Billy Southworth of the Cardinals, who was among those nominated, hit the nail on the head when he voted: "John McGraw, National League; Connie Mack, American League."

Bill Gaynon, Niagara Falls, Ontario, *Evening Review*, ably supported his choice. He wrote:

> Connie Mack's ability to build three great machines without paying big money for major league stars, in my opinion rates him ahead of John McGraw, who purchased many of his better players after they had starred in other centers.

Elmer W. Ferguson, Montreal *Herald*, characterized McGraw well in the words:

> McGraw was the traditional manager of baseball teams, the hard-bitten, hard-boiled pilot. He got results. But a grand guy beneath his tough exterior. In addition, he could lick any player on the team.

Monte Pearson of the Reds, who has played under two of the great present day managers, spoke well for McGraw when he said:

> In due respect to the other managers of baseball, the reason I name McGraw is from what other fellows have told me of his ability, not only in developing young ball players but his sixth sense in detecting the opposition's weakness. A great manager isn't one who has such a great club that they walk through the league, but one who with just a fair club brings them through the season as champions.

Bob Patton, Wilkes-Barre *Record*, revealed:

> Connie Mack told us recently that Joe McCarthy was the greatest manager because of the showing of his recent Yankee teams.

Warren Brown, Chicago *Sun*, agreed with this verdict.

Many other outstanding managers were put up. **Bill McKee,** Ashland, Ohio, *Times-Gazette*, gave his vote with good reason to Harry Wright who managed the first paid team, the Red Stockings of Cincinnati way back in 1869. This team won 56 straight victories. In 1872 Wright managed the Boston champions. He was the greatest, according to McKee, "because he had to pioneer; had to do original thinking. Present-day managers have as much precedent for actions as the Supreme Court."

O. B. Keeler, Atlanta *Journal*, spoke eloquently for another of the game's Unforgettables—Frank Chance:

> I'm hopelessly old fashioned. I simply consider the Cubs built up by the Peerless Leader in 1906-07-08 the finest ball club that ever played, in the true baseball era before the dam' rabbit ball took the fine edge off the game in both attack and defense.

Minor league managers were not overlooked. **Roy Weatherly** of the Cleveland Indians commented:

> I would have to make my selection from three different men—McGraw of the Giants, Huggins of the Yankees of yesteryear, and Mack of the Athletics of today. It would be hard to select a leader of these three. And Larry Gilbert of Nashville is the standout in the minors. If he ever takes over a big league club I think he will win his way to a place alongside the other three.

Henry Decker, Frederick, Maryland, *Post*, put up:

> Jack Dunn won seven pennants with the Baltimore Orioles and was a genius at developing ball players, as witness Lefty Grove, Max Bishop, Joe Boley, Alphonse Thomas, George Earnshaw, all of whom made their mark in the majors.

QUESTION XV

Do spring training trips need to be as long as they are in order to get the players into physical condition?

The public	**Yes 59.12%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 50.46%**
Sports editors	**No 62.16%**
Major leaguers	**No 57.25%**
Jefferson Barracks	**Yes 80.90%**

According to the tally, the Sports Editors and Major Leaguers would have no difficulty in reconciling themselves to briefer preliminaries, if necessary.

Joe Medwick of the Dodgers said: "In my mind it depends upon the age of the players. The younger ones really don't need too much practice before getting into shape, while the older ones require longer time." **Nelson Potter,** Athletics pitcher, agreed; but the veteran **Lefty Grove,** one of the dozen immortal 300-game winners of history, said no. He was supported by many of the big back-office men, including **Walter O. Briggs, Jr.,** Detroit; **Horace C. Stoneham,** Giants; **William E. Benswanger,** Pittsburgh; and **Powel Crosley, Jr.,** Cincinnati.

On the other hand, young **Johnny Rucker** of the Giants intelligently pointed out that it can be overdone when he wrote:

> I am thoroughly convinced that some clubs remain in spring training too long. For most clubs one month would be long enough. The personnel of the club would have something to do with the length of the training season. Most clubs are pretty well set before going to camp, so why waste all the time and energy? Take the squad that is to be used throughout the year, train them hard for a short time, with plenty of hitting, fielding and baserunning, etc. I think some ball players give out before the season ends due to too long a time in spring training.

Del Baker, who took a team of veterans through to the flag at Detroit in 1940, favors the present length of training program. ⌗

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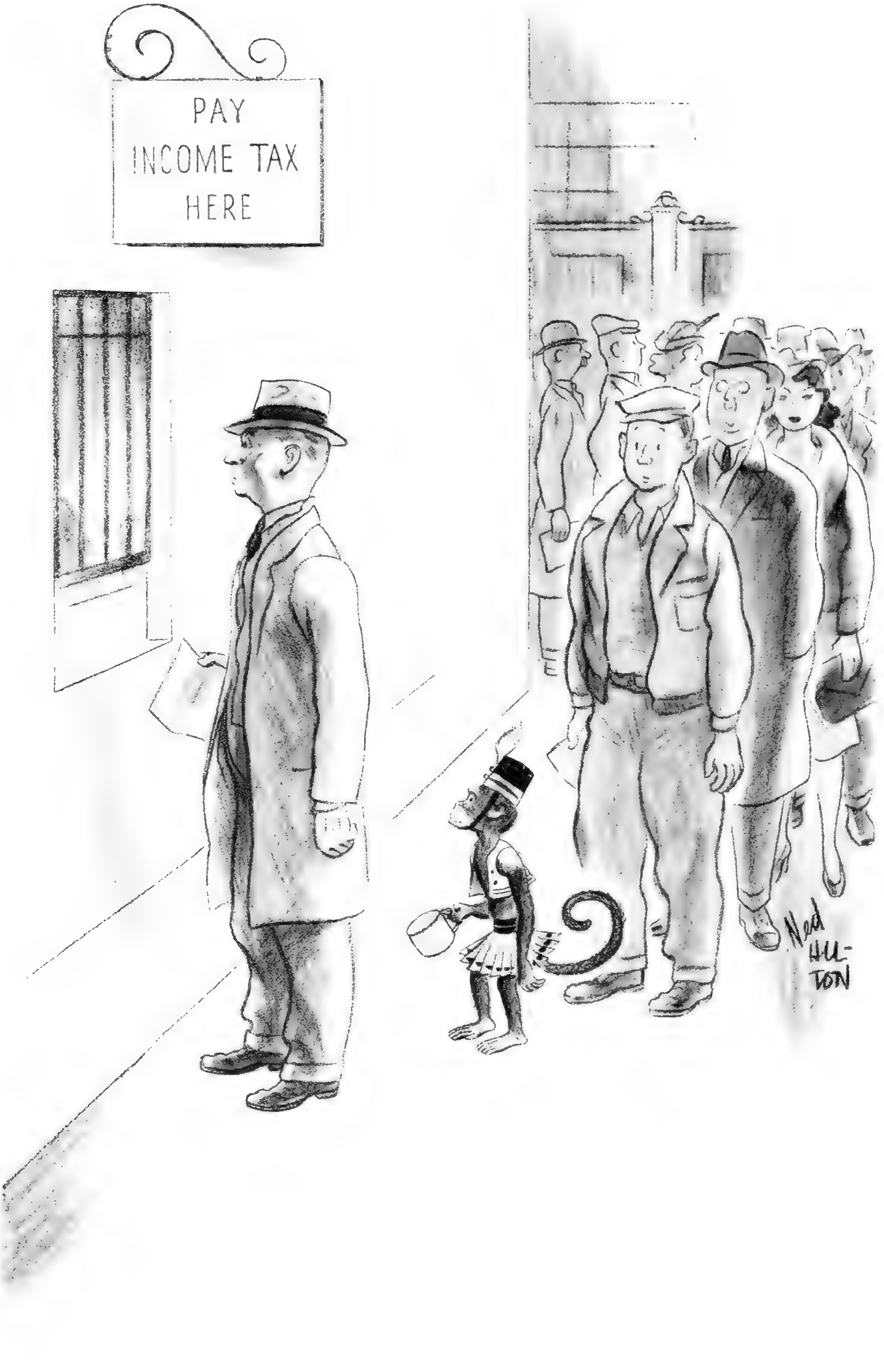
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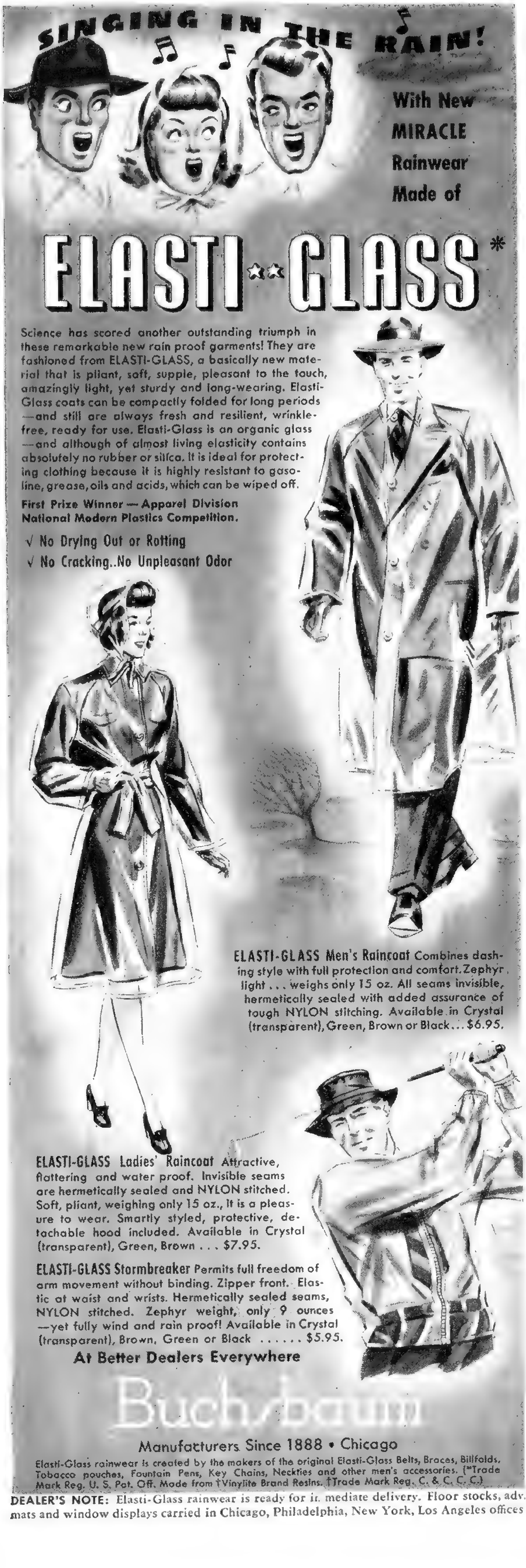

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The Hanging of Hey Olferen

Continued from page 65

answer to Gaffer. Those eyes had found the wanted thing. Slowly the ancient, withered limbs began their creaking motion; and he glided forward until he stood beneath the gaping hole, where once an enormous iron chandelier had held rows of sperm candles for many a rose-cheeked maiden whirling past the gay chief fiddler. Creeping forward, with never a glance downward to see where his buckled shoes were taking him, the stranger advanced until he was directly under the shattered part of the ceiling. There he stared. The look of happy expectation faded from his grisly countenance. Again that queer beseeching look returned and again his cry of pain and longing rang. Gaffer was sure that this time he had heard a word or two clearly and they seemed to be these: "Ah! Truitje! Truitje, my darling—"

So saying, the shambling figure turned and went slowly back toward the doorway. Pausing only once to utter a moan of grief, the searcher passed out of the chamber, leaving Gaffer stricken on his bed. He lay there a while, then sat and carefully tested his wakefulness. He tweaked his moustache and pinched the muscle of his trembling arm.

"I'm awake all right," he said. He slid out of bed and said aloud: "I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't."

He crept to the doorway and gazed down the hall. At first, the darkness cheated him. He could see nothing except a bar of moonlight falling across the hall at a point where another chamber door stood open. He listened. He heard a whispering beyond and then, clear and loud, the same voice cried out its bitter complaint. Soon the figure came tottering forth from another door and went onward, searching the ceilings and the high, webbed crannies.

Gaffer took a few steps forward. He waited until the searcher entered another chamber and then he hurried forward until he came to that door. He held his ear close to the dusty, cracked panel and listened. Once again the voice cried out a phrase of endearment and a sentence that seemed like a prayer for release from pain.

Gaffer fought down his horror. He grasped the glass knob of the door, swore a fine fisherman's oath to keep his dander up, and gave the knob a lurching wrench. The door was locked.

Gaffer went back to his chamber and lay down. He had no sleep until the dawn drew off the shadows. He awoke close to noon. He pulled on his waders and clumped down to the kitchen. The old couple greeted him in a timid, questioning way. Gaffer replied that he had slept well enough, but he could tell that they, too, had stayed awake all night and had just now come from their uneasy sleep. He ate his breakfast and stepped into the tumbledown yard for his morning pipe. There, as he expected, the old man soon joined him. Gaffer led him to talk of the old days in the fabled Catskills.

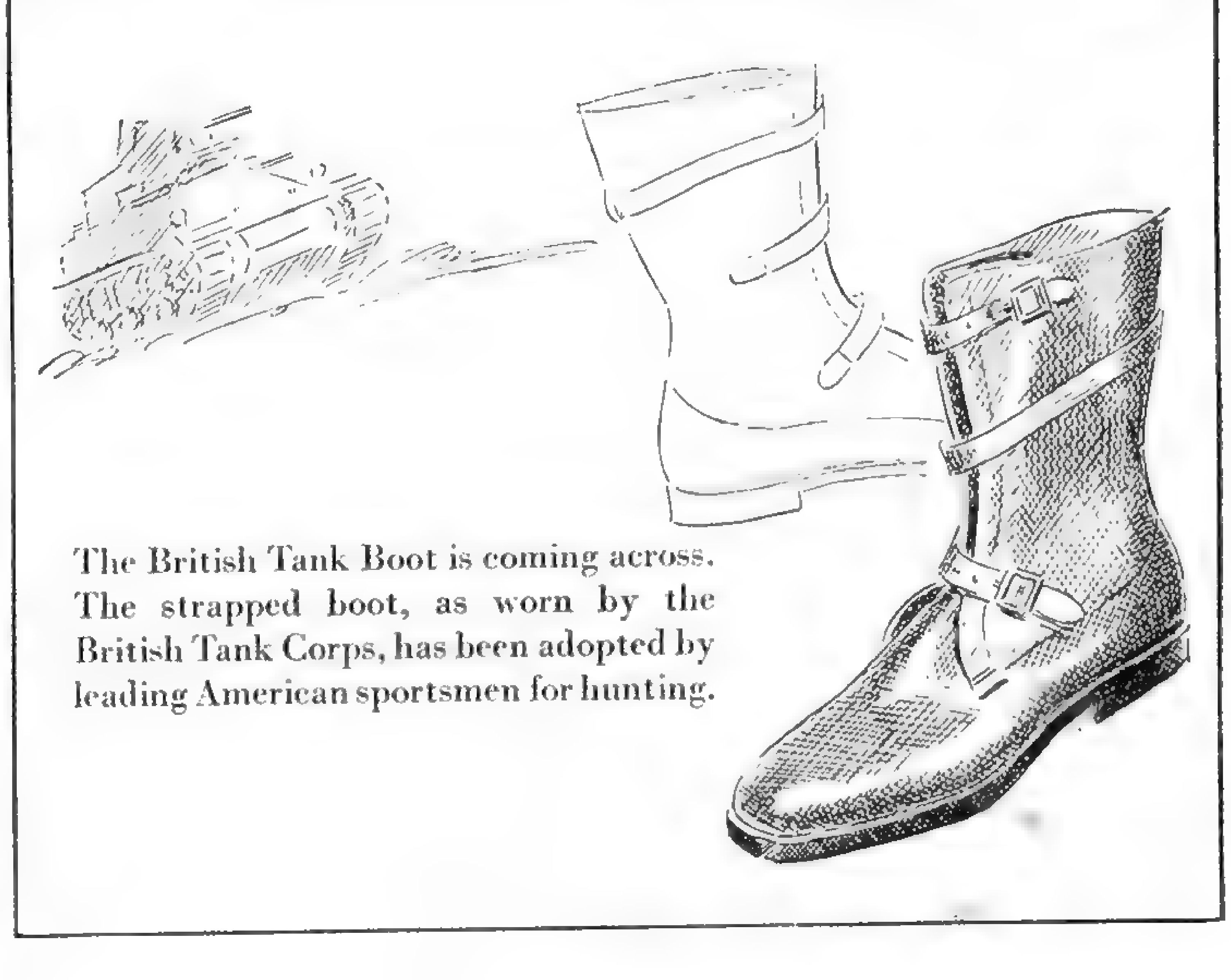
"Tell me," said Gaffer, "who built this mansion. He must have been a man of great wealth."

"Hey Olferen. He built this mansion. Almost two centuries ago."

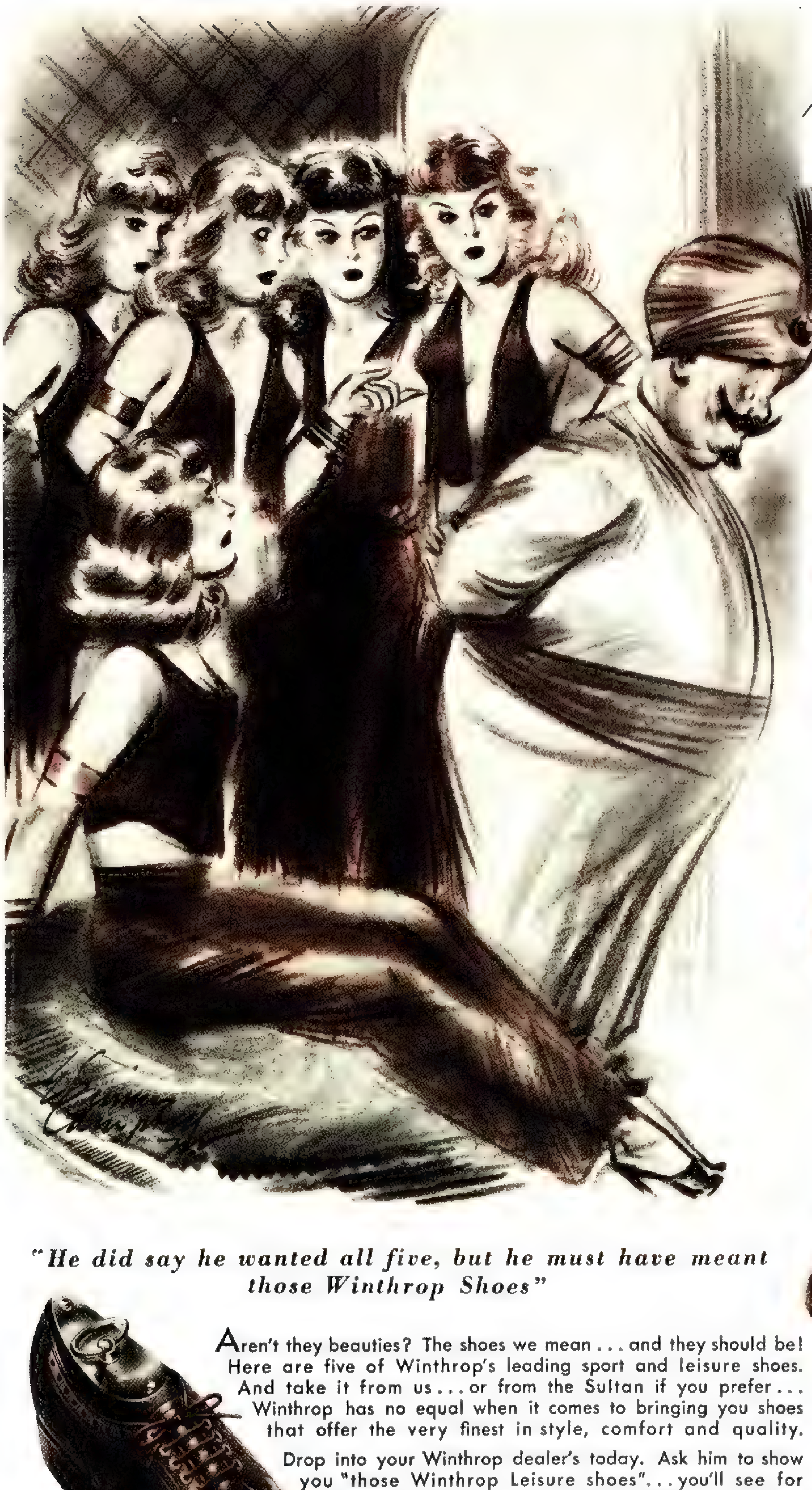
"Hey Olferen." Gaffer mused over the odd, beautiful name. And then, seeing that the time had come to speak out, he added: "He built it, my friend, and, in a way of speaking, he still lives here. That is, if you can call it living. I think I've seen Hey Olferen this night past. Seen and heard him. Tell me why this is so."

The old man took a turn or two in the sunlight. He glanced upward at the empty windows of the mansion and then into the half-ruined barn nearby. A litter of old things lay there: wooden wheels and ox-bows, anvils and sledges, and sleighs from which rows of rusty bells hung on strips of crinkled leather. At last, after a false start or two, he began the story of Hey Olferen, saying first that he had been one of the great squires who came from Holland

Continued on page 138



The British Tank Boot is coming across. The strapped boot, as worn by the British Tank Corps, has been adopted by leading American sportsmen for hunting.



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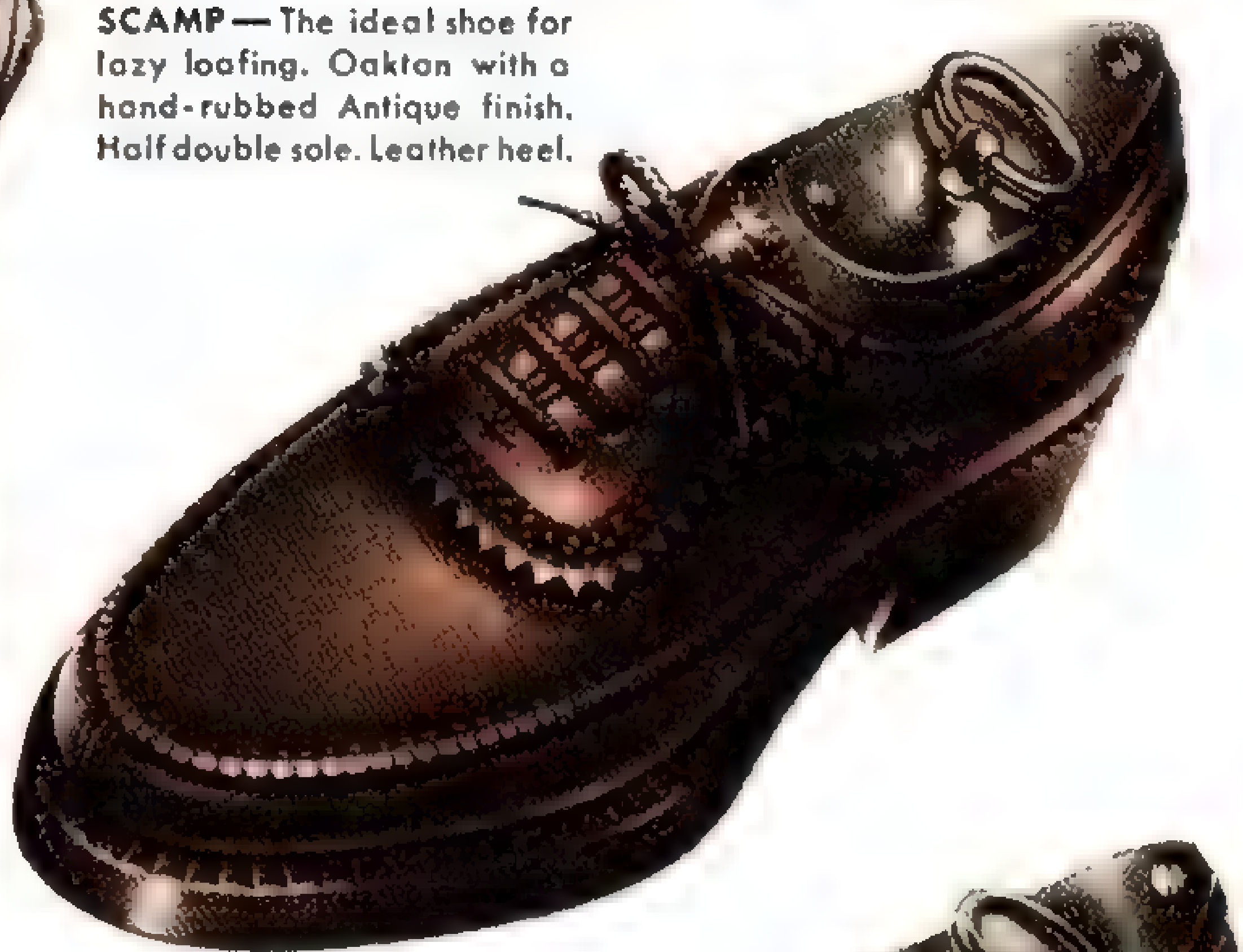
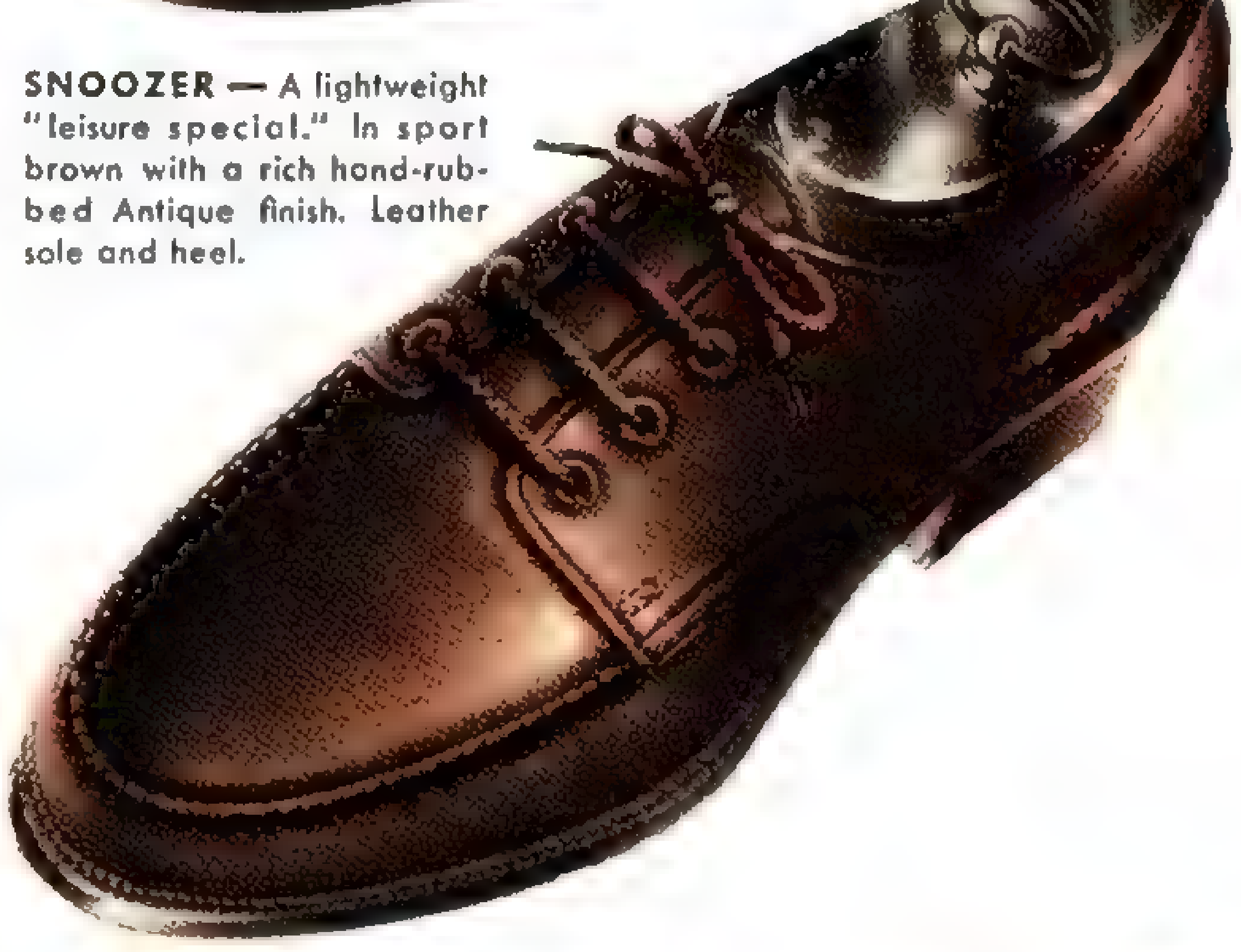
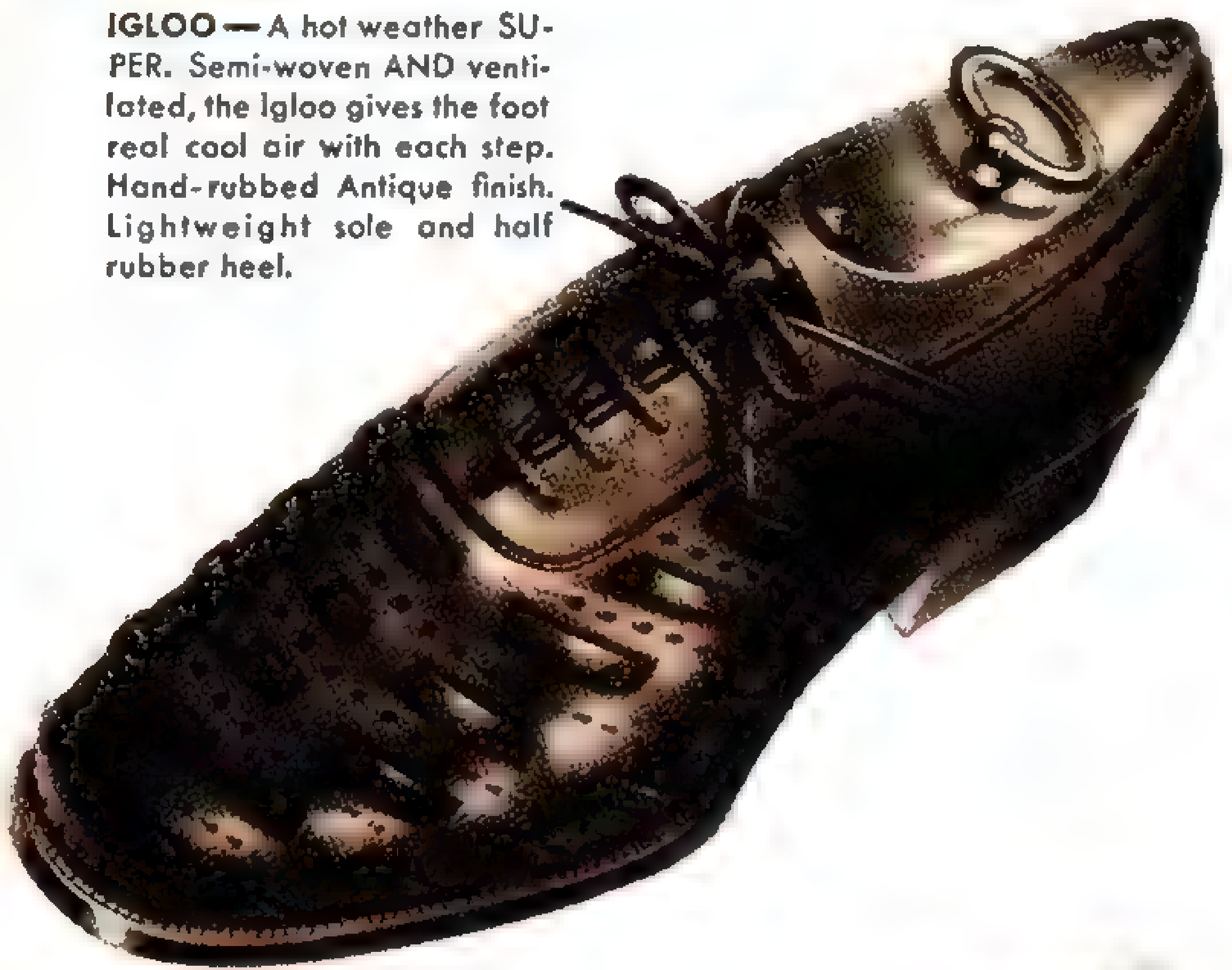


SCAMP—The ideal shoe for lazy loafing. Oakton with a hand-rubbed Antique finish. Half double sole. Leather heel.



SNOOZER—A lightweight "leisure special." In sport brown with a rich hand-rubbed Antique finish. Leather sole and heel.



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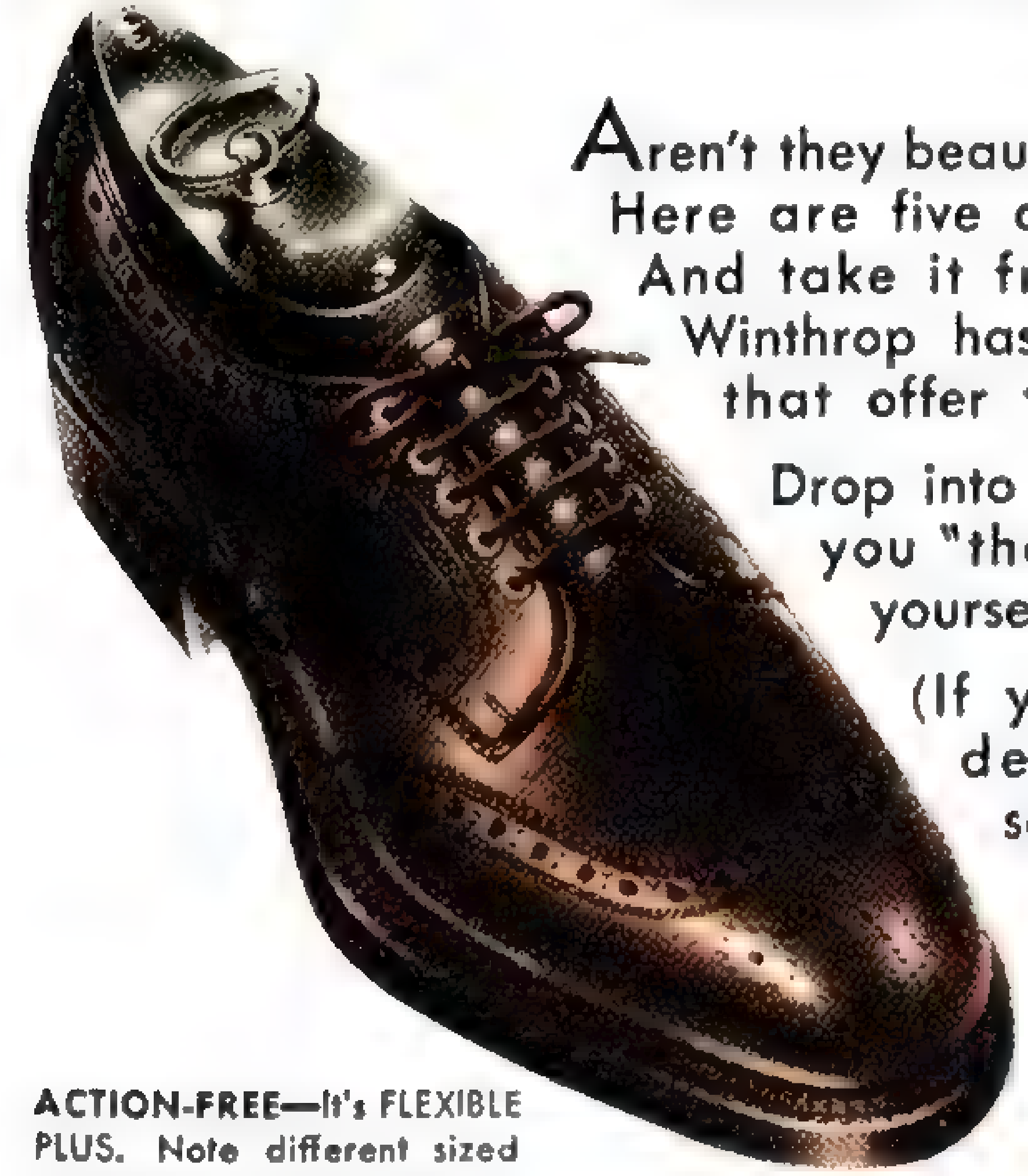
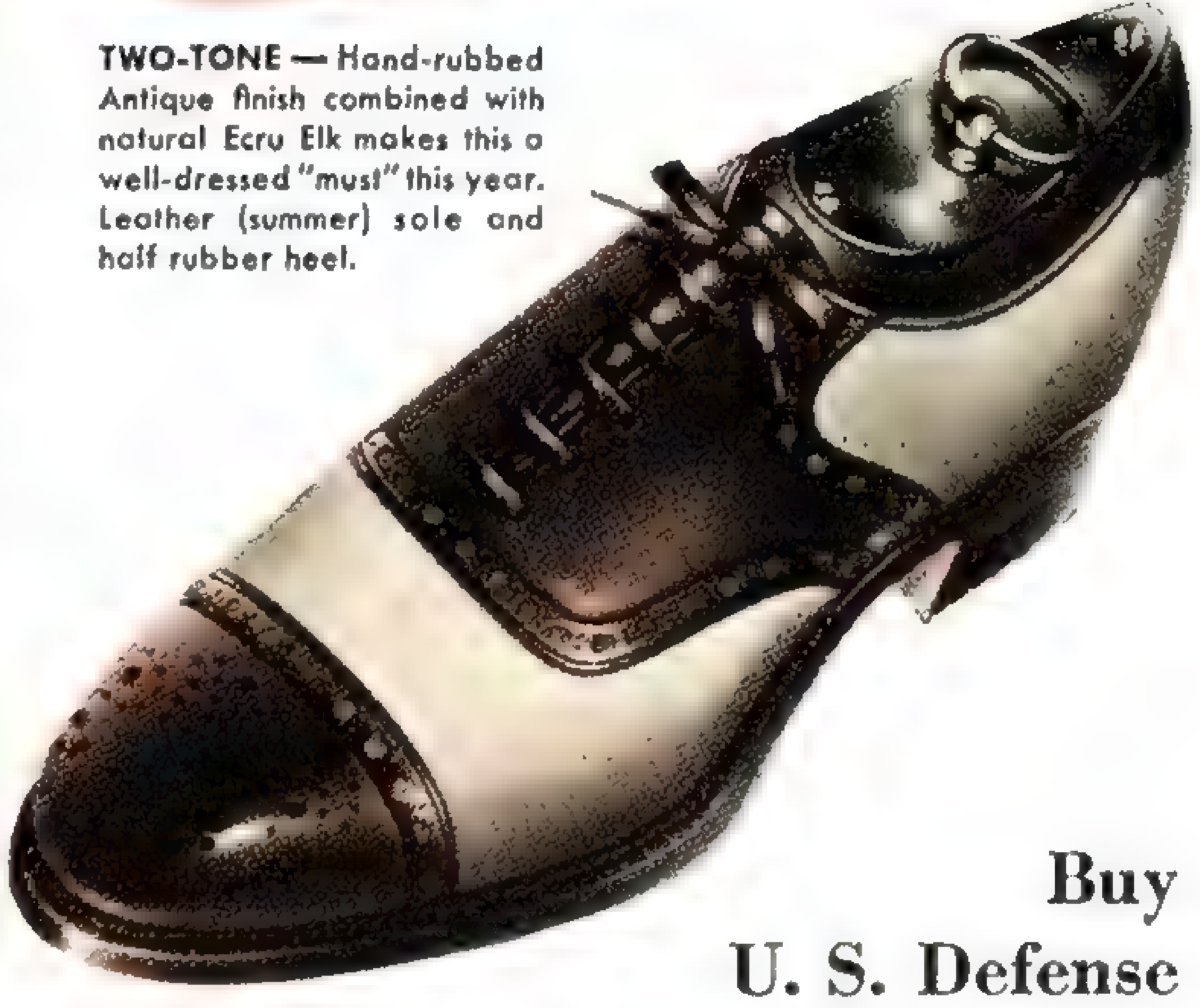


ACTION-FREE—It's FLEXIBLE PLUS. Note different sized perforations. Lariat brown in a hand-rubbed Antique finish. Ten iron oak outsole and leather heel.



TWO-TONE—Hand-rubbed Antique finish combined with natural Ecru Elk makes this a well-dressed "must" this year. Leather (summer) sole and half rubber heel.

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The Hanging of Hey Olferen

Continued from pages 65-136

and took grants of land from the high and mighty Patroon of Rennselaerswyk. And he throve mightily. He kept herds of sheep and cattle and yearly filled his many barns with abundant harvests. He was a genial host and kept his friendships in repair by judicious use of his wealth.

"And they say that Hey Olferen needed his money to keep friends," said the old man, "because there wasn't a worse-tempered man in all the Catskills. He was a cruel master and ruled his many servants with a rod of iron. And there were many who fled from his domain and lived in the forests rather than eat his bread. But this made no difference to Hey Olferen, for in those days every ship that came from Holland brought new servants to him. Indentured men and women they were. Bondsmen. But, in truth, they were no more than slaves because they had no way of paying back the debt for their passage and their keep. They had to serve him all their lives. Now, Mr. Doonan, do you remember last night that I told you to fish Murderer's Kill?"

"I do indeed," said Gaffer, "and I'll gladly wet a line there."

"Then bear in mind. For it has something to do with the story of Hey Olferen and with the terrible things that go on in this cursed house."

He then told of the coming of a Dutch ship to the Hudson ports in the spring of that long-ago year. From that ship came three servants for Hey Olferen. Among them was a young girl, not yet twenty. She was a pretty, red-cheeked creature, who knew little, indeed, of the new life she had made for herself. I forget her name exactly. Some say it was Gertrude. Others say it was Trooty. Or some Dutch name like that."

"Yes," said Gaffer, "I've heard a Dutch name something like that."

"Well, Hey Olferen came to love this girl, but he could not marry her because he was the great man of the countryside and she was less than nothing. And there was another reason: she did not love him and she wished to love and be loved. One day, while at her tasks in the field, she looked up and saw a young hunter staring at her. He was a trapper and made his living by taking mink and otter and by bounties on the fierce wolves that then prowled in the mountains. These two fell in love and they met in the dead of night, right here where we are this minute.

"But there was no escape for her. Her lover had no money to purchase her papers. Besides, it wasn't likely that Hey Olferen would let her go. For he loved her mightily in his cruel way and he was determined that one day she would be his. So there was only one thing for the young ones to do—and they did it. But Hey Olferen mounted his great horse and galloped after them. He caught them beyond Kauterskill Notch. There, where you see the mountains divide." He pointed upward to the clove and its space of sky.

"Well, sir, Hey Olferen struck that poor boy down with his riding whip and he beat that poor girl until she shrieked for mercy. But her prayers only made him rage the more. And, at last, he flung her down, put a halter round her neck, tied the end of it to his saddle and spurred away. By the time he came to that creek I told you about, the poor little slave had died and was delivered from her unhappiness. He flung her broken body into the Kill and that's why it's been Murderer's Kill ever since. Now Hey Olferen was a mighty man in these parts, almost as mighty as Justice itself. But the law took him and made him stand trial for the willful murder of that fair young girl."

"They hanged him then," said Gaffer.

"They sentenced him to be hanged. That's right. But not to be hanged there and then, as he should have been. No, for some reason that no man can figure out now, they sentenced him to be hanged on his one-hundredth birthday. Not a day earlier. Not a day later."

"I can see that man had power in this land," said Gaffer.

"But that isn't all they did to him," cried the old man. "No! A queer, strange thing they thought up among themselves. And it was this: they made a hangman's noose out of that bloody halter and they handed it to Hey Olferen and said: 'You Hey Olferen, you wear this round your neck in plain sight until the day it sends you to hell. Never mind you, Hey Olferen, whether you be in bed or in church or at your banquet board. You wear that noose day and night until we come for you.'"

Gaffer remembered and nodded.

"Now, strange to say," continued the old man, "Hey Olferen lived on in strength and health. He lived to be fifty and by that time he was alone in the world. For who could pass him the time of day? A man with a hangman's noose around his great-coat collar and the rope of it coiled on his saddle? Well, he came to ninety. Men live long in these hills. And his servants died and no new ones came. And the jurymen died and sheriff after sheriff went his way, each one saying on his deathbed: 'Hang Hey Olferen high and sure.'

"But the time came for his one-hundredth birthday and he lived alone. He had nothing but his gold and the poor stuff that gold can buy. And he was tottering old and a walking, dry skeleton, dry as the ancient rope his bony fingers held. And when the day came for his hanging—why! there wasn't a man to be found who'd pull the noose around his scrawny neck. Though some people say that Hey Olferen wanted to be hanged and do repentance of his sin. Well, he lived until spring and then he died. His dead old body died. I won't say no more."

The black Homburg hat, shepherd checked tie, starched collar, white shirt and dark blue suit as worn by Mr. Herman Huffer comprise an ensemble in keeping with the return of simple elegance.

Gaffer sat a while, thinking of this thing; and then he said to the old man that he wouldn't go fishing, but that he'd like to look around and see the old things left behind, the ox-bows and the iron-tipped plows. The old man went about his work. Gaffer, who was a mighty thinker, rummaged around the blacksmith shop and broke open the stout doors of stone barns that hadn't felt the light of day for many a year. Late in the afternoon, he found what he wanted. He came out then and spoke again to the old man and asked leave from him to make a fire in the forge. "For I'm a worker in metal," said Gaffer, "and there's something I'd like to take apart, if you'll be so kind."

The old man nodded and went his way. Soon the brick chimney of the forge sent up a curl of smoke and there came a brave clangor of hammers from the old anvil.

That night Gaffer lay uneasy; for the trouble and pain in the guilty spirit of Hey Olferen filled his kindly heart with pity. He lay there in the dark chamber and waited. It wasn't long before the first dreadful sound came, a wailing and a moaning and a beseechment in the night. The chamber door opened and the searching face of Hey Olferen appeared in the moonlight.

Gaffer sat up in his bed. A cloud shut off the moonlight. The shape glided forward with that same happy cry of expectation and it stood beneath the gaping hole, where once the enormous iron chandelier had hung. But this time, instead of moaning in bitter complaint, the figure took another faltering step forward and uttered another cry of incredulous, croaking happiness. The torn and gaping ceiling had been mended by two strong beams bound with iron bands. And from them hung the ancient chandelier, a mighty frame of iron branches. A ladder had been laid against it firmly.

The shade of Hey Olferen contemplated the chandelier and the ladder. The jewelled fingers clutched the stained halter in a convulsive grip. Then, going in silence and in care, the figure climbed up the ladder. Feverishly, the fingers knotted the hangman's noose to the chandelier and, at last, with a sigh of gratitude and hope, Hey Olferen kicked the ladder away.

The hanging, struggling figure cried out only once. It seemed to Gaffer that the words were: "Truitje! Truitje! My darling—at last!" The buckled shoes kicked gently for a little while.

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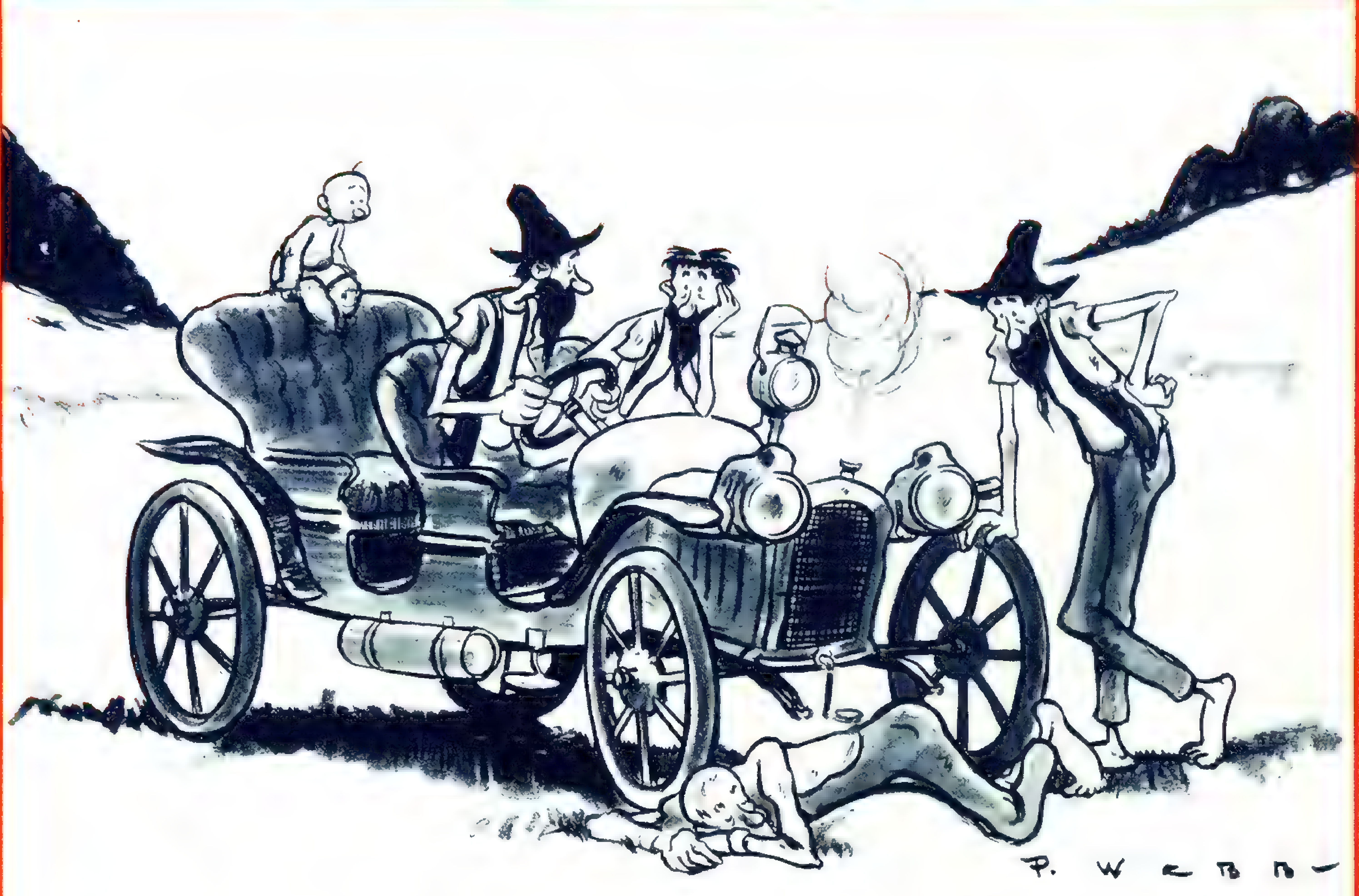

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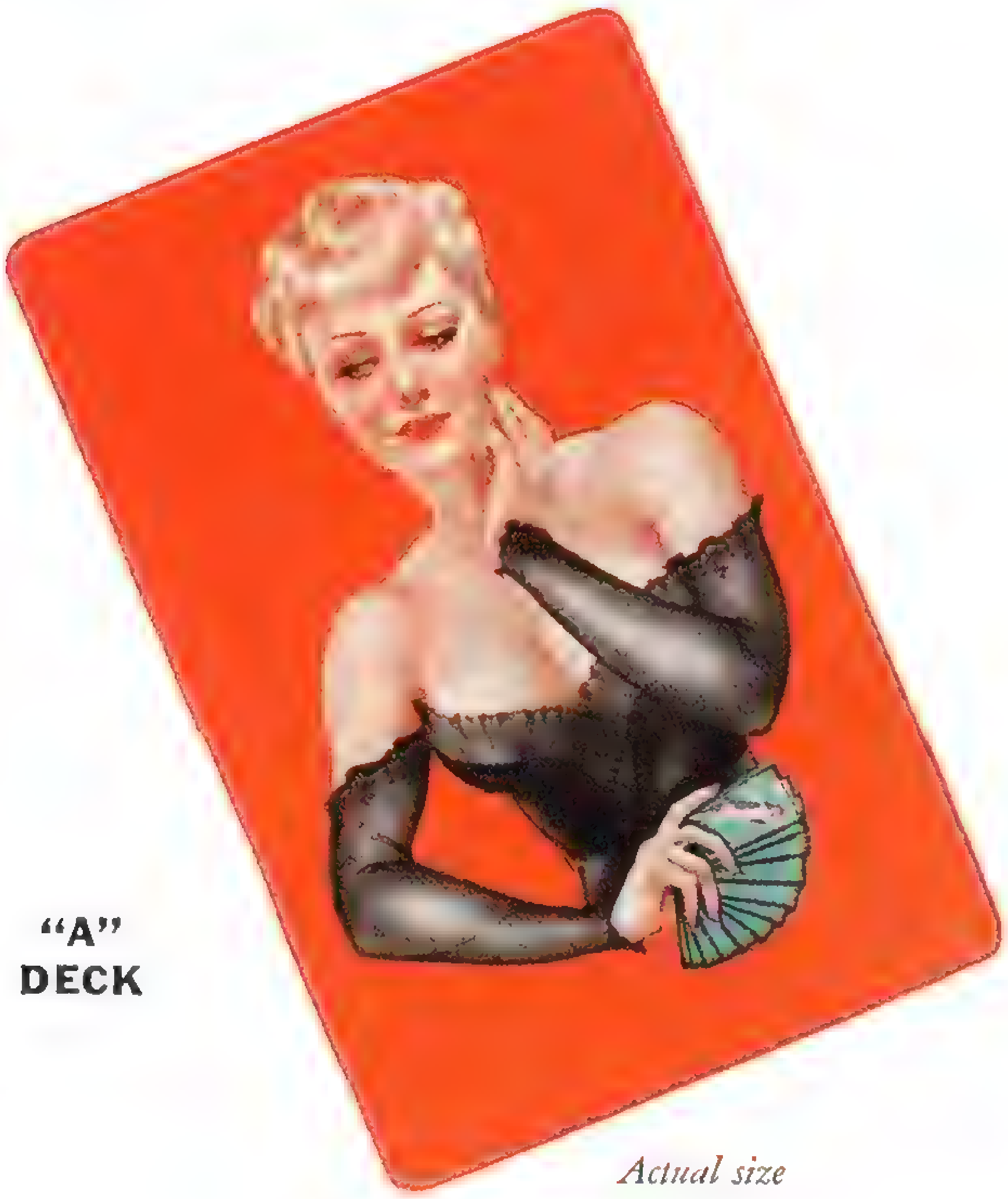
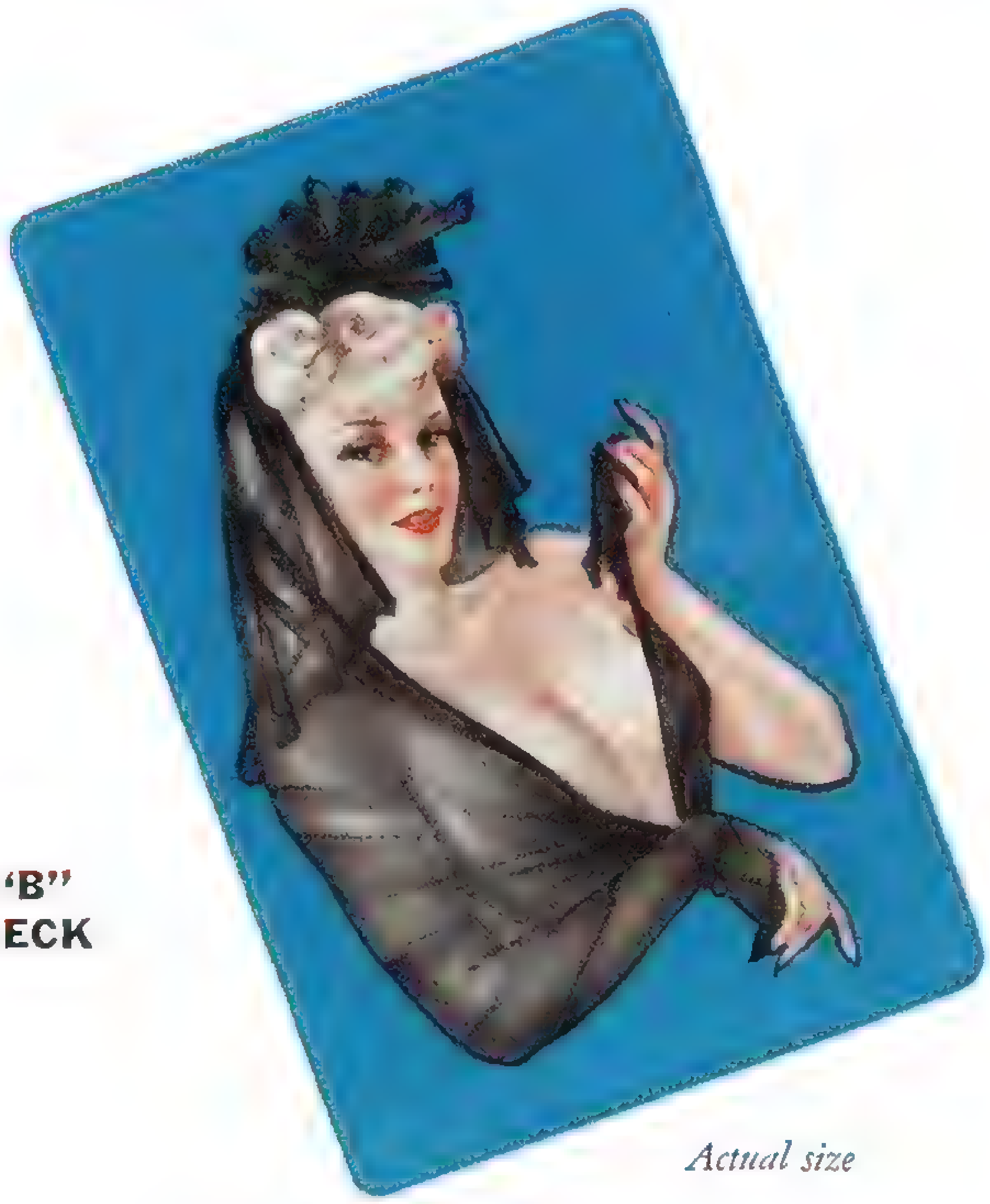


"A" DECK

Actual size



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Originality, beauty and quality combine to make these cards a special value at one dollar a deck. Indeed, you'll find them superior in value to any comparably-priced decks—adding a welcome note of distinction to your card games!

That is why Esquire can state with assurance that the Varga Dollar Decks will outlast *several decks* of ordinary playing cards . . . and why we can unhesitatingly *guarantee you complete satisfaction or your money back!*

TODAY . . . SEND FOR YOUR NEW GUARANTEED VARGA DOLLAR DECKS!

If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with your purchase of Varga Dollar Decks, Esquire herewith *guarantees* that they may be returned and the full purchase price promptly refunded.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILL.

Here is my order for the new Varga Dollar Decks of playing cards (moisture-resistant and cleanable). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I may return them and that my original purchase price will be refunded.

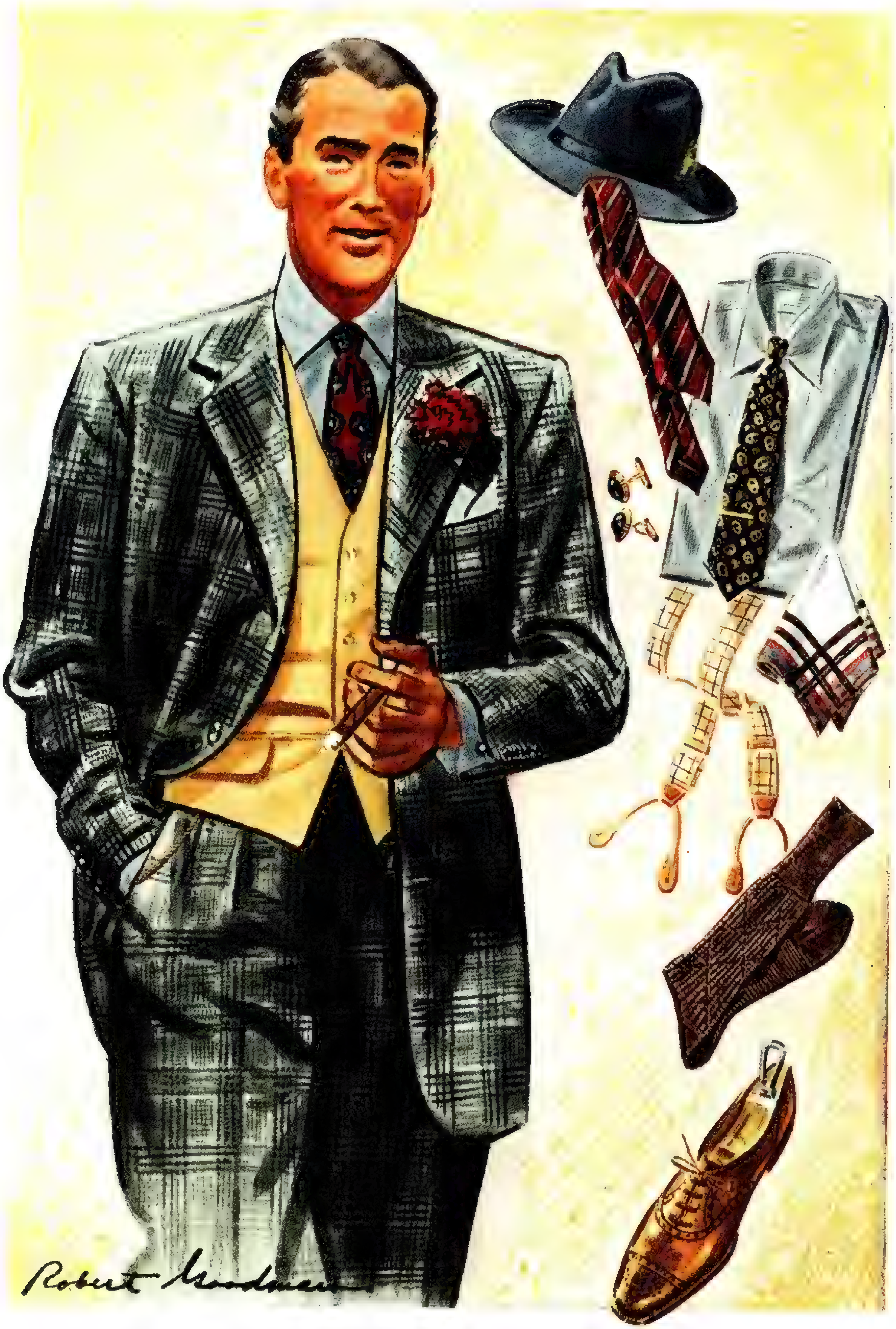
I enclose $________. Please send me:
____ pairs of both decks (in double box) @ $2 per pair

NOTE: With the above order only, with each pair of Dollar Decks, you will also receive, absolutely free, a copy of the limited edition of Esquire's Compleat Card-Player.

____ "A" decks @ $1 per deck
____ "B" decks @ $1 per deck

My Name______________________________
(please print)
Address______________________________
City-State______________________________
(U. S. orders only; no stamps, please)

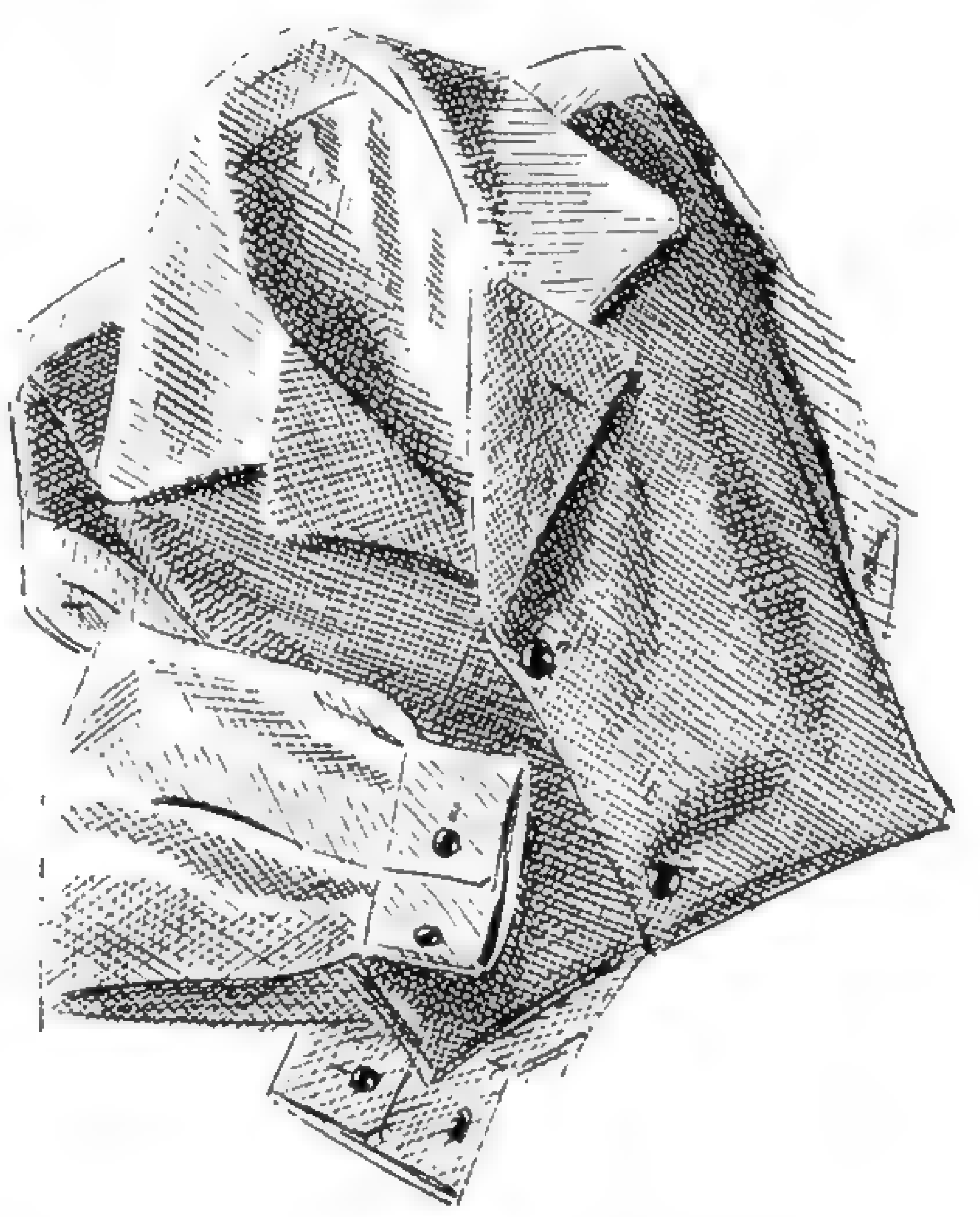
ATTENTION CARD CLUB MEMBERS: Special rates are available for Varga Dollar Decks purchased in bulk for club play. Rates promptly on request.



"... for country and for Yale"

The new trend in semi-sports clothes is a hangover from hunting and riding togs, and this refreshing outfit which literally "goes to town," may be worn inside the city limits providing you are en route to Connecticut on the afternoon train. Above is our country commuter who wears a grey Glen Plaid suit and a yellow flannel waistcoat to his office on Friday and back again on Monday, which leaves three dull days during the week for his conservative chalk stripe. A gay night before accounts for the row boats under his eyes; and the fresh carnation, and fat Corona-Corona are extra props which reveal a man who rates the horn of plenty, which is missing from the picture, to spill out his accessories in the background . . . Air blue felt hat, twill tie, fine striped shirt, printed foulard tie, blue stone cuff links, the (EXTRA!) new Tattersall checked suspenders, diamond socks, and sturdy brown shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Two-fabric leisure jackets are among the authentic fashions. The front of the jacket is solid covered gabardine, while the sleeves, back and collar are made of diagonal tweed or cashmere.

Told in the Stars

Continued from page 46

the Jews only in mockery. I remember clearly now. I could find no guilt in the man. But they cried aloud for him. And I washed my hands of the whole business."

"He was the one. Forty days ago I read the news in the heavens and started out for Egypt. And because of this innocent Man whom you condemned . . ."

"I wanted only peace."

"Because of Him, your name will be immortal."

"Because of him?"

"Yes. Only that and nothing else."

"Tell me this, wise Xado. Here I have been Procurator of Judea these five long years. How many more years will I remain here as Procurator?"

"Five more."

"And after me?"

"You are the last of all. No other governors will Rome send to Jerusalem."

"And those who served as procurators here before me . . . Will their names be forgotten?"

"Perhaps on some dusty page of history their names may be preserved. But only your name will be truly known in all the ages to come."

"The first procurator to come to Jerusalem from Rome was Coponius and soon after there was Marcus Ambivius and he was followed by Annius Rufus. These three were all very distinguished. And they did very well for themselves and came back to Rome laden with wealth."

"They will be forgotten."

"And before me there was Valerius Gratus. He spent six years here in this wretched hole and is now a senator in Rome."

"Only one name of all these will be immortal and that name is Pontius Pilate."

"How strange! And you say five years more I will remain in this place?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"Wars will drive you out."

"And I will return to Rome?"

"Yes, in poverty and disgrace."

"But you say I will be renowned and my name will be immortal."

"Not in your days, but in the years to come."

"And when you say immortal you mean my name will really be known everywhere?"

"Everywhere and in every land. It will be known as well as Caesar's."

"And all because . . ."

"Because of Him."

"How strange are the stars. One could really never imagine such a thing. It is like a dream. Tell me more. What else do you read in the stars?"

"Herod Antipas, the son of the old tyrant Herod who killed the innocents, will fall from his high place. And with him will fall Herodias who plotted for the head of the Baptist John. The Arabian King Aretas, father of the first wife of Herod Antipas, will invade the lands and defeat him. He will flee to Rome to plead before the Emperor but he will not win favor. And he and his evil wife will end their days in banishment."

"What else is in the stars? The Temple of the Jews . . . Will it remain standing?"

"For forty years more it will stand. And then it will be laid in ruin, as will all the great buildings of Jerusalem."

"And the victors?"

"Rome. The great altar candlesticks and other golden relics sacred to the Jews will be paraded in a march of triumph through the streets of Rome."

"Then out of all this Rome is the victor?"

"No, not really. The true conquest is of a different order. It will stem from those who have survived. From the eleven faithful followers. Theirs will be the victory and a new faith will be born."

"But they are without arms and can conquer no one."

"Without arms, true. But little by little a great part of the world

Continued on page 144

YOUR DOLLARS WORK
an *Extra* SHIFT
in WEYENBERG Shoes

Today, dollars are working overtime for Victory. Get more for your *shoe* dollars, by insisting on Weyenberg Shoes. The same famous leathers, the same quality and craftsmanship as always, assure you of longer wear per dollar. See your Weyenberg dealer, or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Men's Quality Shoes for More Than Forty Years

RED CROSS
ARISTOCRAT Rib-stitched moccasin style in two-tone tan. Model 6234
When you support the RED CROSS, you help our Soldiers and Civilians.
SHEFFIELD Timber tan calf, Cordwainer hand finish. Model 152-1
Your aid to USO strengthens Morale in America's Service Camps.
★ BUY DEFENSE BONDS, ST. HERE
DEFENSE STAMPS
ARISTOCRAT Tan wing-tip with Cordwainer hand finish. Model 6880-1
Your purchase of Defense Bonds and Stamps is an Investment in Victory.

WEYENBERG *Shoes*
$5.50 to $8.50

Impeccable—
Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PM
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
MARLBORO CIGARETTES

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Told in the Stars

Continued from pages 46-143

will come over to their faith. And the teachings of their Master they will make known over the entire world."

"You seem to make this incident into a very big affair."

"Not I. The stars so proclaim. And your name is caught in this net of destiny and will endure the ages."

"And that is why you sought the eleven followers of this one who was condemned?"

"Yes. I hoped to find them here and learn from their own lips how they saw their Master after He rose out of the tomb. He spoke with them as man to man and He commanded them to believe and go out into the world and teach the word that is the true word."

"And what word could be a true word?" asked Pilate.

"Love is a true word. Faith is another word that might well be true."

"I must admit, Xado, that the stars are filled with a great confusion of strange things."

"Out of the confusion comes order and the destiny of all things."

With these words the venerable oracle rose to depart.

"Stay, Xado. I will make a feast for you."

"My eyes have feasted with forty nights of heaven. And such a feast has never been before. In peace I leave you. Egypt calls."

"Come, I will give you beasts of burden that your journey may be less wearisome."

"My heart is light and my staff dots a long track. As I came so I will depart."

He held his staff aloft as a signal of a long farewell and left the presence of the Procurator of Judea.

When he reached the street, Buncha the slave woman came running after him with a bag of dried dates and other fruit. She pressed it quickly into his hands and without a single word she ran away.

On that same afternoon while the old oracle Xado was leaving the city of Jerusalem to take the road westward toward Egypt, another wanderer was journeying northward. He had walked a long weary way along the banks of the River Jordan and had now reached the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

Here he paused before the hut of the local tax collector.

"Master, master!" called the clerk, looking up from the counter. "It is you?"

"Yes, Jacob," said Matthew. "I have come to ask a service of you."

"Anything."

"You have heard?"

"Yes, the news has even come here to Galilee. The Teacher, the good One, the One you followed. He is no more."

"Do not say that, Jacob. He is and always will be. We have seen Him again on the Mount where once He preached the sermon to the multitude. And that is why I now come to you to ask your help."

"Ask anything."

"You have parchment?"

"Yes. Plenty of freshly scraped and squared skins."

"And reeds and ink?"

"Yes."

"Then close up the miserable hovel and bring those things with you and lead me to your home. I will dictate to you and as I dictate, so will you write."

Jacob lost no time gathering together the skins and reeds and ink. He closed down the shutters of the hovel and conducted his former master, Matthew, to his home. Here they spread the parchment sheets on the table before them and made themselves comfortable.

"While the words are still fresh in my mind," said Matthew, "let us write them down. For never has there been such a tale of wonder since the beginning of time."

"I am ready," said Jacob, dipping a fresh reed in the jar of ink.

"Leave space for the names of the generations which I will record later. Leave a good space. Two palms. And let us begin with His life."

"Begin," said Jacob.

Matthew spoke the words slowly and with great deliberation and as he spoke Jacob, his former clerk, wrote: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East . . ."

Evolution

1915: "Walton's Orchestra."

1920: "Jimmy Walton and His Society Orchestra."

1925: "Jimmy Walton and His Original Alabama Red Hot Twelve."

1941: "Jump and Jive and Roll Up The Rugs With Jimmy Walton and His One And Only Boogie-woogie Woofers."

1945? "Boy, You Haven't Done Nothing If You Haven't Trucked to The Compelling Cacaphony of Jimmy Walton and his Twentieth Century Blitz-blowers That Make You Want To Dance Till Dawn—and Baby, I Don't Mean Maybe."

the whole town's talking...

Leading department store:
"I have always known that The Sun does a terrific selling job—this survey certainly explains it!"

Important department store:
"A wonderful story!"

Top advertising agency:
"This independent survey, prepared by an independent agency, should revolutionize the thinking of many advertisers—it has mine!"

Big oil corporation:
"I would like to have every member of our organization see this survey—it will give them a new slant on the New York market and the newspapers in it."

Infants' wear manufacturer:
"A most enlightening revelation of this market!"

Large drug company chain:
"Most impartial and factual survey ever seen!"

Fine furniture store:
"Very interesting. It will give us much to think about!"

Large grocery chain:
"Fine survey—not full of staggering figures—but facts!"

Leading Fifth Avenue fur store:
"It's revolutionary!"

THERE'S a new topic of conversation among men and women whose job is selling more in the New York market... It's the startling data uncovered by L. M. Clark's studies of reader interest among leading metropolitan newspapers.

If you've not yet seen the results of these independent studies... some of the most significant facts ever nailed down on this important subject... a New York Sun representative will be glad to bring them to you.

* * *

WE DID NOT EMPLOY L. M. Clark to make these studies. The results of Clark's 3-year continuing research on intensity of readership among metropolitan newspapers, are regularly syndicated to leading advertisers and agencies. In New York, The Sun's leadership in reader interest among standard size, weekday newspapers, gives new point to the fact that for 16 years The Sun has led all such papers in department store advertising.

The Sun
NEW YORK

TO GET IT READ- PUT IT IN THE NEW YORK SUN

SPRINGTONES
IN THE NEW
Pace-Setter Suits
FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

You'll want to "strut your stuff" the instant you slip into these brilliantly-styled Pace-Setter suits for Spring! The Pace-Setter is a *real* thoroughbred, with a quality background unmatched by any other suit at or near the price. *Exclusive* new single and double breasted "fashion firsts" designed by Amore Pace. *Luxurious* 100% virgin-wool worsted fabrics, offered in *rich, colorful,* "he-man" patterns. Full harmony trim, which means matching linings throughout. Conmar slide fasteners on trousers. At your retailer's, or write Raleigh Manufacturers, McCormack Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

$28.50 - $32.50 - $35.00
SUIT WITH TWO TROUSERS

The Pace-Setter SUIT BY RALEIGH

THE GREEKS HAD NO WORD FOR IT

by HOWARD WOLF

Seen on the bridle paths
And in the rings
Manhattan's horsy
Seldom remind one of
Centaurs.
But prancing about
At the night clubs, the theatres, the literary teas.
And all along Broadway
Are immense herds of
Half-centaurs
And you know which half we mean.

Colds Are Curable!

Continued from page 74

couple of days before your last attack. Or, watching for the first symptoms of your next cold, you can be on the alert for any of the listed causes. Getting clearly in mind all ten types of cold will help enormously in probing your own, even if it seems utterly baffling.

Happily, most people can spot the probable cause of their colds by scanning the list below.

ONE: We start with the "Open Window" cold. This comes from misguided notions about fresh air in winter. After breathing in warm rooms all day, your nose and air passages shouldn't be made to work at night in an ice cold bedroom. Even tough manual laborers repeatedly develop bad head colds and coughs by sleeping in frigid air. Remember, the wind may shift around to your window while you sleep, to give you next day a severe cold. Prevention is mere common sense. Always keep the bedroom air warm as well as fresh.

Two: The High School girl's case covered "Citric Acid" fruit juices colds for both cause and cure. To repeat: if this is your trouble, marked improvement quickly follows a switch from citric juices to apple and grape.

THREE: All seasons bring the "Perspiration" cold. After a vigorous workout in gym or garden a stuffy head cold grips you. Probably you blame it vaguely on sweating followed by a chill. Perspiration alone is the cause. Much salt stored near the skin is lost through opened sweat glands; this upsets the salt-and-water balance in the body. To restore balance, tissues must get rid of water. One way is by letting the nose run in headcold fashion. This kind of "cold" can be cured in ten minutes! You simply drink a level teaspoonful of table salt dissolved in a glass of water, or, more convenient, take one or two 10 grain salt-tablets which are now on the market. Your nose will quickly open up and stop running. Salt dose can be repeated in a few hours if symptoms return. Always suspect this cause—and try the cure if a cold appears right after exercise.

FOUR: Baffling to many is the "Dust" cold. Some get it regularly after driving on dusty roads, passing stone quarries, or emptying the vacuum cleaner. Rare exposure to dust may go unnoticed at the time and give very puzzling colds. Two cures: avoid the irritation, or plug the nostrils with small sponges and breathe through the mouth while in dusty air. This cause should be carefully noted if your colds seem to come without reason.

FIVE: We've already seen a case of "Sugar" cold. Tests show that sucrose, commonest form of sugar, is the usual offender. This cold can be brought on almost constantly by a high sugar diet as well as excessive candy eating. Milk in raw form may aggravate it. The test for this cold requires patience. At the first sign of sniffles, eliminate all sweets except honey (its fructose is apparently not a sniffle-maker) and grape juice. If the cold fails to develop, or is milder than usual, sucrose is probably your menace. Prevention means satisfying your sweet tooth with honey only.

SIX: Reducing diets of the fruit-and-vegetable type can give some people a distressing head cold. These foods are rich enough in minerals to disturb the delicate balance of some individuals. Symptoms: watery nose discharge and general discomfort. Sensible diet will prevent any further trou-

Continued on page 148

Tie This Success Story!

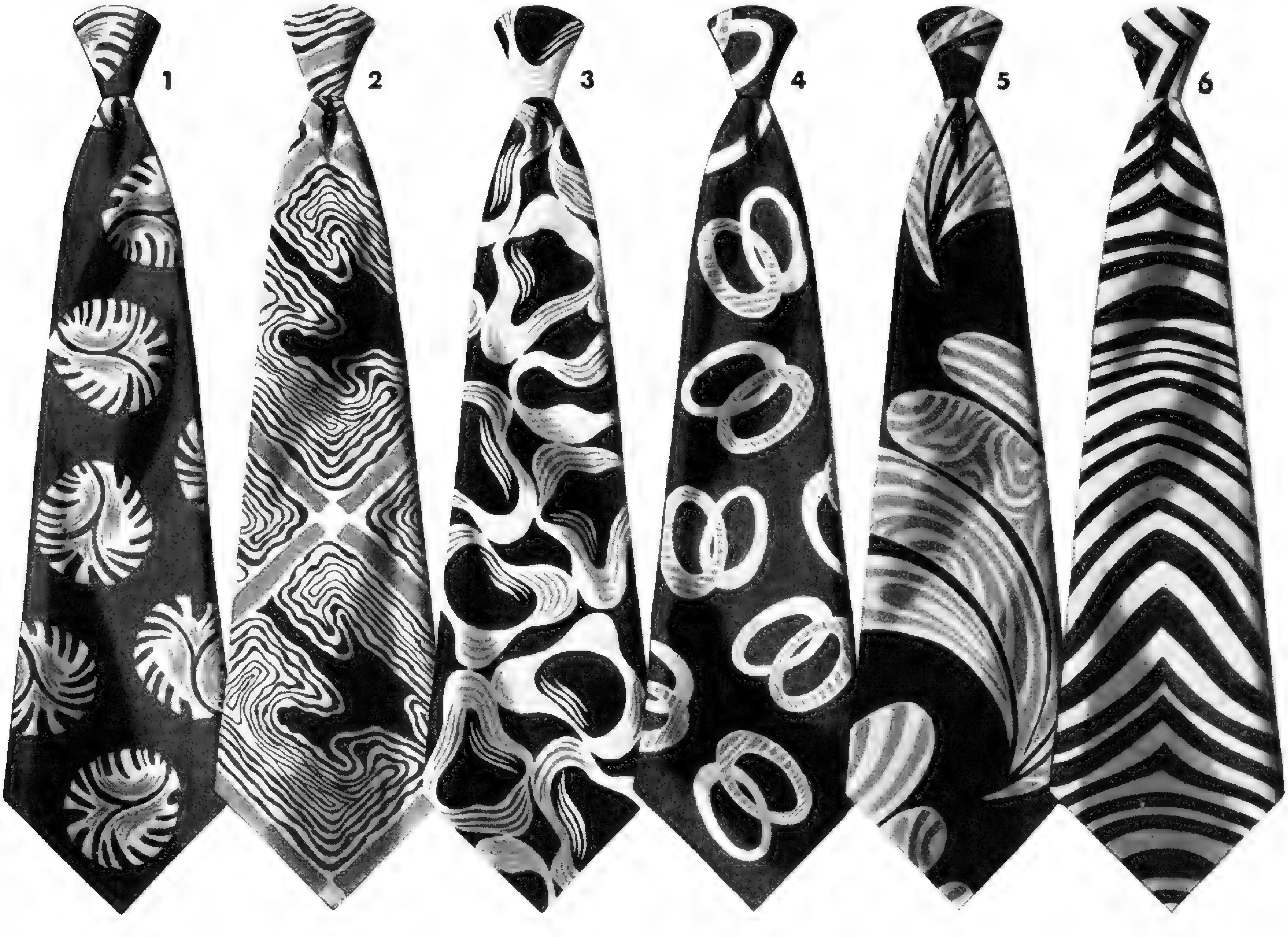
You couldn't ask for a fresher slant on the old maxim that "Success breeds success" than these new *Nylon Twills* . . . another Cheney origination . . . out today!

They're inspired by the smash hit Cheney scored with their famous Nylard ties of 100% Dupont Nylon.

Yes! *Cheney Nylon Twills* are 100% Dupont Nylon, too!

Wrinkle proof . . . they resist fraying at the knot . . . clean easily and retain their shape.

Priced at only $1.15 each, *Cheney Nylon Twills* will give you your money's worth—and plenty to spare! Patterns and colors as you like them . . . in the Cheney tradition!

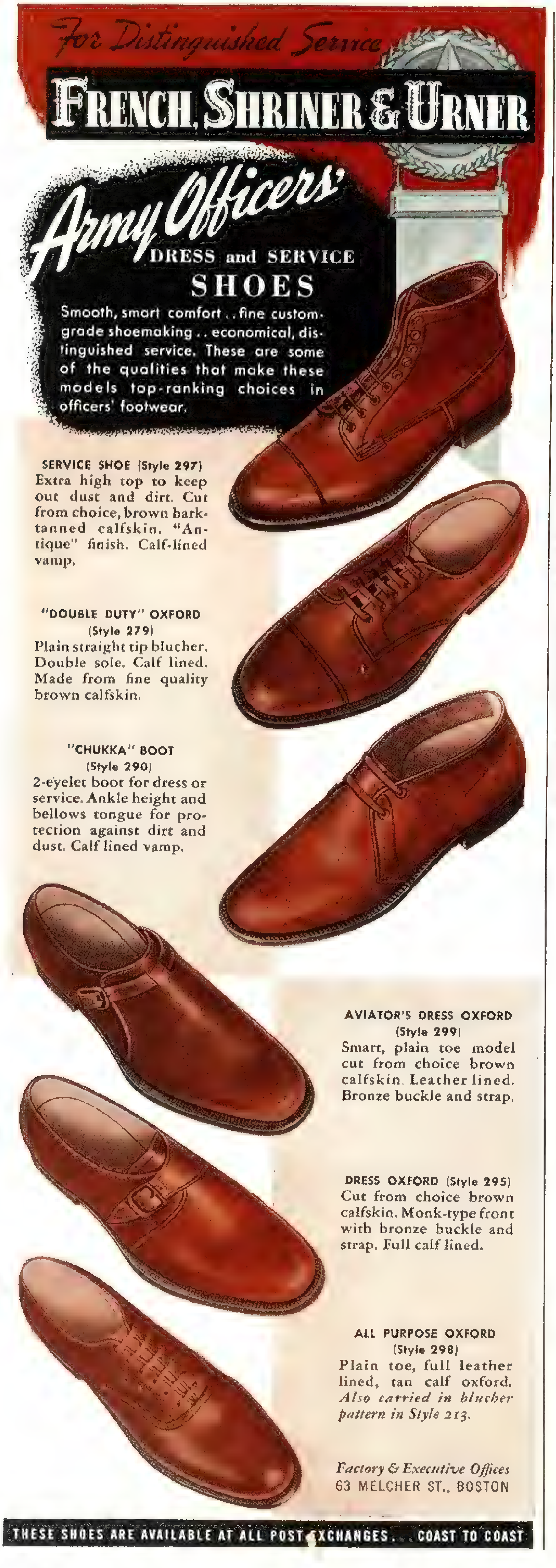


CHENEY
CRAVATS

Cheney Nylon Twills at $1.15 and Cheney Nylards at $1.50 are featured at better stores everywhere. CHENEY BROTHERS, *manufacturers of luxurious fabrics since 1838.* Sales Office, 16 E. 34 St., N. Y. C.

STYLES FOR ALL OCCASIONS · TIE WELL · WEAR WELL

1–ENSIGN
2–ARISTO
3–STROLLER
4–CIRCLET
5–DORSET
6–MOROCCO


For Distinguished Service

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER

Army Officers' DRESS and SERVICE SHOES

Smooth, smart comfort . . fine custom-grade shoemaking . . economical, distinguished service. These are some of the qualities that make these models top-ranking choices in officers' footwear.

SERVICE SHOE (Style 297) Extra high top to keep out dust and dirt. Cut from choice, brown bark-tanned calfskin. "Antique" finish. Calf-lined vamp.

"DOUBLE DUTY" OXFORD (Style 279) Plain straight tip blucher. Double sole. Calf lined. Made from fine quality brown calfskin.

"CHUKKA" BOOT (Style 290) 2-eyelet boot for dress or service. Ankle height and bellows tongue for protection against dirt and dust. Calf lined vamp.

AVIATOR'S DRESS OXFORD (Style 299) Smart, plain toe model cut from choice brown calfskin. Leather lined. Bronze buckle and strap.

DRESS OXFORD (Style 295) Cut from choice brown calfskin. Monk-type front with bronze buckle and strap. Full calf lined.

ALL PURPOSE OXFORD (Style 298) Plain toe, full leather lined, tan calf oxford. *Also carried in blucher pattern in Style 213.*

Factory & Executive Offices
63 MELCHER ST., BOSTON

THESE SHOES ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL POST EXCHANGES . . . COAST TO COAST

Colds Are Curable!

Continued from pages 74-146

ble. As with sugar colds, cures are sometimes strikingly rapid.

Seven: Stuffing with starchy foods is a widespread cause of chronic unpleasant colds. This type you can easily recognize. A gelatinous lump must be cleared from throat or nose, after eating or on rising. During a bad attack much nose blowing will make your handkerchief dry stiff as a board. Starch colds may hang on all year round. Some appear whenever the victim's starch digestion limit is exceeded. Steady improvement comes if you cut every wheat flour food from your menu: bread, cake, pastry, biscuits. Change to potatoes, rye and corn products.

Eight: Frequent combination type is the "Banquet" cold. Even if you manage to handle all foods in normal quantities, over-eating can bring you down with a sugar-mineral-starch-citric head cold. Checking up on this shouldn't be difficult. Mild cases can be stopped with a laxative and a day's fasting. The chronic kind needs a long course of temperate eating.

Nine: When is Influenza real and when isn't it? Dr. Jarvis stresses what all doctors have long known; that disturbed body functions can give you that high temperature, stuffy head, all-over ache and general distress that is sometimes mistaken for real flu. Of course it's always safest to call the doctor. But if you believe in putting that off until you have to, here is a treatment that amounts to almost nothing. Get into bed and do nothing, eat nothing and take nothing but grape juice diluted equally with water.

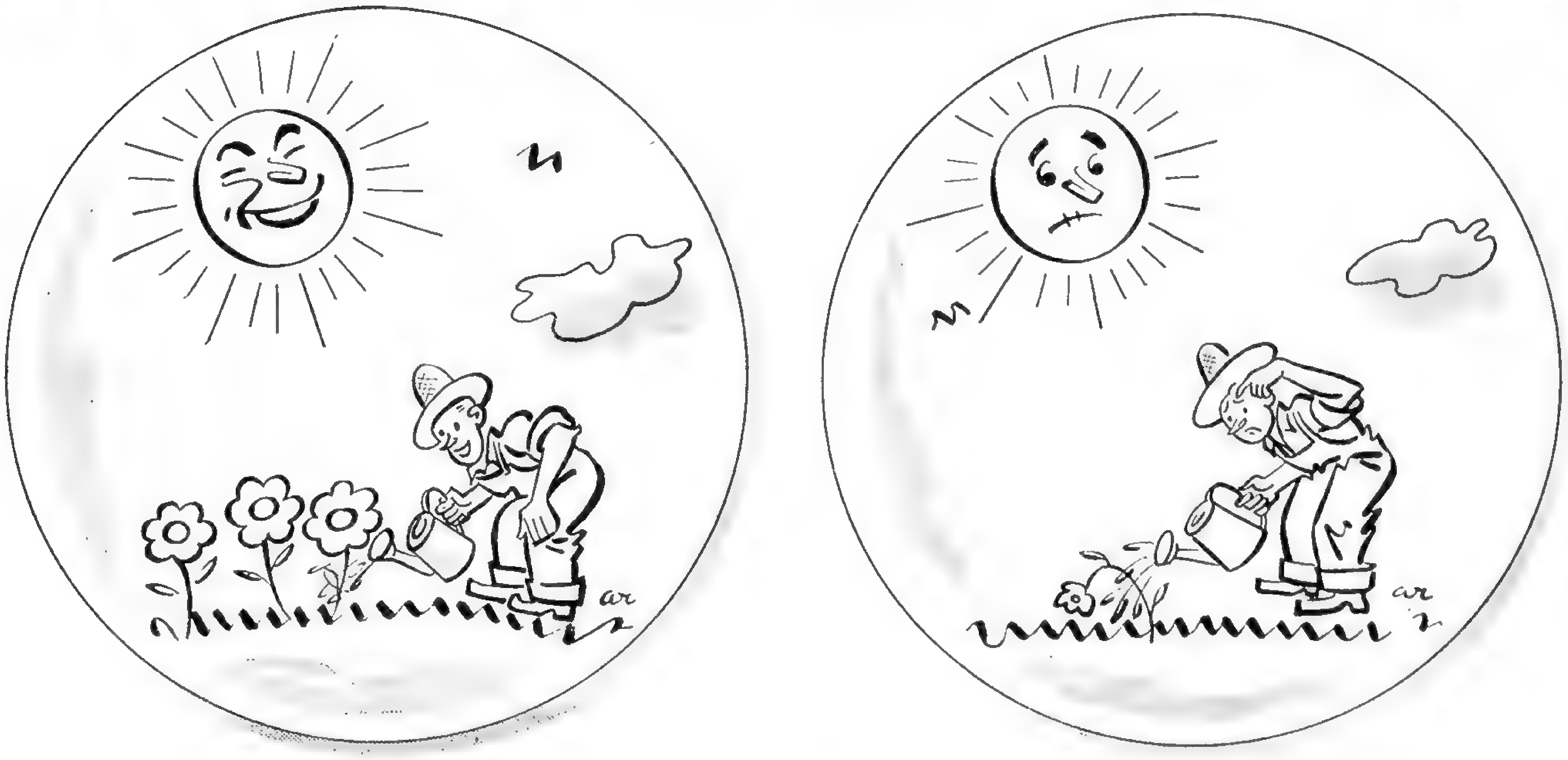
Ten: For many the most aggravating of all sniffles is the kind doctors label "Vasomotor Rhinitis." Victims shudder to call it plain hayfever. Attacks may last from spring to fall, even around the calendar. Often the serum injections for allergies give no relief. If such is your case you'll see hope in remarkable results reported for the diet-treatment system. For hayfever, this is a sort of Amalgamated Cold Cure. First: follow all the diet directions given above for cold types Five, Six and Seven. Then at meals you must choose sea food, liver, kidneys and tongue in place of muscle meats (beef, lamb, pork). You won't find these food changes too drastic, nor will they make you into an eating crank.

Prescriptions: In all six types numbered Five to Ten, some doctors have had very good results from using the famous diabetes drug, insulin. Don't take fright! Small doses of "zinc insulin" are given for many minor ills. Four years ago Dr. Jarvis described its spectacular effect on some colds. Since then the small "3-unit" dose has been approved by many medical men. Naturally it must be given by the doctor. Researchers believe these small insulin injections improve metabolism in non-diabetic persons,

Continued at top of page 150

Extra length typifies the natural shade Shetland jacket with plaid design. Two-button model is gaining. Maryland Hunts Meet.

Three *are better than* **One**



Do You Get Triple Reading For Your Advertising Dollar?

CIRCULATION is what an advertiser pays *for.* But it is only the portion of the circulation which becomes *his audience* that *pays him.*

The first measure of a newspaper's value and power as an advertising medium is *audience-per-copy.* Audience-per-copy means the *number* of people who read a *single* copy. The *kind* of people who read it. And *where* and *when* they read it.

A single reader for a single copy is *limited* audience. A skimming reader, reading hurriedly, is *distracted* audience.

* * *

The Chicago Daily News gives an advertiser's products and services *maximum audience.* As a home newspaper The Daily News averages 3 readers for each copy.

They read The Daily News more *thoroughly*—at HOME. They read The Daily News more *thoughtfully*—at HOME.

The families who give The Daily News such warm and constant welcome represent a reader-community of 1,250,000 home-devoted, eager minds. And, having the means to buy and the need to buy to maintain an ambitious standard of living, they are, as a group, the *preferred* audience of Chicago.

These are some of the reasons why the *least sensational* newspaper in Chicago does the *most sensational* selling job!

* * *

In 1941 The Chicago Daily News carried more General Display Advertising than any other newspaper published in the United States—morning, evening or Sunday.* This leadership has been maintained since 1938—a remarkable vote of confidence by advertisers based on experience and demonstrated sales response!

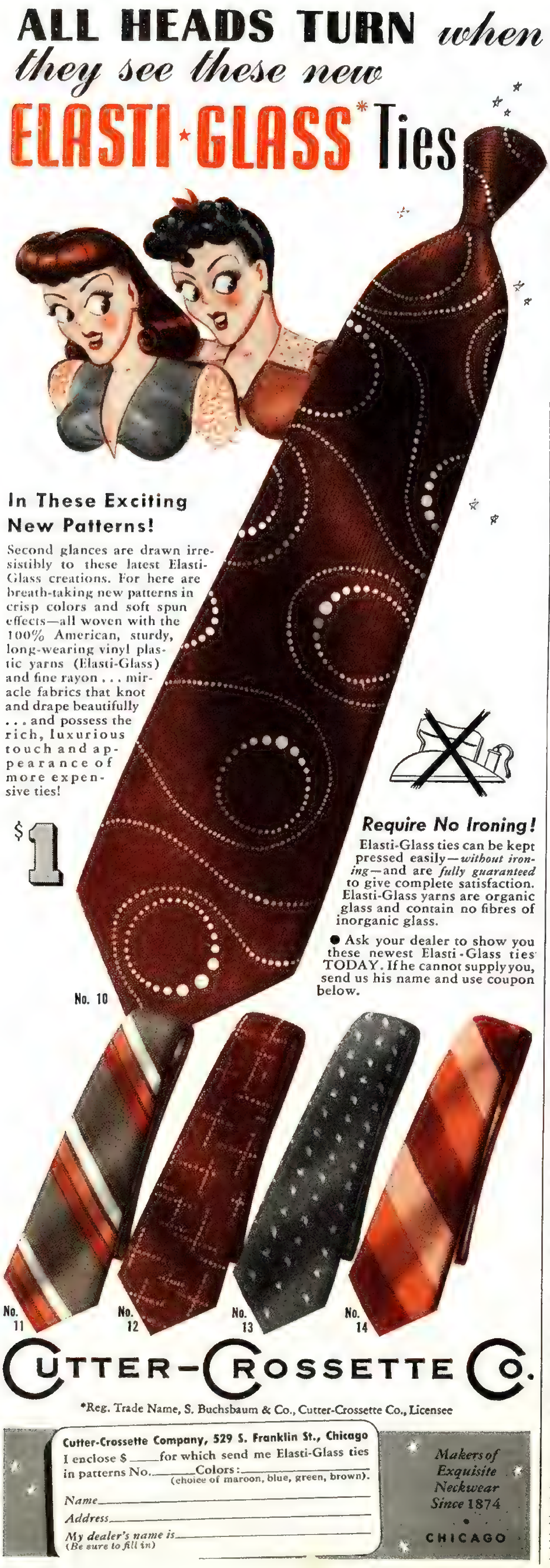
**Reported by Media Records. Liquor linage omitted.*

AUDIENCE-PER-COPY—*that's what counts!*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

The Newspaper of First Importance
In the Important Chicago Market

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO • NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*


ALL HEADS TURN *when they see these new* ELASTI-GLASS* Ties

In These Exciting New Patterns!

Second glances are drawn irresistibly to these latest Elasti-Glass creations. For here are breath-taking new patterns in crisp colors and soft spun effects—all woven with the 100% American, sturdy, long-wearing vinyl plastic yarns (Elasti-Glass) and fine rayon . . . miracle fabrics that knot and drape beautifully . . . and possess the rich, luxurious touch and appearance of more expensive ties!

$1

Require No Ironing!

Elasti-Glass ties can be kept pressed easily—*without ironing*—and are *fully guaranteed* to give complete satisfaction. Elasti-Glass yarns are organic glass and contain no fibres of inorganic glass.

● Ask your dealer to show you these newest Elasti-Glass ties TODAY. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and use coupon below.

No. 10

No. 11

No. 12

No. 13

No. 14

CUTTER-CROSSETTE CO.

*Reg. Trade Name, S. Buchsbaum & Co., Cutter-Crossette Co., Licensee

Cutter-Crossette Company, 529 S. Franklin St., Chicago
I enclose $ ____ for which send me Elasti-Glass ties
in patterns No.____ Colors: ____
(choice of maroon, blue, green, brown).
Name ____
Address ____
My dealer's name is ____
(Be sure to fill in)

Makers of Exquisite Neckwear Since 1874
●
CHICAGO

Colds Are Curable!

Continued from pages 74-146-148

helping body cells speed up the vital process called oxidation. Whatever its secret, insulin has cured many colds in a single dose.

For types Five, Seven, Nine and Ten the doctor can give you an additional booster. This is an old medical remedy, weak hydrochloric acid. But you take it a new way. On an empty rather than a full stomach. Five drops in a glass of water before breakfast, at mid-morning, mid-afternoon and bedtime are the usual directions given by Dr. Jarvis. Patients often report an astonishing sense of well-being and pep after a few acid doses. The stuff is harmless, provided your doctor approves, and the sour taste is easily rinsed from the mouth.

One final prescription may be included for types Nine and Ten. Nothing but tiny doses of iodine. Some find a few kelp tablets do the trick. Or your doctor may give you a special iodine solution for internal use. Two or three drops are taken along with the acid. The two chemicals act as powerful promoters of oxidation.

You alone can discover which of these ten cold types is your own. If your first guess is wrong don't throw up your hands. These biochemical cures will not help when you come down with real influenza. But they have brought lasting relief to lifelong victims of sniffles and sneezes. Be as sceptical as you like. But think of the extra enjoyment you'd get from living free of annoying colds. Then give this new system an honest trial. It may give all your colds good riddance for good! ⧻

1) "Small Doses of Insulin in Otolaryngologic Practice; clinical experience of a correspondence study group." D. C. Jarvis, Archives of Otolaryngology, July, 1937, (American Medical Association).

2) "Applied Biochemistry in the Etiology and Treatment of Clinical Conditions of the Nasal Accessory Sinuses." D. C. Jarvis, The Laryngoscope, March, 1939.

3) "The Family Pattern Approach in the Practice of Medicine." D. C. Jarvis, The Medical World, May, 1939, p. 296.

4) "Twelve Varieties of the Common Cold." D. C. Jarvis, The Laryngoscope, June, 1939.

5) "Small Doses of Insulin and Iodine in Treatment of the Common Cold." D. C. Jarvis, The Medical World, January, 1940, p. 27.

6) "Different Types of the Common Cold." D. C. Jarvis, The Medical World, April, 1940.

7) "Applied Biochemistry in the Etiology and Treatment of Seasonal Hay Fever." D. C. Jarvis, The Laryngoscope, July, 1940.

Hank Johnson's Brother

Continued from page 55

here—well, for my health. I've been cramped up all my life, and I wanted the feel of space."

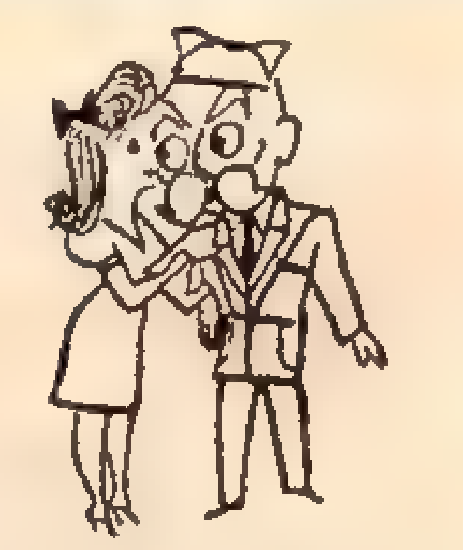
"I don't notice you out in the space, now."

"The sun isn't good for me . . . Wait a minute," he said as Tooler got off the settee arm. "Let's say I *was* this guy's brother. Then what?"

"Then what *what?*"

"Tell me about things."

The stocky Tooler stood leaning on his broom reflectively. Finally he smiled. "I guess you *would* want to hear about him, at that," he said. "Hank was quite a man. Tough and hard—God!—but clean, you understand, and square. Strongest man I ever seen. Not heavy; just strong. And fight—God!—but no trouble maker. Tend to his own business and keep his mouth shut, but don't try to run over him, understand? That was the trouble with him, when Elston told him to lay off the pretty waitress. I guess you ain't seen Tessie yet. Hank, he knowed what Elston would do. Hank knowed Elston would pick a fight. Now, Hank could of left off wearing his gun, and fought Elston with his bare hands and broke him in half. But Elston wouldn't have fought that way, and if Hank'd left off wearing his gun, it would have showed he was ascaired. And Hank wasn't scaired of nothing. Not even that last night in the Palo Verde, when Elston started picking the fight and Hank knew he was going to be killed."



These theoretical weapons are all right with our soldiers just as long as they aren't asked to go around with simulated girl friends.

Johnson's eyes glowed with the worshipful admiration of a weakling. "He was a man, wasn't he!"

"But I'm telling *you* about Hank Johnson," Tooler said, smiling depreciatingly. He turned as four men came in the lobby. Three of them stayed near the door and the fourth advanced. He jerked his head at Tooler, saying, "Beat it, Lem," and then said to Johnson when the hotel man took his broom to a back room: "I'm Lowry."

"I'm Johnson."

"Yes. We've held a meeting, and I'm here to tell you there'll be a square deal for you. By God there'd better be! We come close to lynching Elston when he killed Hank, whether or no. That's all. Hello, Tessie," he said to the girl who was coming in. "Come on, men."

"You're Tessie," the frail man said as the girl sat beside him. His eyes went up and down her body and rested on her face with its delicate skin showing now a few faint freckles from the sun. Her eyes were wide and gray, and there was a lush glow to her auburn hair. “You’re lovely, lovely,” he said. “And you and Hank were in love. He was a strong man, but he’d be awkward and helpless as a child before you . . . sorry; I didn’t want to make you cry.”

Tears had filled her eyes, but her lips formed a tender smile from memory. “You knew him well, didn’t you? And he thought a lot of you. He wasn’t a man to talk about himself, but he mentioned you once and I could tell that he thought a lot of you, even though—”

“Even though what?” he asked as she paused.

“Well, you know Hank disapproved of gambling. But still you were his brother.”

“Yes; that’s what counts,” Johnson said. “That means more than anything else. And a guy like me—well, Hank was so different. A big, strong, clean fellow. A guy like me could pretty much worship him in a hopeless way. A guy like me could be pretty proud to be his brother.”

“But can’t you see it’ll do no good?” she asked pleadingly. “You can’t change what’s been done, and you can’t fight Elston.”

“Well, maybe,” Johnson said, doubtfully.

She took his hand, leaning forward toward him. “You want justice. Yes, everybody does. The valley is fed up with Elston. But you can’t do anything. Elston has killed seven men since he’s been here. He practices every day. Hank didn’t have a chance. And you won’t, either. I know how you feel. But it won’t do any good for you to die for Hank.”

Johnson smiled faintly. “Maybe you *don’t* know how I feel, and maybe it *will* do some good to die for Hank.” He looked out the window at the hot sunlight. Red dust coiled in a cloud as four riders pounded past the hotel. “A man’s got to die sometime. And maybe it’s better to die for something than for nothing.”

Rubber bathing suits may be one of the items which have to be cut down. We’re with this to a man.

“But that’s nonsense! What good will it do for you to be killed?”

“You’re young and beautiful,” Johnson said gently. “And I’m old. I haven’t lived so much longer, but I’m very old. When you get old you think about dying. And—well, there’s ways to die.” He seemed almost happy at the prospect, and the girl, repelled, turned and fled.

Johnson sat watching the sunlight in the street, the men lounging about in the shade and drifting over to the Palo Verde for a cool one.

As the sun grew big and red in the west he got up and went down the boardwalk to the Eagle Cafe. The place was crowded, with one or two men waiting behind every stool, but a place was immediately made for him.

“Thank you,” Johnson said.

Another waitress was on shift in place of Tessie. She said, “We’ve got something special for you—steak smothered in mushrooms. The cook had a can of mushrooms in his trunk that he’s been saving special for ever since last springtime.”

“Thank you,” Johnson said, expanding under the deference as only a little insignificant man can. He drank it in, his pasty cheeks taking on almost a warmth. “I’ve been on a diet, but tonight there’s nothing I’d enjoy like steak and mushrooms.”

He ate slowly, savoring every bite, savoring the awed respect of the other occupants. When he asked for salt a dozen hands grabbed for the shaker at the far end of the counter, and the man who secured it was obviously triumphant in being able to do this small favor.

Finished, Johnson sighed with satisfaction. “And—well, yes, a cigar,” he said. “A cigar and a glass of brandy.”

The waitress gave him a cigar. “No charge for anything,” she said. “It’s on the house.”

“Well, thank you. Thank you.”

There was a silence. Then the girl said, “The only place you can get brandy is over at the Palo Verde.”

Johnson went out and stood in the street. The desert air was taking on a chill now in the twilight. He lighted the cigar and took a deep puff. This made him cough, and he stopped the coughing with a pill from his tin box. Then he took another deep puff and didn’t cough. Standing in the twilight, he looked up and down the single street, and at the deepening sky. He let the cigar smoke coil slowly from his mouth past his nostrils, savoring the sights and smells of this life as a man might who has not long to live. Then he stepped off the board walk and strode slowly up the middle of the street, moving without haste, a small slow puff of dust marking each deliberate step. He was conscious of eyes on him, and conscious also that the eyes didn’t see what eyes had always seen in him. He was not now a frail runt with a cough, a miserable apologetic weakling. He didn’t feel that way now, and nobody saw him that way. Yes indeed—there were ways to die.

On the porch of the Palo Verde Elston’s bouncer tossed away his sharpened match and went inside. Johnson walked up past the Tooler Hotel and the store. Tessie was standing on the boardwalk, eyes wide and hands clasped at her throat. And a beautiful girl to cry for him; an angel to cry for him. And to have had a man like Hank Johnson for a brother. There were ways to die. Coming abreast the Palo Verde, he went over the porch and through the swinging doors. The hanging lamps had

Continued on page 152

Whose serve?
MINE! And the score is “33 to 1”
33 TO 1? WHO EVER HEARD OF A SCORE LIKE THAT?
HOUSE RULES, TOM— TIME TO CHALK UP A SPECIAL SCORE FOR REFRESHMENT.
A GREAT IDEA... BUT WHERE DOES THE “33 TO 1” COME IN?
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FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT’S SPECIALLY BLENDED “33 TO 1”
NEATEST “SERVE” OF THE EVENING! THE WAY I FEEL NOW I’M REALLY GOING TO TAKE YOU, TOM—33 TO 1...
33 TO 1 YOU DON’T! REMEMBER—I’VE HAD MY BLUE RIBBON REFRESHMENT TOO—
Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Serve the beer that’s Blended “33 to 1”—and score tops with everyone! Enjoy its matchless flavor in full or club size bottles and on draft at better places everywhere.

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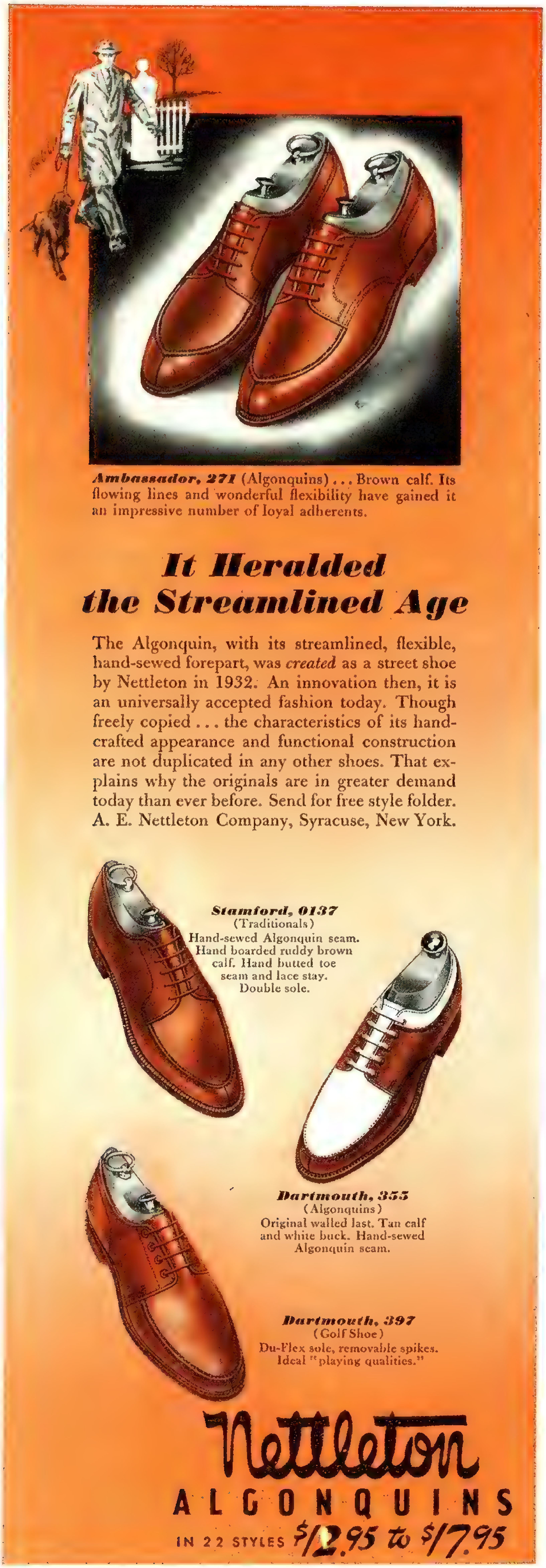
33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer


Ambassador, 271 (Algonquins) . . . Brown calf. Its flowing lines and wonderful flexibility have gained it an impressive number of loyal adherents.

It Heralded the Streamlined Age

The Algonquin, with its streamlined, flexible, hand-sewed forepart, was *created* as a street shoe by Nettleton in 1932. An innovation then, it is an universally accepted fashion today. Though freely copied . . . the characteristics of its hand-crafted appearance and functional construction are not duplicated in any other shoes. That explains why the originals are in greater demand today than ever before. Send for free style folder. A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse, New York.

Stamford, 0137
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Hand-sewed Algonquin seam. Hand boarded ruddy brown calf. Hand butted toe seam and lace stay. Double sole.

Dartmouth, 355
(Algonquins)
Original walled last. Tan calf and white buck. Hand-sewed Algonquin seam.

Dartmouth, 397
(Golf Shoe)
Du-Flex sole, removable spikes. Ideal "playing qualities."

Nettleton
ALGONQUINS
IN 22 STYLES $12.95 to $17.95

Hank Johnson's Brother

Continued from pages 55-151

been lighted. Their yellow glow mingled with the fading twilight. Men moved from the bar and tables as he entered, and lined silently against the wall. The bouncer came out of Elston's office at the back, and joined the men at the far wall.

"Brandy," Johnson told the barkeep. The barkeep set out bottle and glass, and Johnson filled the glass and sipped slowly, savoring every drop. "Good brandy," he said. He had drained the final drop, and was turning the glass in his thin fingers, when Elston came out of his back office. The barkeep ducked.

"I'm Elston."

Johnson turned, regarding the solid man. Elston was wearing a checked vest and frock coat. The coat hung loose, and the man's revolver was visible, low on the right side with a thong lashing it to his leg just above the knee. He was of average height, but powerful, with stubby fingers that make for physical dexterity. He was chewing an unlighted cigar.

"I'm Johnson." He stood there frail in the lamplight which now was a pure pale yellow, the twilight having gone. The pink spots had faded from his cheeks and his face was a dead white. He had no visible weapon but everyone knew he wouldn't have come into the Palo Verde unarmed.

"You killed my brother," he said. "The only brother I ever had. He was the kind of a man I've always wanted to be. You're a dirty sneak, Elston. You're a snake." Then he called Elston other things, that nobody but a sneak and a snake would have taken without fighting. But Elston stood there and took it. That was part of his method. He wouldn't move until the other man did. Generally, he provoked his fights; but tonight there was no need, and that was better, because there'd been mutterings about the killing of Hank Johnson, even though Elston had let the man get his gun half out before making his move.

"Now, Johnson," he said heartily. "Can't we be friends?"

"Friends!" Johnson almost strangled. He began coughing, and made a move inside his coat. Elston watched the motion, and at the first glint of metal in the lamplight Elston made his own move, drawing and firing. Johnson stood a moment, turning slowly, and then fell forward. Elston wheeled and went into his office.

"Self defense," the bouncer said loudly in the silence.

"That's right," the barkeep exclaimed. "Johnson drawed first."

A rancher kneeled over Johnson. "Wait a minute. Come here, Marshal."

* * *

They strung Elston up to a cottonwood tree in the river bottom that night. Johnson had carried no weapon. Elston had shot down an unarmed man in cold blood. His claim that Johnson made a motion inside his coat was of no avail. Everybody in town had seen Johnson get out his tin box of pills every time he began coughing. And the ranchers were fed up with Elston's so-called "self-defense," anyhow.

Next day there was a big funeral for Johnson. Everybody in the valley turned out for it. It was a beautiful funeral, and one that a frail little runt like Johnson would have been proud to occasion.

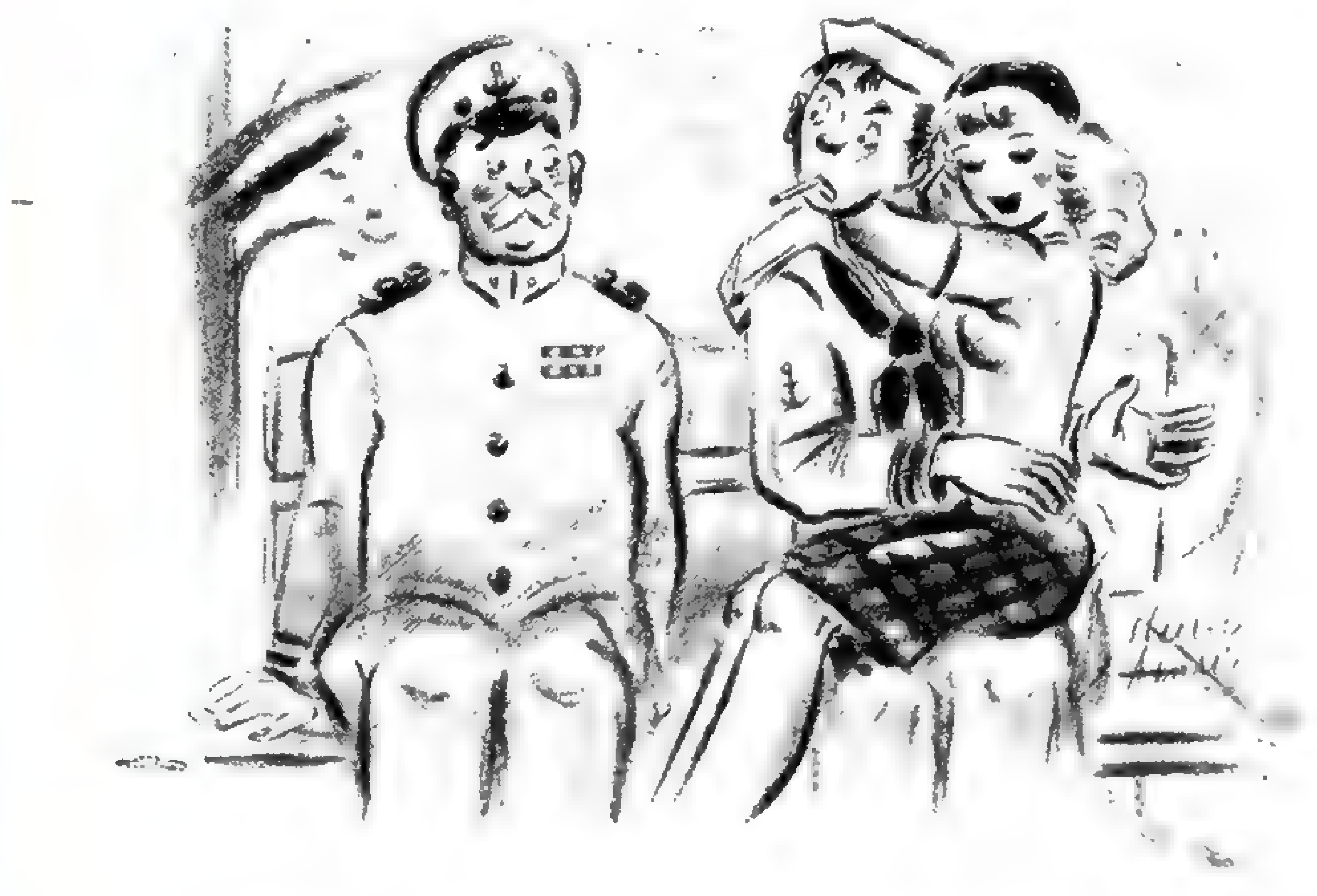
"He got here just in time," the doctor who'd examined and prepared the body said—Doc White did undertaking on the side. "To look at his lungs, you'd wonder what was holding him up."

When the stage came in again, a week later, a big, rawboned man got off, a gun on each hip. He inquired for Elston, and began swearing on hearing he'd been strung up.

"The barkeep took over the Palo Verde," he was told. "He's good for all bills; you can do business with him."

"My business was with Elston," the raw-boned man said. "I'm Hank Johnson's brother."

And nobody knows any more than that about it. Why the other Johnson died for a brother he didn't have—or had by adoption for a single afternoon—is anybody's guess. #



"Suppose you confine your advice to the fleet, Admiral—I'm in command here"

Horse and a Half

Continued from page 33

American Flag, War Admiral, Grey Lag, Twenty Grand, Equipoise, Colin—a list of greats and near-greats as long as your two arms could be compiled which have raced over the Belmont course without equalling the time for six furlongs set by the little seven-hundred-dollar ugly duckling of the Saratoga sales ring called Alsab.

And the performance was no mere flash in the pan, such as an intrinsically cheap horse will run now and then when favored by light weight and a fast strip. In the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park on October 4 for two-year-olds at a mile Alsab under 122 pounds again met Requested, whose impost was reduced to 116, also other good two-year-olds, and won by seven lengths. His time for the mile was 1.35 2/5, only two-fifths of a second off the track record set by Jack High, an older horse of quality which had carried only 110 pounds when setting it.

In his mile race Alsab was badly messed about by Jockey Bierman. He was taken to the inside on the rail in the stretch-run but was blocked there by two other horses. Bierman had to take him up and bring him to the outside, costing lengths of ground and fifths of seconds of time. Alsab's tremendous speed enabled him to pull out to a seven-length victory, once he had got running room. Had he not been impeded he almost certainly would have shattered Jack High's track record for the mile and he might have come close to the world's time record of 1.34 2/5 for a mile around turns, held by the great Equipoise.

Ability in a two-year-old colt to run to time of this order means something. Thoroughbreds have been racing for three hundred years, in England, on the continent of Europe, in this country, in South America, in Australia and in New Zealand. No two-year-old ever ran a mile in less than 1.36 until Alsab did it. The previous record for horses of that age, 1.36, was set by Twenty Grand in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at Churchill Downs, Kentucky, when he beat Equipoise a nose in 1930 after one of the most thrilling stretch-duels any race ever has produced. A two-year-old that can run miles in 1.35 and change might run a mile and a quarter at three in two minutes flat if he develops well. At any rate, Alsab is good enough for my money.

Some of the newspaper boys, in the course of making a story out of Alsab's seven-hundred-dollar yearling price and consequent "ugly duckling" status, have been characterizing him as "unfashionably bred." Just what this means I don't know. As a matter of fact, Alsab comes from the very soundest of American racing stock.

He is by Good Goods out of the mare Winds Chant. Take the dam first. She is a daughter of Wildair, which was by Broomstick, maternal grandsire of the great Equipoise and one of the first of American stallions. Wildair's dam was Eulogy, a daughter of Fair Play, the sire of Man o' War and founder of one of the greatest of American racing lines. Eulogy's dam was a daughter of the great English stallion St. Simon. If Alsab's heredity on the dam's side is not of the purple, then no horse ever was well bred.

Take Alsab's sire, Good Goods. This horse, foaled in 1931, had no conspicuous success or great apparent quality as a racer himself. Neither, for just one similar case, had Hard Tack, the son of Man o' War that sired the world's leading money winner Seabiscuit. But in 1934 he ran third to Peace Chance and High Quest in the Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half, third to Carry Over and Observant in the Lawrence Realization at a mile and five-eighths, and second to Azucar, a six-year-old, in the Washington Handicap at a mile and a quarter. At four in 1935 Good Goods won the Champlain Handicap at a mile and an eighth, also the Havre de Grace Handicap at the same distance, ran third in the Manhattan Handicap at a mile and a half, ran second to Vicar in the Saratoga Handicap at a mile and a quarter, and ran third to the great Discovery and Esposa in the Whitney Stakes at a mile and a quarter. In other words, Alsab is by a horse that had some inconspicuous success in racing over distances.

But Good Goods was by Neddie, and Neddie was by the great and undefeated Colin. Foaled in 1905, by Commando out of Pastorella, Colin raced twelve times at two in 1907 and three times at three in 1908 and never lost a race. He went wrong at three, therefore was retired prematurely. He never was tried under high weights in the handicap division at four and older, but his record shows him to have been a tremendously fast horse. At stud he proved to be a shy foal-getter, and hence is classed as a failure as a progenitor, but he stands high on a compilation of American sires ranked in accordance with the percentage of winners sired by each, also on a similar compilation ranked in accordance with the percentage of stakes winners gotten.

Colin was by Commando, he by Domino, the "Black Whirlwind," of the line of Himyar and Hindoo that has given to the American turf most of its horses noted for sheer speed. Good Goods could stay, Neddie could stay, Colin could stay, and there is no reason to suspect that Alsab cannot stay and get a distance. He has shown every attribute of the stayer, including ability to come on from behind, and has shown the blazing speed that is the hall-mark of the characteristic Dominos. No faster tribe ever ran on American turf, and it seems Alsab has all the powers of sheer speed that any of them has ever shown, and pos-

Continued on page 151

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Why not ask for trousers with Gripper fasteners very next time you buy?

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*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

Horse and a Half

Continued from pages 33-153

sibly a trifle more.

Usually when a flashy colt comes to the fore there are some shaken heads among horsemen, a sceptical and conservative tribe. Even Man o' War left behind him at the tracks some die-hards who refused to accept him as the best because he usually ran in front all the way and never raced under high weights after he was three. But horsemen are unanimous in acknowledging Alsab's quality. Henry McDaniel, as experienced a hand with a horse as there is, says he has never seen a better two-year-old. Many others have hailed him, from the boys who have ridden on him and against him to the owners and trainers who wish they had bought him or had him to handle.

Alsab is no picture horse, but there is a racy quality about his appearance, particularly in action. A bay colt, with the lean head that often indicates racing ability, he stood about 15.3 at the withers toward the close of his two-year-old campaign. Not heavily muscled, and appearing a route-horse rather than a sprinter, his action is easy and he strides close to the ground, running freely and with determination. Like Equipoise he is a good "stick horse," responding to punishment with the whip and running the faster instead of dogging it and quitting as so many faint-hearted horses do when struck. He was punished unnecessarily during his match with Requested by an excited boy, but took it like the Thoroughbred he is. Horses may have come handsomer; they never have come any faster or any gamer.

In the future betting on the Kentucky Derby Alsab of course will be laid at a very short price from the beginning and the price will continue short up to the day of the race unless the colt suffers some misfortune or unless some other apparently strong contender pops up. All future wagering is on a pay or play basis; if the horse fails to get to post the bet is lost just as effectually as if he ran and failed to win. The odds against Alsab will not begin to compensate for the risk that he may go wrong in training for the Kentucky stake, so I would not advise mortgaging the old homestead for a plunge on the colt. But there is no other probable winner in sight; on the evidence available it would be lunacy to select another colt to beat him; and for a sentimental wager, made for the fun of it rather than to profit, he's the horse.

On Memorial Day, 1941, at Belmont Park, I saw a two-year-old colt by Man o' War called Soldier Song come out of the pack in the stretch-run of a five-furlong sprint and leave the others behind as if they were tied to the fence. I haven't seen this colt's name in the entries since, and I don't know what's happened to him, but just as a light gun to back up Alsab's heavy artillery I am going to have a small wager on Soldier Song in the futures. This is not picking, of course, just hunching, and the hunch will cancel out if the Man o' War youngster is not made eligible for the Derby.

I have been trying now for eight years to select the Derby winner for this magazine some months in advance; this is my eighth attempt. And here's the record:

Year	*Horse*	*Ran*
1935	Omaha	1
1936	Brevity	2
1937	Pompoon	2
1938	Redbreast	*
1939	Challedon	2
1940	Bimelech	2
1941	Whirlaway	1

*Non-Starter

Of this group of fairly recent horses I should not like to have to name the best—probably it was either Omaha or Challedon, particularly the latter at the peak of his form at three and four. Brevity was unlucky in the Derby; Pompoon was unlucky and not too sound throughout his career. Redbreast was a bad selection, a horse of no quality whatsoever. Bimelech was beaten in the Derby without excuse by Gallahadion, a horse that has shown very little since, and Whirlaway has been so erratic that I would hesitate to rank him better than good despite his high purse-winnings. Also he has yet to show ability to take a good horse by the head in the stretch-run and outgame him to the wire in a long and bitter drive. Among all these selections, viewed as of the times I made them, I like Alsab best. He seems to have everything, and if I'm wrong I'll be wrong in good company and about a great two-year-old, whatever he becomes at three.

At any rate Alsab will not be bucking the jinx that no Belmont Futurity winner ever has won the Derby. He did not go in it, and he did not go in it because he was not eligible. Had he gone in it he would have hung those other two-year-olds on the fence just as surely as he ran away from most of them a little later in the mile Champagne Stakes. ##

Fable

Once there was a movie where one comedian told the other one: "Don't worry; they can't put us in jail for this,"—and the very next scene failed to show the two of them in jail.

The Man Behind the Yankees

Continued from page 98

legged young German in rumpled clothes and a derby hat with a feather stuck in the band. He said he was willing to play with Paterson and Ed signed him to a contract on the spot. His name was John Henry Wagner and Barrow believes to this day he was the greatest ball player that ever lived.

In 1897 Barrow became president of the league and held that post until the league folded in 1899. From there he went to Toronto, bought into the ball club, managed the team for three years, won the pennant in 1902 and then shifted to Detroit, where he managed the Tigers in the newly formed American League. Two years in Detroit and he moved to Indianapolis, also as manager. Then back to Toronto, where he quit baseball and went into the hotel business. One year of that was enough. Baseball was calling again. He took over the Montreal club and ran it until the close of the 1910 season, when he was elected president of the league. At the same meeting, the name of the league was changed from Eastern to International. Barrow gained Class AA rating for it, took it safely through the Federal League war that at one time threatened to destroy it and then, in 1918, quit to become Manager of the Boston Red Sox. He won the pennant that year and beat the Cubs in the World Series.

He had a big left-handed pitcher on that club named Ruth. Ruth was the best left-handed pitcher in either league but he also had a delightful habit of whaling the ball out of sight. In 1919 Barrow took him out of the box and planted him in right field. Ruth hit twenty-nine home runs that season and Harry Frazee, who owned the club, sold him to the Yankees for $125,000.

Frazee also sold most of his other good ball players to the Yankees at box car figures. It seemed to Barrow that the time had come for him to leave Boston, too. At the end of the 1920 season he followed the ball players to New York.

Huggins, a very unhappy little man at that period, welcomed his arrival, looked to him for advice and encouragement and got both in full measure. Barrow never tried to interfere with Miller in the management of the team on the field but there were many ways in which he could help him and he overlooked none of them. He was on Hug's side, with Ruppert and against Huston, although Huston was his friend and they used to go hunting and fishing together at Dover Hall in Georgia, in the off season. This increased Ruppert's faith in Huggins, made the manager's tasks easier and played a tremendous part in creating that unity that made the winning of the first pennant possible and has marked the Yankees since.

When Huggins died in 1929, Barrow's first choice as his successor was Donie Bush. But Barrow didn't get in touch with Donie until the night of the day on which he had signed a two-year contract to manage the White Sox. The offer then went to Eddie Collins, who rejected it, preferring to stay with Connie Mack as a coach. Then it went to Arthur Fletcher, then, as now, a coach with the team. On Fletcher's refusal of the offer, it went to Bob Shawkey, dean of the pitching staff. One year convinced both Ruppert and Barrow he was not precisely the man they wanted. The selection of his successor was left to Barrow, who promptly picked McCarthy, just released by the Cubs.

When Ruppert was alive, Ed conferred with him in person or on the telephone every day, thus keeping him in constant touch with all the details of operating the ball club, in which Ruppert had a great pride and a lively sense of proprietorship. In February of each year, they made up the players' contracts, but it was Barrow who determined how much each player should receive. Holdouts dealt first with Barrow. If they were stubborn, they were passed on to Ruppert—but by the time they got to him, Ruppert not only knew they were coming but had been advised by Barrow how to deal with them so that, actually, Barrow's word was final in every case. Barrow signed all the players but Ruth. Ruppert always went through the motions with the Babe while reporters and photographers registered the scene. Ruppert liked that.

Now Barrow is in the open as the real boss of the Yankees. He engineers deals for players either on his own initiative or at McCarthy's suggestion. He controls the intricate scouting system from his big flat-topped desk on Forty-second Street, with Paul Krichell, squat ex-catcher with the St. Louis Browns, as his chief of staff in the field. He receives, digests and acts promptly on the reports he gets from Weiss on the farm situation. He makes out the contracts and signs the players and no longer is the signing of any player, even Joe DiMaggio, done in public. The great Stadium on the north bank of the Harlem is under the watchful eye of Charles McManus, once road secretary of the club, who reports to Barrow daily.

There is nothing mysterious about Barrow's ability to keep so tight a grasp on the far-flung Yankee empire. He keeps it by being on the job approximately three hundred and fifty days a year. The ten other days he spends resting or hunting or fishing on Tom Yawkey's estate in North Carolina and even then his lieutenants know they can get him on the telephone at any hour of the day or night.

He lives in Mamaroneck, is at his desk every morning by nine-thirty at the latest and, almost invariably dines with Mrs. Barrow

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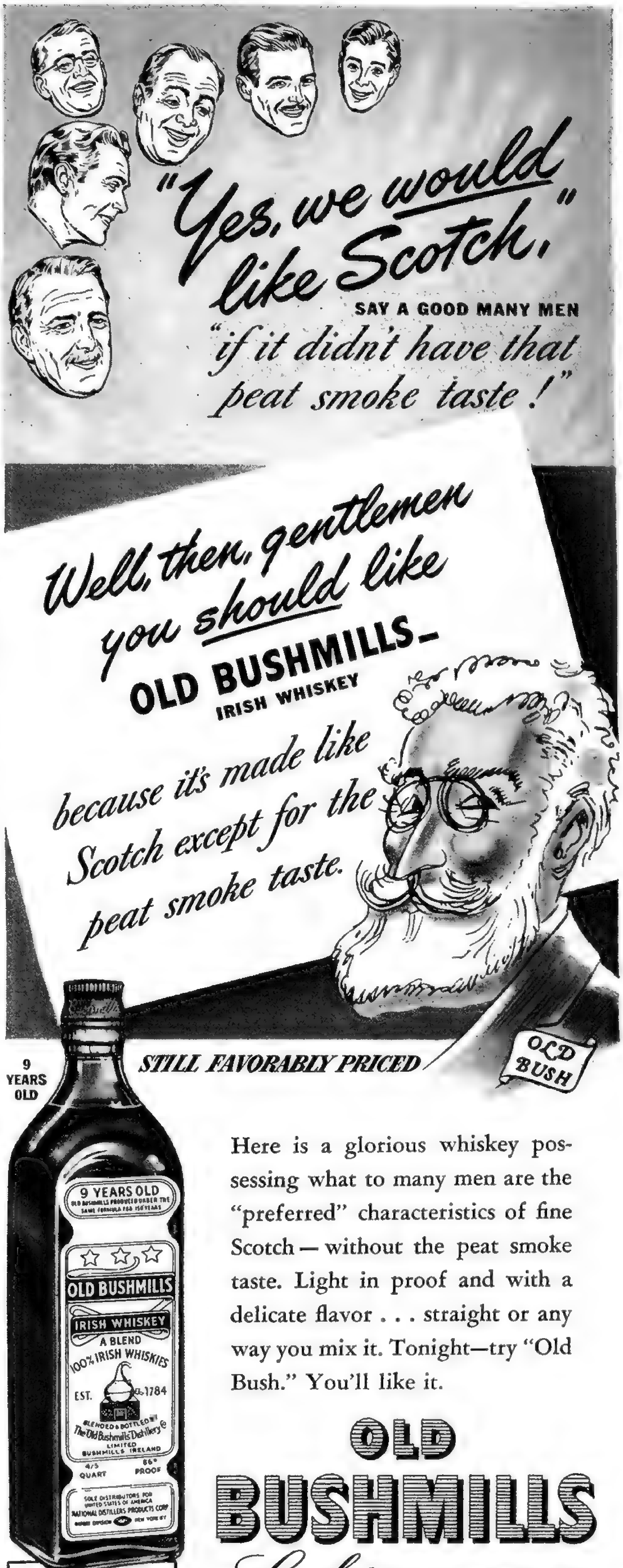
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SAY A GOOD MANY MEN
"if it didn't have that peat smoke taste!"
Well, then, gentlemen you should like
OLD BUSHMILLS–
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because it's made like Scotch except for the peat smoke taste.
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The Man Behind the Yankees

Continued from pages 98-155

at home. Few New Yorkers know him by sight, since he so seldom appears in public, save at the Stadium, where he sits in an upper box on the third base side of the field. Even there, to the fans trooping by on the way to their seats, he is just another fellow.

His routine during the baseball season almost never varies. He goes to his office, attends to his correspondence, reads or listens to reports from his subordinates, calls on his barber, is shaved in his office and, about one o'clock . . . unless there is a double header on the bill, departs for the ball park. There he has his lunch in the Stevens commissary under the stand and is joined by McCarthy for a daily discussion of the status of the team. At game time he goes to his box, where he sits with two or three of his friends. After the game he stops in at the office in the Stadium, gets a report on the attendance and receipts, is available for anything that may need his attention and, when he has cleared up the details, goes home.

From October to February . . . barring those ten days at Yawkey's place, he is in his office as usual. When the Yankees are in training at St. Petersburg in March, he usually runs down for a few days to look over the team and continue his conferences with McCarthy which have been conducted almost nightly by telephone. Then he returns to his desk to await the opening of the season.

He does a tremendous amount of reading, all in connection with his job. This includes reports, articles in New York and out of town newspapers and major and minor league and college averages. Although the country is covered by a network of Yankee scouts, he sometimes picks ball players out of the averages that he hadn't heard of elsewhere and sends one of his scouts to look them over. Many a youngster who had escaped even the sharp eyes of roving Yankee scouts has got a chance because Barrow had followed him through the pile of averages dumped on his desk every day.

He is sound and conservative in his judgment of players but, when he thinks he is right, he will gamble more than usual—since every deal in baseball is more or less of a gamble. Back in 1934, the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast League put a price tag of $40,000 on a hard hitting young outfielder. Several major league clubs, the Yankees included, were willing to pay it and then one day the young man's right knee popped as he got out of a taxicab after a ball game. When that happened, the other clubs backed off. They weren't paying $40,000 for a youngster with a trick knee. Neither was Barrow. But he hung on, watched, waited and, in 1935, he offered $25,000 for the player and got him. The other clubs said he was crazy. He wasn't. The young outfielder's name was . . . and still is . . . Joseph Paul DiMaggio.

Young ball players and young newspapermen coming in contact with Barrow are in awe of him. They needn't be, although he does merit their respect because of his great ability and his natural dignity. Their awe is inspired by his gruffness. Once upon a time, possibly, he was hard-boiled. He isn't hard-boiled now, although he likes to pretend he is. In his personal relations . . . completely divorced from his business relations . . . he really is a soft and sentimental guy. Just how soft the office force, which jumps and sometimes trembles at his approach, discovered the day his election to the presidency of the club was announced. When he entered his office he found a huge basket of flowers, the gift of the men and women of the staff, on his desk and when he called them in to thank them for it, he almost cried. The big sissy. ##

A hunter makes a jump on the course at the Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L. I., scene of many important fashionable events.

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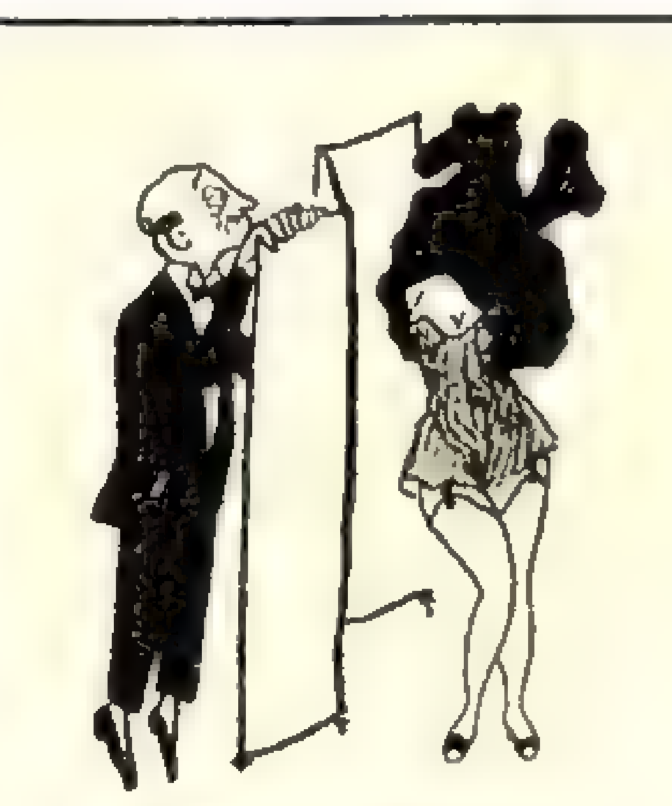
PROOF THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 66

husband tried clumsily to ingratiate himself in her affections, even the most theatrically uncultured Nazi, Wop or Jap could immediately have spotted the rest of the literary evening. The enemy louse would have been able to foretell that presently a more nobbily dressed male would heave upon the sordid premises; that he would in due course subtly present the wife with a gift of a silk nightgown (those wives are all Iris Bellamys who "love the feel of nice things"); that it would not be long afterward that sex would rear its paleozoic head; that the fat, pathetic husband would try vainly to win his spouse back; and that, considering his powerful bulk, he would ultimately choke the life out of the wolf.



Paradox

There may be a rubber shortage but the supply of rubbernecks is constant.

What the Nazi in particular would also have soon recognized was that, though the author denominated his characters Polish, Irish, German, and what not else, each and all of them refractorily—as is so often the case with Odets—emerged as characteristically and unmistakably Jewish.

Persuaded that even Odets would not venture any such stale triangle story save he had something coincidentally up his sleeve, the audience patiently bided its time and along toward ten-thirty duly observed him pull out of that sleeve Ol' Rabbit Analogy. Quoting from Matthew Arnold "We are here as on a darkling plain Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, Where ignorant armies clash by night," it vaguely appeared to be Odets' idea that Polish husband Wilenski and German wolf Pfeiffer were something in the way of an allegory, albeit damned confused. This confusion was further confused when the idiotic young minor love interest sought to clarify the Odets intention with a couple of speeches harking back to the greater amorous security of a peaceful day. But for all such gratuitous and extrinsic philosophies, what persistently remained was merely the old triangle whiffle. Tallulah Bankhead's and particularly Lee J. Cobb's performances of the wife's and husband's roles were commendable. As the lover, Joseph Schildkraut looked disconcertingly like Moss Hart but wasn't nearly so passionately convincing.

On the night a Nazi military base in Norway went into action against the British, the Dutch tried to fight off Jap parachute troops in the Netherlands East Indies, and the American navy declared its intention of going to the rescue of the sorely beset Philippine defenders, the Mansfield theatre gave us a chronicle play dealing with the late Woodrow Wilson and his futile dream of a League of Nations, thus distinguishing itself from most playhouses by its awareness of other things in the world than the anatomical peregrinations of dissatisfied wives, the hypothetical glandular stimulus of strange colognes, and the humors supposititiously indigenous to water-closets.

Called *In Time To Come* and the work of Howard Koch and John Huston, this was an historical chronicle exhibit considerably superior to most of the modern species. The usual play of that species customarily goes to pieces on the rocks of hero worship, its protagonist being generally viewed by the author solely through his virtues and with his faults either shrewdly glossed over or craftily deposited in the care of some glamourous and popular ham gifted with the cunning histrionically to minimize them. There was no such point of view or theatrical chicanery on this occasion. The authors looked at Woodrow good and hard, and what emerged was no rouged and powdered sub-Lincoln, no beautifully grease-painted Princeton Disraeli, no celestial Phi Beta Kappa Washington but the man that Wilson really was: the visionary vain to the point of offensiveness, the classroom savior of mankind whining like an old maid when things did not go as he wished, the noble campus coke-sniffer baffled by the realism of his fellow men, the honorable, querulous, bitter, idealistic, impotent navel contemplator—in short, the burning chilblain who could give it but couldn't take it. If there has been a more honest portrait in the latter day historical chronicle plays, I have missed it. The man's fine qualities were as truthfully there as his glaring defects, and the synthesis was exceptional in modern drama of its kind.

Many of the other male characters were equally well drawn: Tumulty, Lodge, Clemenceau, Henry White, Lloyd George, Sonino, et al. Only Colonel House suffered from prettification. If put into an Alice blue dress and given some field flowers in his arm you sometimes couldn't have distinguished him from the Laurette Taylor of fifteen years ago. Woodrow's wife, Edith Bolling Wilson, the sole woman character, was also over-sentimentalized in the hokum tradition of the old Sol Smith Russell-E. S. Willard drama. But overlooking these minor flaws and some of the most obvious wigs this side of the cabbage patch, settings

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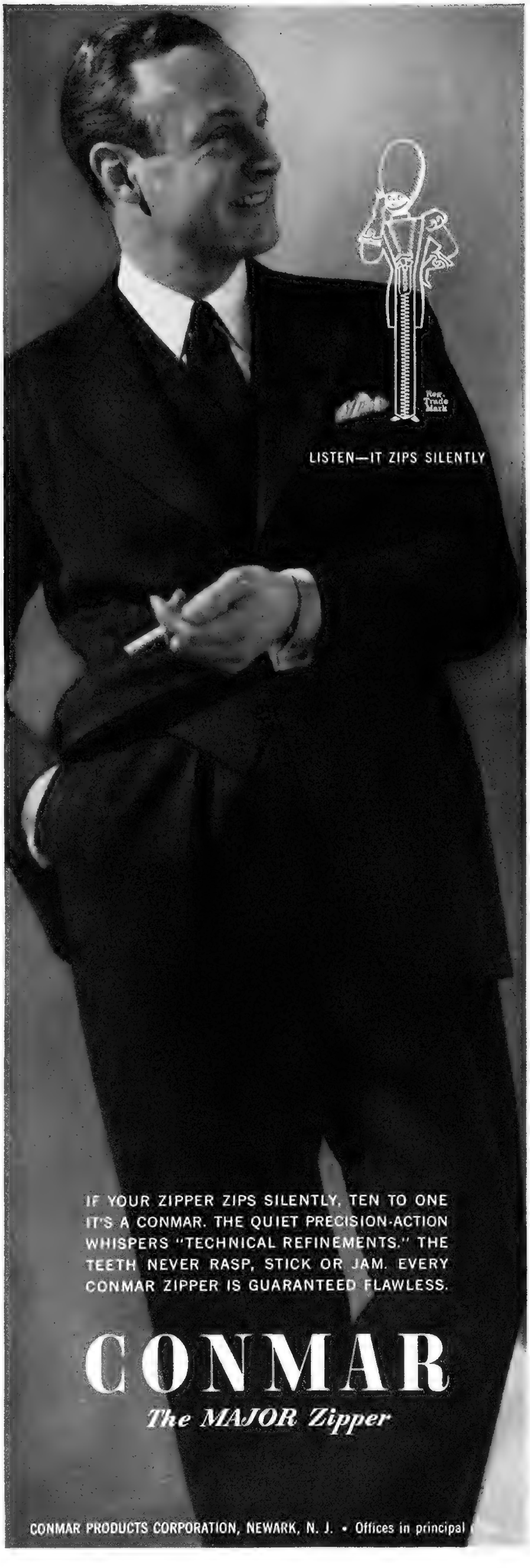

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 66-157

that took longer to change than a girl with her first dinner date, records that gave out Paris street sounds suggesting that the streets were full of rasping phonograph needles, and stage direction given to bogusly long, meaningful pauses—overlooking these, there was still a play there that frequently made most of the Drinkwaters look like dramatic teetotalers.

On the night after that on which Manila and Cavite had fallen, on the night General MacArthur and his troops were driven back into the hills and the United States fleet rushed to the aid of the hard pressed Netherland fleet in the Indies, the Longacre theatre tendered to the high altar of aesthetics a Norwegian folk anchovy by Arnold Sundgaard, *The First Crocus* by name. Laid in the wilds of Minnesota, it galloped like a snail into the operations of officious Mama Inga Jorislund upon Papa Jorislund and the Jorislund offspring and testified again to the fact that at least two out of every three such attempts at folk plays persistently remain all folk and no plays. After the actors in their odd getups and accents have made their several entrances and have been duly rewarded with the audience's zoological curiosity, the plays—and one like Sundgaard's in particular—resolve themselves largely into illegitimate novels, wading waist-high in the torpid and uneventful swamps of heavily contrived atmosphere, eccentric behavior and aberrant diction, and in the process slay the audience's interest. It was apparent that Mr. Sundgaard knew his people, but considerably more apparent that he knew next to nothing about the way to convert them into the stuff of drama.

On the night the armed forces of the Allies were spilling their blood in a dozen quarters to preserve the civilized tradition, the Guild theatre jumped enthusiastically into the crusade with another folk piece called *Papa Is All*, the child of one Patterson Greene. The Pennsylvania Dutch were here seized upon and the artistic and dramatic result was right up *The First Crocus'* alley. ⌗

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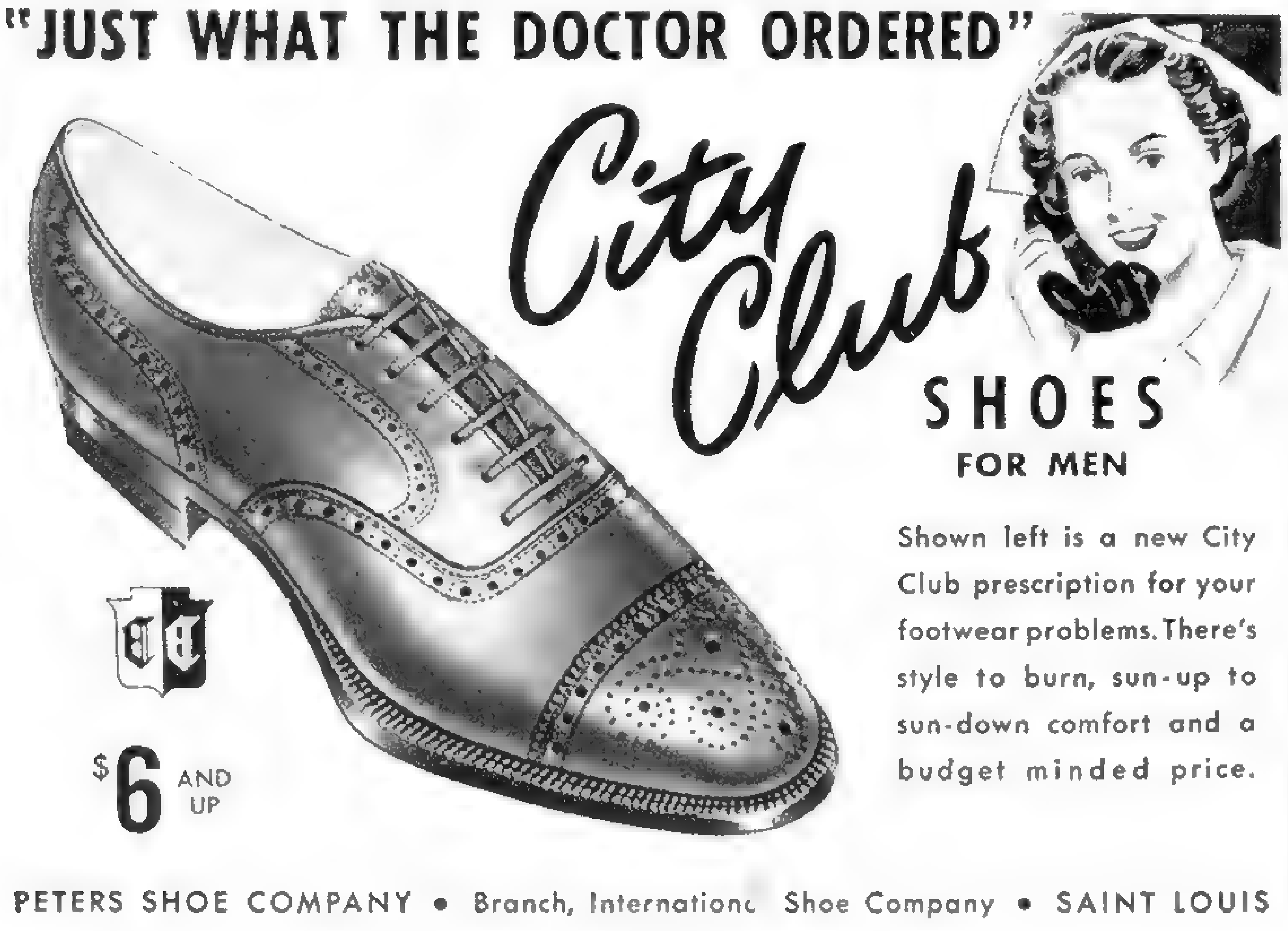

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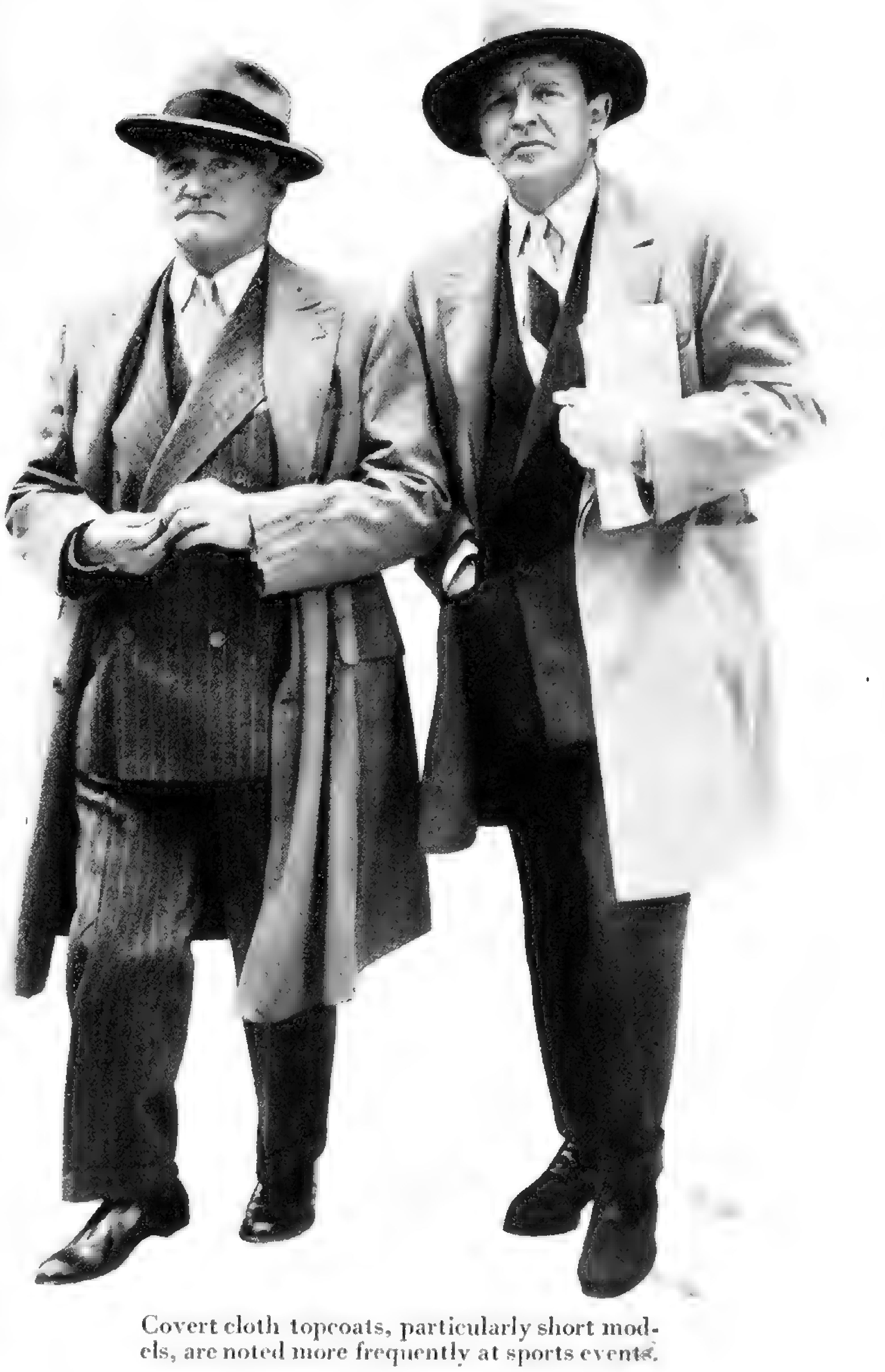

Covert cloth topcoats, particularly short models, are noted more frequently at sports events.

How to Tell 'Em Apart

"Looks like this might be a tough war," said Joe Doakes, common citizen.

Said Alfred C. Blatterblub, noted columnist-commentator-expert: "According to reliable sources which I was able to reach through exclusive channels and which gave me hitherto undisclosed information from one in very high authority—and in touch with an unimpeachable source of information available only to certain officials with an inside knowledge of certain highly technical and tactical problems—this conflict may be arduously and bitterly fought and of long duration."

Sports Boom in War-Time Canada

Continued from page 44

football in that order. The Intercollegiate Hockey League and the International Intercollegiate Hockey League, which included American teams from Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton and Yale, were disbanded. The Intercollegiate Football League, a solely Canadian organization, suspended operations.

Now, nearly two years after the meeting of university heads and national defense officials, there is growing agitation to restore completely intercollegiate sports. To ascertain student opinion, four of Canada's largest universities—McGill, Toronto, Western and Queen's—conducted a poll. The students voted overwhelmingly in favor of intercollegiate games. Western students voted 99 per cent in favor of the movement, McGill and Queen's, 90 per cent and Toronto, 82 per cent.

Meanwhile the authorities had approved "local exhibition" games. This approval, however, has brought many abuses. Every subterfuge is being used to circumvent the ruling. Western University, of London, Ontario, has played football against teams from Detroit "because there are no teams in the City of London to play against and anyway the game was played locally."

University of Toronto played a soccer match at Toronto against Royal Military College although both teams operate under the jurisdiction of the college union. Royal Military College players had to travel 100 miles to engage Toronto and the principle of "local exhibitions" was upset although the event itself held no particular significance.

There has been a good deal of hypocrisy mixed with tolerance. Sometimes teams have been allowed to compete in minor intercollegiate sports such as skiing.

Such is the present sports situation at Canadian universities. Despite abuses and a growing campaign to restore intercollegiate competition one fact remains: more Canadian students are participating in athletics than ever before. They will be good soldier material when they graduate.

How has the war affected other sports in Canada?

As pointed out at the beginning of this article, there has been an opposite effect on sports in general. If the universities have acted wisely the other overlords of sport have made a mistake.

The wave of cancellations in participant sports was started by the Royal Canadian Golf Association which has shown appalling inconsistency, revealing a lack of constructive thinking.

Canada entered the war in September, 1939. In the Summer of 1940, the Royal Canadian Golf Association abandoned its amateur championship tournament, scheduled for Edmonton's sporty Mayfair course, "because many golfers have been called to the colors and it would not be a truly national event."

At that time only one ranking golfer, C. Ross Someville, six times winner of the Canadian title and the only Canadian ever to win the United States amateur, was overseas.

In the same breath in which the R.C.G.A. disposed of the amateur tournament it announced that the Canadian Open, which attracts the topnotch pros from the United States and which has not been won by a Canadian since 1914, would be conducted on schedule. The Canadian Open is nothing more or less than an advertising stunt, sponsored by a distillery company which gives a Gold Cup to the winner, and it is not nearly as important to Canadian linksmen as the amateur. It is not as important to Canadian pros as the Canadian Professional Golfers Alliance championship.

Following the example of the R.C.G.A., golfers proceeded to set an amazing record for inconsistency. The provincial governing bodies of the game floundered around like pinwheels on a spree.

In 1940 Quebec held its provincial championship tournament. So did Ontario and all the western provinces. In New Brunswick-Prince Edward Island, where ex-N.H.L. Hockeyist Pete Kelly was ready to defend his crown, the play was cancelled.

Last Summer the western provinces held their tournament as in the preceding year. Quebec decided upon cancellation. The storm of protest which arose probably made some of the executives feel like impish schoolboys. The Metropolitan tournament, held a week

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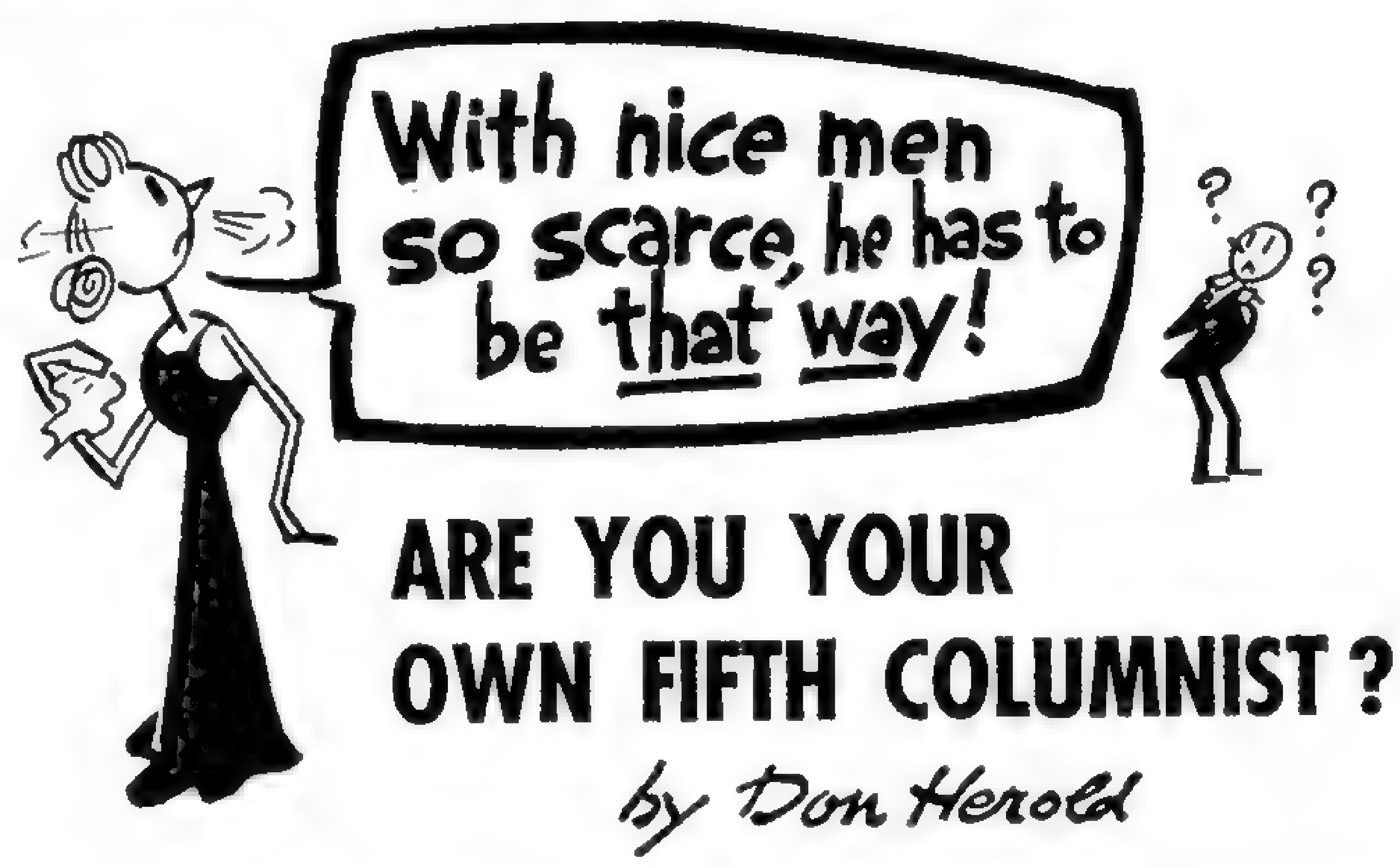
With nice men so scarce, he has to be *that* way!
? ? ?

ARE YOU YOUR OWN FIFTH COLUMNIST?

by Don Herold

Do you sabotage your personal attractiveness with underarm perspiration short wave broadcasts?

Men will never be so scarce in this world that people will want ANYBODY around who is careless about this one thing. Women friends, sweethearts, employers and business prospects may well cease to be such.

I don't say that Mum will put you over socially or in business, but I do swear that if you are guilty of the offense which Mum can prevent—you are as OUT with most people as a man with perpetual smallpox.

Can you, frankly, afford to take this chance? No, 1000 times no—not even if Mum were $1 a jar, which it isn't by a long shot.

And your own nose is no test. You may be a veritable one-man zoo and never know it. You just have to sense this offense in others and figure that there, but for the grace of baths and Mum, go *you!*

Baths take care of the past, but even shortly after a bath you may be a perspiration villain, unless you cinch your cleanliness with Mum. Mum works forward—for a whole day or an evening.

Mum is a pleasant cream in a jar, easy to dab under each arm. It does not stop perspiration, irritate skin or injure shirts.

In Winter, as in Summer, play safe with Mum. See your druggist.

I play safe with Mum

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AS THE CRACK OF
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*My favorite dealer*________

Sports Boom in War-Time Canada

Continued from pages 44-159

ahead of the scheduled provincial matches, was a huge success so there apparently was no firm foundation on which to base the cancellation.

When Quebec reversed its policy and banned the tournament which had been held in 1940, New Brunswick-Prince Edward Island reversed its stand and held the tournament which had been abandoned only twelve months before.

So successful was this meet in the Maritimes that there is talk of an expansion of the golf program down East for 1942. More entries were received last year than expected and the N.B.-P.E.I. executive announced afterward that it was "a definite indication that golfers, while busier than ever with pressing wartime activities, still feel the urge to relax for a few days and return to their war efforts with renewed vigor."

The Canadian Lawn Tennis Association likewise acted inconsistently. In 1940 it proceeded with plans for the successful national championships. The profits derived from the tournament, in addition to a substantial donation from Le Club de Tennis des Employes Civils, were donated to the Red Cross. Le Club de Tennis des Employes Civils is a French-Canadian organization in Quebec City maintained by the civic employees. The tournament was held at its club.

Last summer the C.L.T.A. decided to change its policy. It cancelled the national matches and its action probably will retard greatly the development of Canadian tennis players. In fact the cancellation may presage the permanent withdrawal of Canada from Davis Cup play.

Similar circumstances apply to minor participant sports. Only one participant sport continues to expand. That is skiing. Thousands have taken up this popular winter pastime and there is no governing body to curb their enthusiasm.

Spectator sports have not been adversely affected by the war. On the basis of attendance, the only yardstick of the promoters, games continue to flourish. Hockey, which long ago replaced lacrosse as Canada's national game, and baseball, which has been borrowed from the United States, illustrate the current trend.

The Dominion's two National Hockey League teams, the Montreal Canadians and the Toronto Maple Leafs, have drawn capacity crowds all winter. Ticket prices are twenty per cent higher than a year ago, the increase representing a federal government surtax on all sports and theatre tickets.

The war probably has had a greater effect on hockey in the United States than it has had in Canada. Because of stringent regulations governing passports, many Canadian hockey players have been unable to obtain permission to play for American teams. Except when unusual circumstances demand intervention, passports have been denied to unmarried players who are subject to immediate military service.

Baseball in Canada has not been affected by the war either. Enthusiasm reached an all-time peak in Montreal last Summer when the Royals, Brooklyn's No. 1 agricultural project, surged into the Little World Series only to fall before the Columbus Red Birds.

Montreal and Toronto are the only Canadian cities with Class AA baseball teams and Toronto's position would not be a just criterion as the Leafs spent most of the season in the International League basement.

An indication of sports enthusiasm in Canada is the fact that the Montreal team drew more than 125,000 to its ten playoff games. Seven International League playoff games against Buffalo and Newark attracted 85,000. The peak for a single game was an all-time record crowd of 24,732 which saw a Sunday afternoon game against the Bears. In their Little World Series game at Montreal, the Red Birds and the Royals drew 40,000 customers.

Although the war has been intensified, Brooklyn intends to provide Montreal with an even stronger team for 1942. Toronto is rebuilding to take advantage of the boom in spectator sports. The Queen City will have a contending club for 1942. Lee MacPhail, son of Brooklyn's Larry, is the new business-manager.

While thousands of sport fans have been jamming Canada's stadiums and arenas, a small but very articulate minority protests the continuance of spectator sports. This minority points out that there is no gain in physical fitness if 20,000 people watch a hockey game or a ball game. It insists that athletes should be in uniform.

Here are several extracts from typical letters to the press on the subject:

"Is there no way during these unusual and precarious times of curtailing unpatriotic exhibitions such as hockey? False glorification and exaggerations of the marvels of hockey players should certainly be curtailed if not blocked for the

The United States Army now numbers at least 1,500,000 —or nearly three-quarters of the All-American football selections of last fall.

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V-LINE
The Scientifically Designed Slenderizing Stout Suit

V-Line's exclusive slenderizing style will take many pounds off your appearance — give you new freedom and comfort! V-Line's design is scientifically balanced to fit the proportions of stout men! V-Line's exclusive slenderizing effect permits the use of a wider assortment of fabric patterns in both single and double-breasted models.

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If your clothier or department store cannot supply you, write direct to V-Line for full details and name of nearest store.

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duration of hostilities . . ."

"There is simply not one legitimate reason why hockey foolishness should be tolerated. Young Canadian hockey players are being glorified while their brothers-in-arms are fighting or are preparing to fight to save our land. It is a cancerous condition which can lead only to disaster . . ."

"Is it not unpatriotic to attend so-called exhibitions of skill and courage in a comfortable amphitheatre seat while daring, skill and courage ten-thousand-fold greater go on over the North Sea with real, genuine 100 per cent Canadian youths in Spitfires ready to give their very last drop of blood in an attempt to score the winning goal over Hitler's players (not hockey)."

What the opponents of spectator sports fail to realize is the fact that many athletes, having families to support, are exempt from military service. By playing hockey these men earn a living just like any other skilled workmen.

Furthermore, events are important as taxation mediums. Every National Hockey League game in Canada yields approximately $3,000 to the Federal treasury.

Early in the war King George urged sportsmen throughout the British Empire to carry on. In Canada Hon. J. C. Gardiner, then slated to assume office as Minister of the Department of National War Service, suggested that sports programs be maintained.

England has encouraged spectator sports. In the midst of the blitz in October, 1941, England played an international soccer match against Scotland in famed Wembley Stadium.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill headed the crowd of 60,000. Accompanied by Mrs. Churchill, he went onto the field before the game and met the players of both teams. His action can be construed only as official approval.

The war has had one tremendously beneficial result. It is now probable that a program of athletics will be launched this summer under government supervision to improve the physical condition of Canada's young men.

Authorities at Ottawa have become disturbed over the rejection of recruits because of physical shortcomings. Instead of placing restrictions upon the wartime operation of sports events, there will be, it is said, an official move to encourage increased participation in competitive athletics.

That is exactly what the universities are doing now. Therefore they must be on the right path. ##

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN

Office Boy: For the tight little world that dissolves into thin air every evening at five-thirty and is created anew every morning at nine, he is the energetically walking symbol of democracy and the American tradition.

Everybody has the right, which nobody fails to exercise constantly, to order him around and yet everybody is more than a trifle afraid of him. Stenographers and private secretaries are excessively polite to him because to incur his displeasure means risking small delays in the delivery of inter-office communications, tiny errors in getting out mail, minuscule annoyances for which he will have plausible excuses but will cause friction between them and the men they work for.

The executives butter him up on the slightest pretext because the rags-to-riches legend is vigorously alive in every office, this lean, fresh-cheeked, slangy kid in rolled up shirtsleeves may be a captain of industry tomorrow, besides, the all-pals-together act between a man now earning ten thousand or better a year and a boy currently drawing down twelve iron men a week makes it clear for all the world to see that the ten thousand a year man is an up from the ranks, hearty American whose head success has neither swelled nor turned.

Within the boundaries of the office, because of the roving nature of his work, the office boy goes and comes more or less as he pleases. In this way he accumulates a vast store of significant information.

He knows who is eating aspirin desperately to fight off the blindness of a four-star hangover, which salesman is going to be bounced, what secretary is trembling on the verge of indiscretion with her boss, the name of the advertising manager's current mistress, the drawer in which the chief accountant keeps his bottle of rye, how much the junior partner dropped at the track the day he was supposed to be out visiting an important customer, to what job the slipping statistician will be kicked upstairs before he is eased out, when the bonus checks will be distributed, why the general manager is going to California by ship instead of plane on his annual visit to the San Francisco branch.

When he starts to shave regularly his salary is increased to fifteen dollars a week, he is promoted to a desk in the billing department, he begins to understand what unhappiness means, and, like his colleagues on the first rung of the ladder going up, he begins to order around, fear, and butter up the new office boy.

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Remember to ask for PERMA·LIFT . . . you'll be glad you didn't forget

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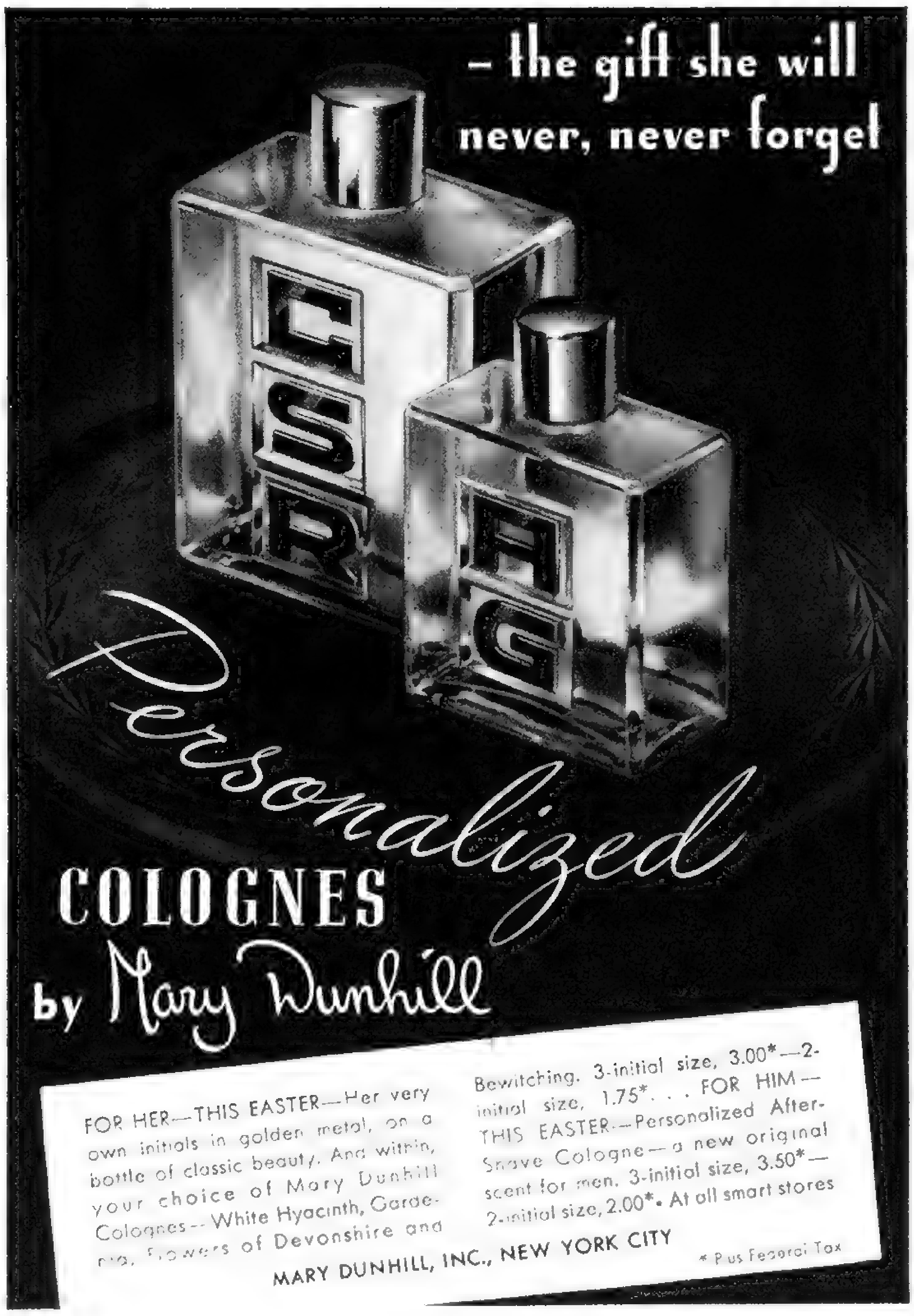

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At Better Shops and Stores

Tufraw Genuine Rawhide Is Made by Gutmann and Company, Inc., Chicago

Ten Rules for Saving Tires

Continued from page 39

crumples a fender against a lamp post, he doesn't go to the dealer and holler about "fender failure," he admits it was a bit tactless to hit a rigid post with it. But weeks later when he finds himself with a slow leak or a flat in a relatively new tire, he's quite apt to curse the tire as a "lemon" and, perhaps, demand a replacement. What he forgets is that the same incident which crumpled his fender also "crumpled" his tire, grinding the fabric between a steel rim and a stone curbing. In time the fabric gives way; the rupture chafes the tube; the tube goes down slowly or blows out suddenly—and another driver bemoans his hard luck if he's still alive.

If you want to see what happens in a rim bruise, take two pieces of inner tubing and put a handkerchief between them. Lay this sandwich on a rock and bang the thing a number of times with a hammer. Eventually you'll find that the fabric of the handkerchief is broken down even though the thin rubber shows no signs of damage.

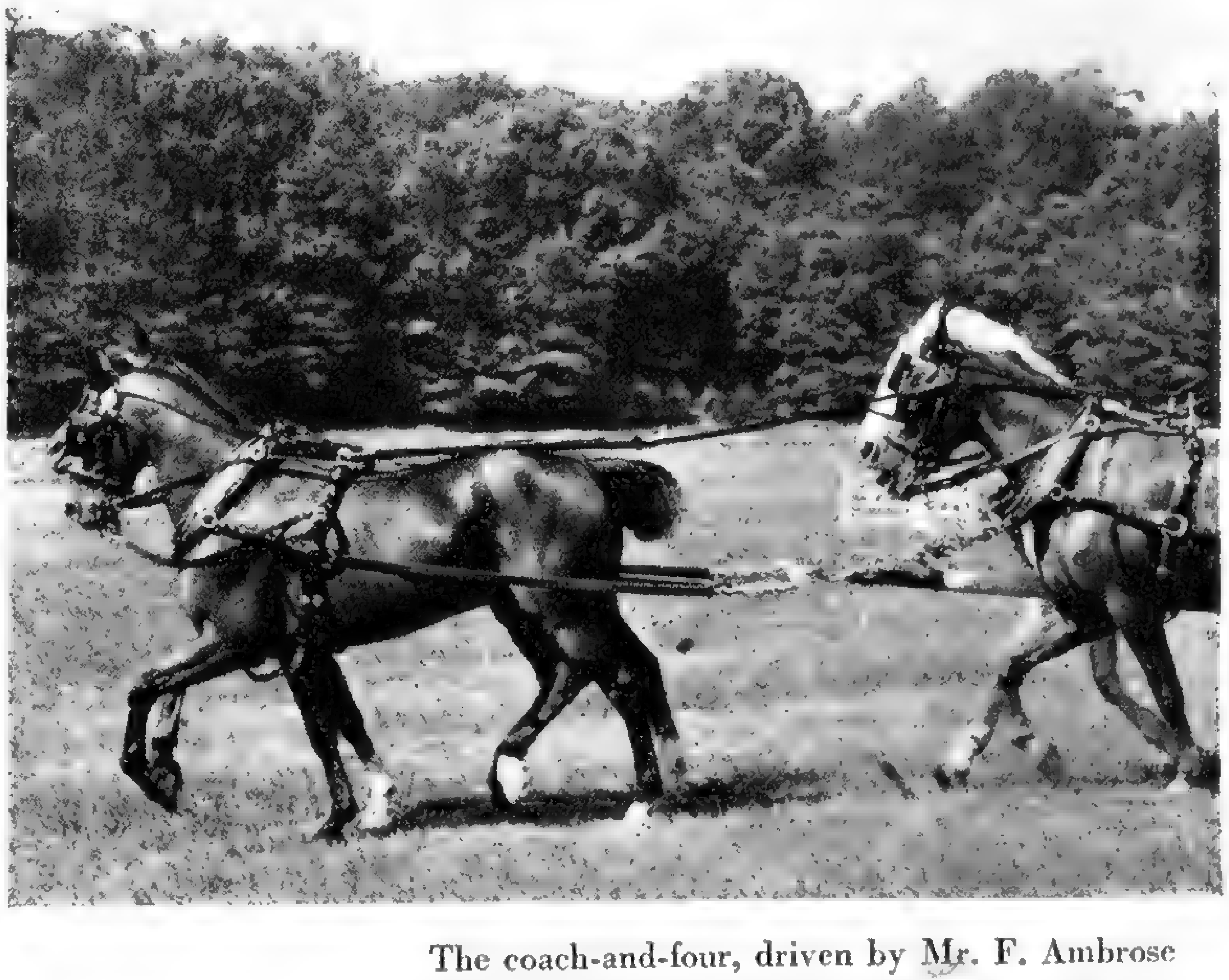
We commit this sin constantly in parking; in mounting curbs; in forcing the rear wheels into curbs; in crossing railroad tracks at high speed; in banging over ruts and pavement holes; striking rocks, etc. When the air pressure is below the recommended level, there isn't sufficient resistance to prevent the tire's being jammed against the rim and crushed. And these careless acts are the parents of the blowout that's to come.

Many of these faults, especially curb mounting, result in wheel misalignment, and that leads us to another common motoring hazard. Wheels that do not track or run parallel with each other scrape off the tread rubber. A tire only one-half inch out of line is literally being dragged sideways 87 feet in every mile. And if you won't let your little boy scuff his feet when he walks, why should you let your car do it?

Unfortunately, it's much more serious with the car because here you are filing off your non-skid protection at an inordinate rate and are dangerously unequalizing your tires. We've heard much about the virtue of hydraulic systems in equalizing braking power. Granting all this, we must never forget that it is still the *tires that stop the car* after the brakes are applied. And if you have one tread worn smoother than the rest from misalignment, you're certainly going into a spin if you have to slam on the brakes suddenly on a slippery pavement.

Obviously, then, blowouts and skids are rarely sudden calamities but merely the gradual development of earlier abuses. The logical remedy, therefore, is periodic inspection of your tires—at least every 3,000 to 5,000 miles. This doesn't mean walking around the car and kicking each tire; it means taking it in to the tire manufacturer's service station where trained men will inspect them inside and out. They will look for uneven tread wear, rim bruises, cuts and all the other symptoms they know so well. They will check wheel alignment; criss-cross your tires; rebalance them, a vital measure which few of us ever think about. The fact is, however, that a wheel assembly one ounce out of balance at the tread will develop a 12-pound vibrating force at 60 miles per hour—and it is common for them to find wheels that are 6 to 12 ounces out of balance. And this vibration is a great fatigue factor even when you are not conscious of its presence.

Wheels and spares should also be balanced when putting on new tires or when criss-crossing the wheels, being tuned up at inter-



The coach-and-four, driven by Mr. F. Ambrose Clark from his "Broadhollow House" to the race vals just as your engine is, to eliminate every possible cause of abnormal wear.

Wheel positions should be changed every 5,000 miles to equalize tire wear which varies in about the following ratio:

Left front: 14% Right front: 19%
Left rear: 29% Right rear: 38%

The procedure recommended by the Rubber Manufacturers Association is to move the two front tires straight back to the rear wheels and to criss-cross the rear tires to the opposite sides in front. The new rear tires will then rotate in the same direction while the new front ones will rotate in the opposite direction. This is considered more desirable than the old clockwise tire change.

The value of these periodic inspections and checkups is obvious in increasing tire life and both non-skid and blow-out immunity, yet most of us are prone to have it done when we happen to think of it—if we think of it. The best evidence of the economy of such precautions, however, is the experience of one large fleet operator who has reduced his road stops for tire trouble to one in every 400,000 vehicle miles by simply drilling his men in the importance of regular inspections for under-inflation, rim bruises, misalignment, etc.

In this connection the subject of retreading comes up and is worthy of attention. Truck tires in good condition often give 75 per cent of the original mileage after retreading, and it is common to retread taxicab tires two or three times. The point to remember, however, is that neither trucks nor taxis do much mileage at sustained high speeds whereas passenger cars generally do. Therefore, the sum and substance of retreading is clear; never have a tire retreaded if expert examination shows loose or broken cords, ply separation, bead trouble or evidence of excessive flexing. Never have a second or third line tire retreaded. And never drive fast on a retreaded tire.

This matter of sustained speed is a monumental factor in tire life which deserves wider recognition if we are to appreciate what we really get for our money in modern tires. As recently as 1926 the average driver was getting about 9,000 miles out of a set of tires: today the figure is around 20,000. The tires on my previous car had run 28,000 miles without a flat—and still had a good 4,000 miles of tread left when I traded it. Yet making such comparisons with experiences of ten or twenty years ago gives only a fraction of the story unless you also consider the change in driving conditions. Our roads are better, of course—so much better that we take curves today twice as fast as we used to drive on the straight-away. And that's tough on tires.

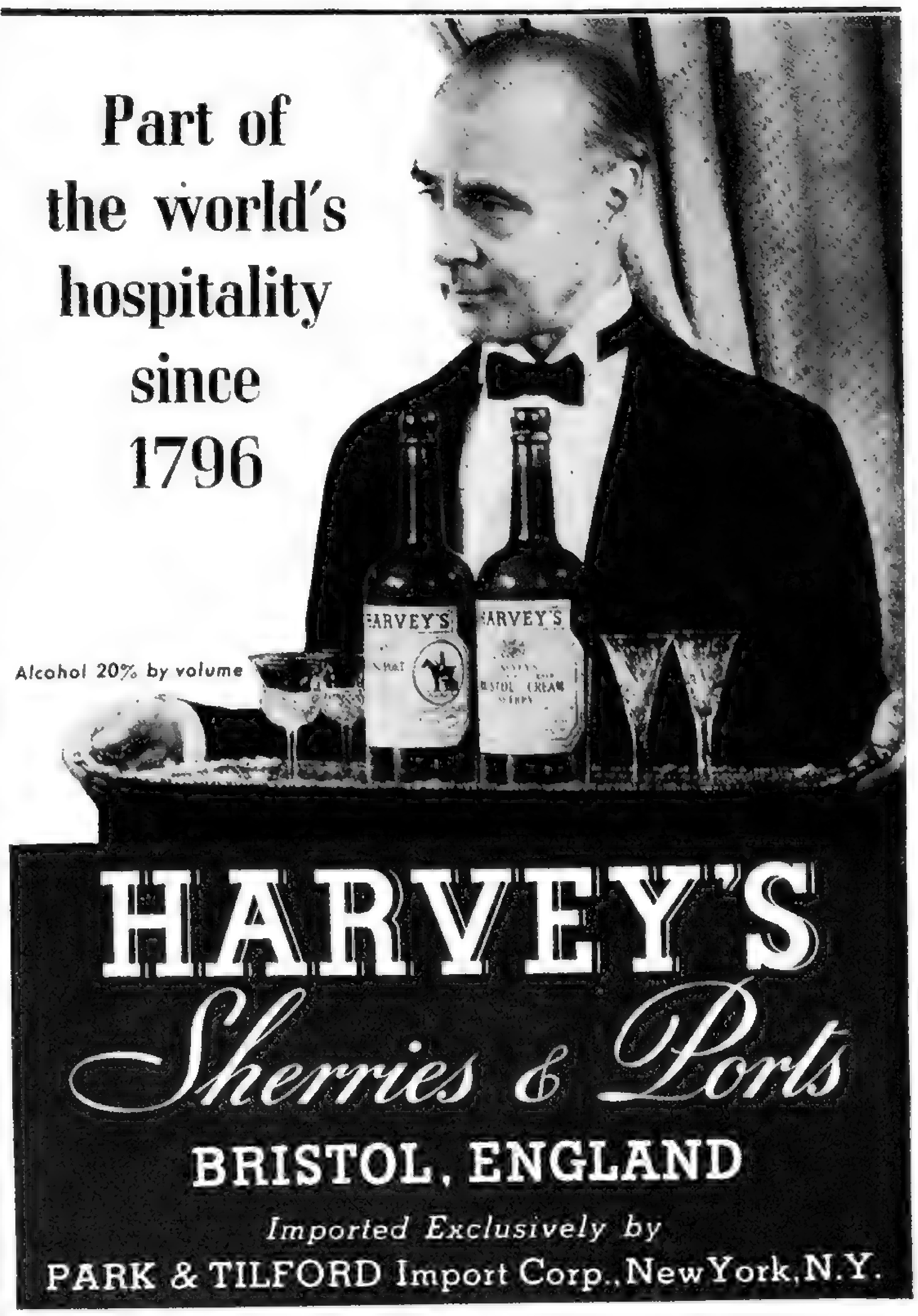
Forgetting the curves, however, speed itself is punishing. At 30 m.p.h. your rear tires are exerting a 5 h.p. push against the pavement—at 50 m.p.h. the push is up to 16 h.p.—at 70 m.p.h. it rises to 38 h.p. Summing it all up, if you drove a tire steadily to destruction, you'd get 15,000 miles out of it at a speed of 30 miles an hour—and about 7,500 miles at a sustained speed of 50 m.p.h.

You get a picture of this from another angle when you consider that tests on rolling tires show that a car can build up as much as 5,000 volts of static electricity on a long run. That is why gasoline trucks carry those dangling chains or other forms of grounding devices. It is also why you see that wire protruding from the pavement just in front of the toll booth on modern pay bridges. Its function is to ground the charge before you hand your money to the toll taker, otherwise he'd get a neat little shock with each dime or quarter.

In conjunction with speed, atmospheric temperature is another important factor in tire life. Theoretically, you'll get the normal life from your tires if you always

Continued on page 164

course on his estate, is one of the few surviving traditions of the steeplechase. Westbury, L. I.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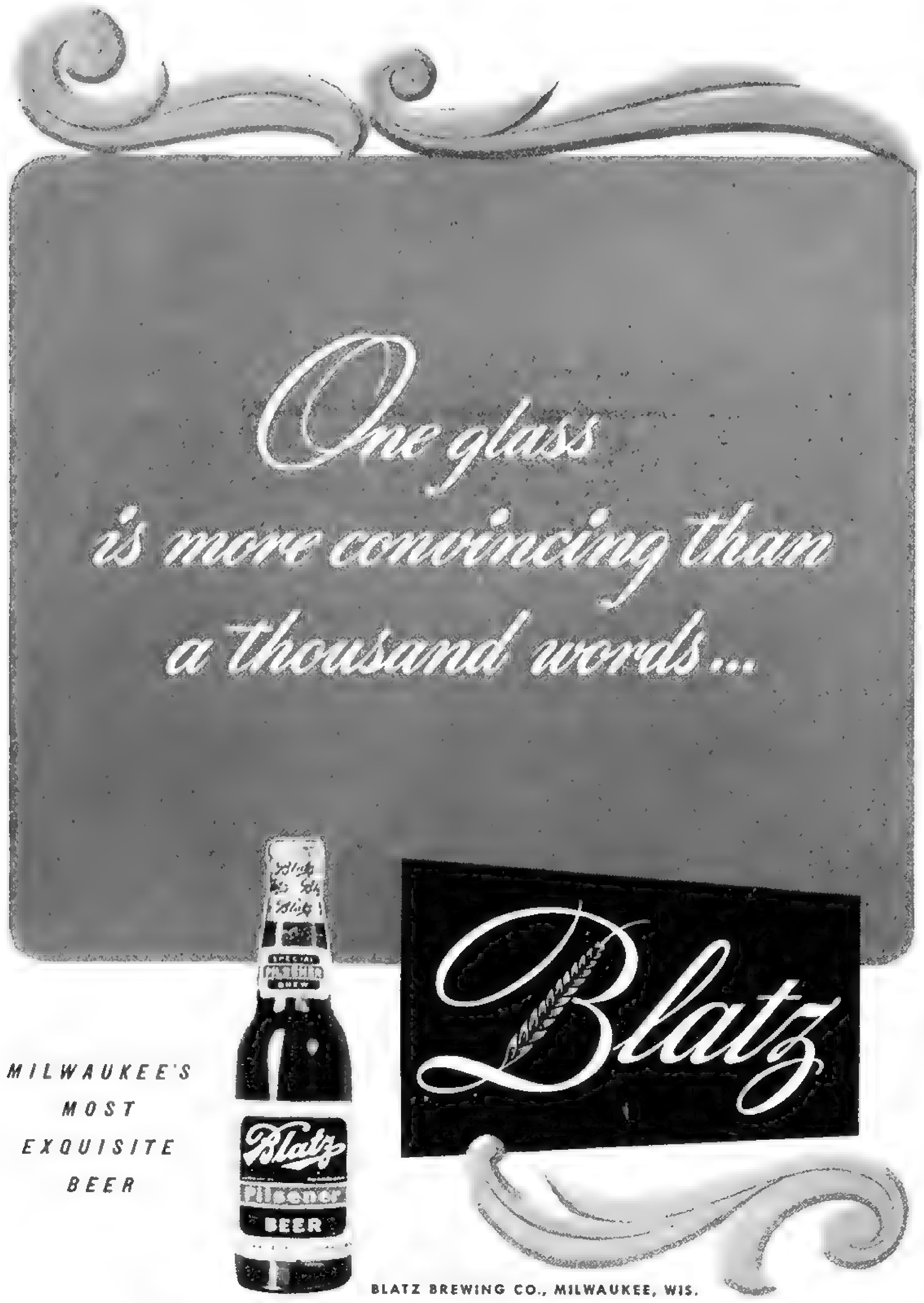

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Once upon a time there was a man who listened to a new radio comedian and thought he was perfectly swell. Finally, after several unsuccessful efforts, he got his wife to listen to him. "Whee!" guffawed his better half, "I certainly DO see why you think he's funny! He's even better than you promised!"

Ten Rules for Saving Tires

Continued from pages 39-163

drive at 30 miles an hour in a temperature of 70°. A lower temperature will give more mileage; a higher one, less at the same speed. Naturally, however, most of us drive faster and farther in the summer; slower and less in the winter. Consequently, although August has 65 per cent more driving than February, it has 140 per cent more tire trouble. Tests show that the mere change from a mild winter temperature of 41° to a warm summer temperature of 95° increases tire wear 400 per cent under conditions otherwise equal. All of which means that you should be doubly careful about the humane treatment and regular inspections of your tires if the bulk of your driving is done in summer.

Directly related to fast driving is the matter of "fast stopping," for nothing is more gruelling to a tire than severe braking. Stepping hard on the brakes at a mere 35 m.p.h. will scuff off enough tread to carry the car one road mile, and when you get into the realm of hard braking at high speeds, you're getting into something! One test was made on a light car with brand new tires, one wheel being fixed so that it alone would lock. At a speed of 80 miles an hour the brakes were applied and held until the car came to a standstill. And when they examined the tire, they found that the tread on the locked wheel was worn right down to the breaker strip in this single braking operation. This is a good thing to remember when you "open her up."

Another braking practice which ruins tires—and this needlessly—is riding the brakes down a long hill. In the mountains where we summer there is a winding, concrete road that drops nearly 2,000 feet in four miles, and on week ends the pungent odor of hot rubber and sizzling brake bands just permeates the air. It is strange how many drivers seem too proud to drop into second gear on such a hill. Instead they nag the brakes all the way down, raising the temperature of the assembly to 500° or higher and transmitting that excessive heat right through to the inner tubes. In addition to burning up their brake linings, they are literally melting their tires.

Such foibles account for the almost unbelievable fact that one driver will get 25,000 miles out of a set of tires while another won't get more than 6,000 or 8,000 out of the same make and quality tire in the same locality. That enormous range is not due to manufacturing variations but to different driving and maintenance habits. And that single fact should tell volumes to motorists who think they're not getting their money's worth out of their "rubber."

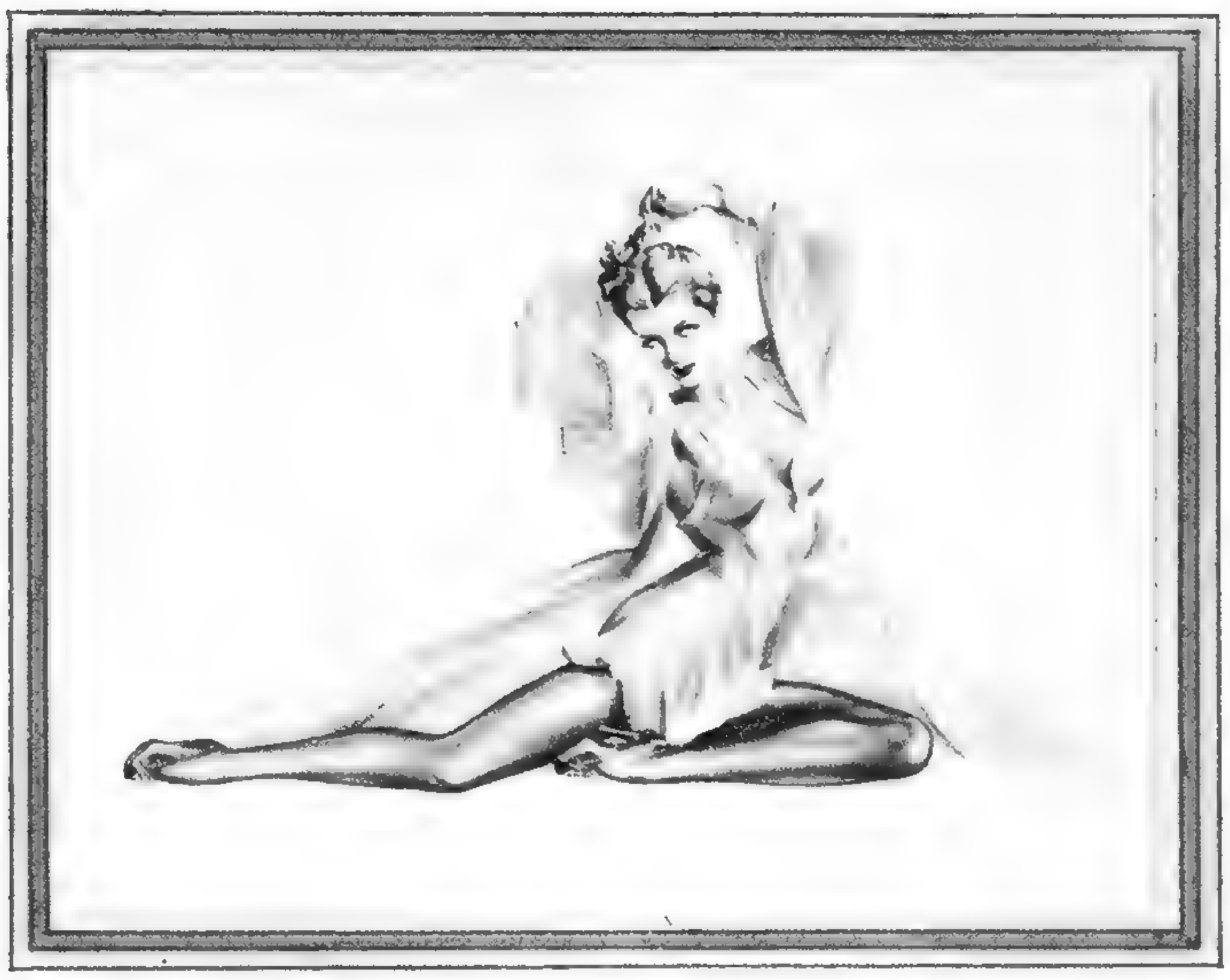
Unfortunately, our tires don't get any more credit for their performance than Paul Revere's horse. Yet the fact remains that in spite of all the abuse and neglect we accord them; in spite of driving speeds and distances unthought of twenty years ago, our tires today are costing us about 38 cents per hundred miles as against $2.14 in 1916. And most of us are still throwing away a spare every year through neglect!

We could save that spare—and more—by living up to the ten rules for the prevention of cruelty to tires:

1. Don't tolerate underinflation, the most costly and common form of tire abuse.
2. Don't mount curbs and plough through pavement breaks at high speed, especially on soft tires.
3. Don't forget to have your wheels lined up regularly.
4. Have a tire inspection and wheel tune-up every 3,000 to 5,000 miles.
5. Criss-cross your tires at this same interval.
6. Cut out the bronco-buster starts and the nose-dive stops; they kill tires.
7. Don't ride with dragging brakes or over-heated brakes.
8. Don't ignore cuts which will allow water and dirt to work in between the body and the tread.
9. Don't drive at sustained high speeds on blistering pavements. Stop every hour and give your tires a chance to cool.
10. Keep your garage floor clean of oil and gas drippings. It's hard to think of anything worse for a tire than standing in a solvent all night.

It is easier to take these precautions when you remind yourself that tires are not merely cushions but integral parts of the transmission and the braking systems.

It seems easier to do it, too, when you remember that as you hurtle along in a ton-and-a-half projectile at the rate of 88 feet per second, your margin between security and disaster rests upon a bag of fluff from the cotton plant, a bowl of milk from the rubber tree, and a puff of air from a compressor! ⌗



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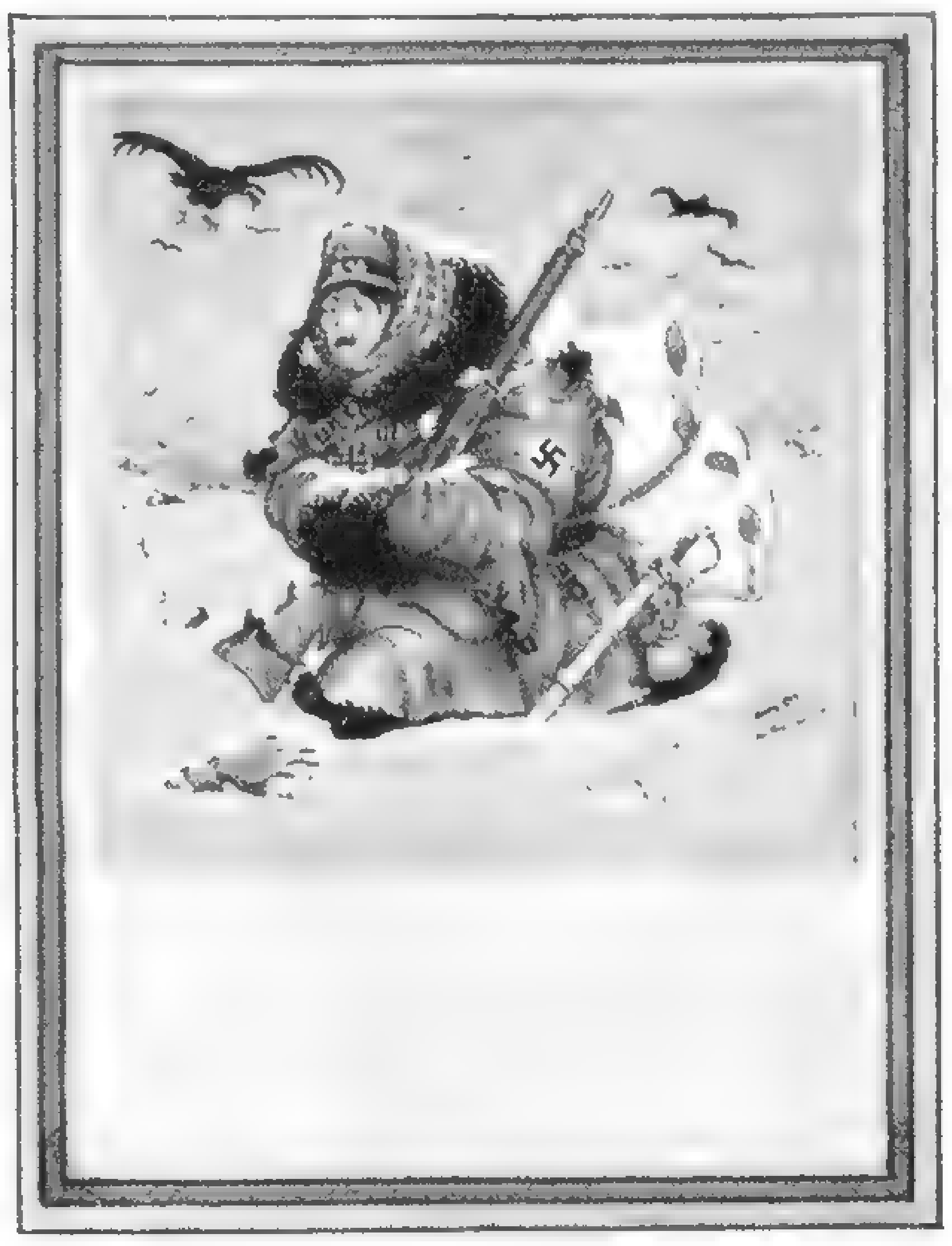

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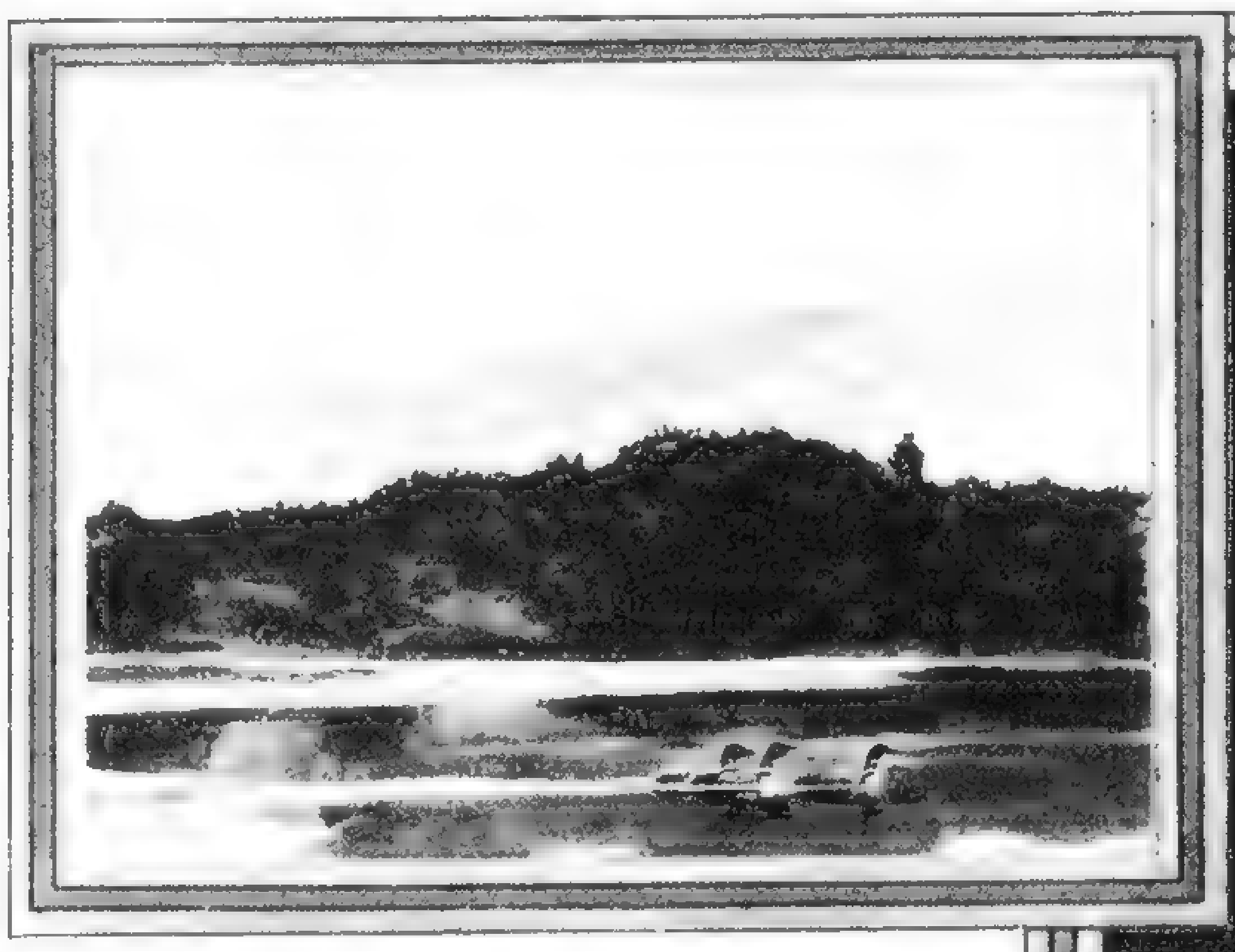

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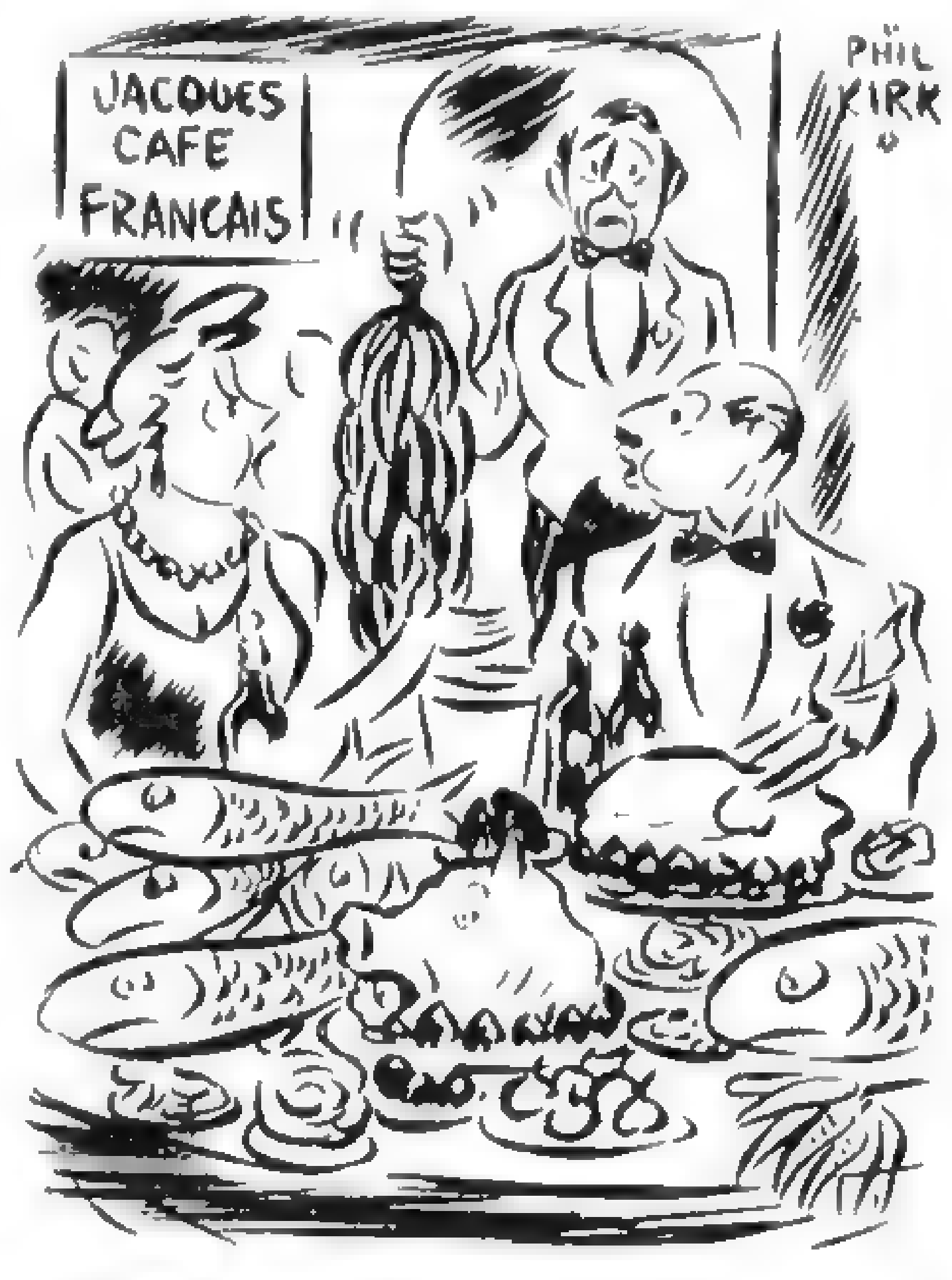
Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 85

ing small hotel, quite inexpensive but with an atmosphere not unlike the Algonquin in New York.

The most amusing hotel in London was the Cavendish on Jermyn Street, owned by a Mrs. Rosa Lewis, who used to be in service in Buckingham Palace when she was young and beautiful. Lord Cavendish was a great friend of hers, and when the lord died, she found herself the proprietress of the nobleman's Jermyn Street mansion. She promptly turned it into a hotel, and the gayest times commenced. First of all, few people actually paid. Mrs. Lewis sized you up with sharp eyes, asked some questions, and if you were to her liking, let you have a magnificent apartment worth ten pounds a week, for two. She would say: "Of course, you don't have to pay in cash. We take it out in champagne. Go order a bottle."



"Herbert, I do wish you'd brush up on your French before you bring me here!"

All this took place in the democratic downstairs living room which was filled with young guard officers, racing fans and adventurers, and pretty ladies of the aristocracy, as early as ten A.M. If a rich peer or brewer walked in, Rosa declared he would have to pay for the party. If she felt you were really down on your luck, your rent was included in the rich man's bill.

The rooms at the Cavendish were the size of baronial halls. Rare pieces were scattered among cheap, second hand articles. Over the beds were huge crucifixes, and under them Rosa's West Highland terriers which wandered around from room to room like everybody else. The Cavendish was Liberty Hall.

The Meurice on the Rue de Rivoli was the most elegant and expensive of Paris hotels. The Crillon on the Place de la Concorde came next. The Raphael and La Perouse were two superb hotels with very few rooms and exclusive airs. The Foyot, opposite the Senat and the beautiful Luxembourg Gardens, had immense historical background. Several hundred years old, it was the headquarters of Russian nobility when they were still rich. It had perhaps the best and most expensive food in the whole world, while the charming rooms were quite inexpensive. Once I had three of them, a yellow *salon*, a blue bedroom, and another in green velvet; I lived for months on sausages I kept on the window sill. Naturally there was no bathroom.

In Berlin there were the famous Adlon and the Esplanade. The former housed the foreign potentates and the latter the German top aristocracy. Munich had the Vier Jahreszeiten, owned by Herr Walterspiel, who originated odd, gourmet-ish dishes like grapefruit with caviar. Vienna had many fine hotels among them the two Bristols, the old and new, the Imperial, the Sacher, and the Erzherzog Karl, one of the oldest in Vienna, and the most beautiful. Warsaw had its Bristol and its Europejski. But even in such an out of the way place as Lodz near Warsaw, there was a fine hotel, the Grand, and in Lemberg the famous Saint George. Bucharest's best was the Plaza Athénée. Budapest had a marvelous little Ritz on the Danube and a few steps further on, the Hungaria. On the other side of the river was the Fiume, an old, old hotel, one of the best rendezvous hotels in the world, that had no equal even in Paris, the home of rendezvous hotels. The two finest, most elaborate hotels in pre-communist Moscow were the Ermitage and the Tiestoff; in St. Petersburg, the Bear.

Many connoisseurs held the Villa d'Este the best hotel in the entire world. This establishment, converted from a ducal palace, was on Lake Como in Italy, and you were made to feel that you were a combination of J. P. Morgan and the Duke of Norfolk. A French chef owned it, and I believe his widow and son run it now. The food was always superb there, although some other connoisseurs preferred that at the Royal Hotel Danieli in Venice.

But considering myself an authority on hotels, fine and otherwise, for I have lived in them all my life, I must tell you why the St. Regis is the most to my taste of any I have ever been in.

Under the general management of Gaston Lauryssen it employs seven hundred people, a hundred more than the number of rooms. Twenty-five bellboys hop to your command; there is an army of one hundred and sixteen in the kitchen; one head-housekeeper and five regular housekeepers supervise the hundred maids in their task of making the beds every night with that fine Irish linen; a group of Swiss experts take care of the miraculous master clock that controls seven hundred clocks in the hotel; a flock of engineers continuously condition the innumerable mechanical devices. Every known craftsman is represented in the St. Regis, and the

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A rugged, man's sport coat . . . with a companion style for the girl friend. A brother-and-sister act that's plenty smart . . . performed by Zero King, the pro's of sportswear, who precision-tailored these Loafer Coats in Skinner's Tackle Twill—a fine Crown Tested rayon and cotton fabric that's been "tested for toughness" in the football uniforms of the country's leading teams.

Wind-resistant . . . luxuriously self-lined . . . treated with long-life Cravenette for dependable water-repellency.

***FOR YOU:** Loafer Coat (plain back) in tan, natural, or khaki. Sizes 36 to 46. About $13.50.*

***FOR HER:** Loafer Coat (belted back with button-up storm collar) in tan or natural. Sizes 12 to 20. About $12.95.*

Both with Talon-zipped front, large pockets with outside slash pockets.

*See these **ZERO KING** winners*
at your favorite store, or write
B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO.
Park Square, St. Paul, Minn.

William Skinner & Sons
QUALITY WEAVERS SINCE 1848

CHIEF WOOGY BLOOGY WONSK, PROMINENT CANNIBAL CHIEF, SAYS,
"WOOGY RAH RAH COOLER-DOOLER AIR-CONDITIONED WRIGHT AIR-FLOW HATS"

YOU: *"Swell, chief but what . . ."*
CHIEF: "Simply this — Wright Air-Flow Hat is *air-conditioned!*"

YOU: *"Look out now, chief . . . you don't mean to tell me there's such a thing as an air-conditioned hat!"*
CHIEF: "Woosk! (Absolutely.) You see Wright Air-Flow Hat contains patented construction feature (U.S. Patent 2,218,590). This causes air to circulate continually inside hat, keeping wearer's head cool and comfortable."
YOU: *"Say, that sounds good."*

CHIEF: "And here's something else equally good— the smartly styled, hand-finished, *100% waterproofed* (for the 'rainy season') WRIGHT MIRAKAL HAT."

(The chief's not joking. Reliable sources report that he's so sold on Wright Hats that he traded eight of his wives to get exclusive rights to these great hats on his island.)

Note that the Wright Air-Flow Hat is tops in *good looks* and *long wearing* qualities too. And you'll like the Wright Mirakal Hat also, because it, too, brings you smart styling . . . fine quality . . . and *100% water proofing.* See both of these great hats at your Wright Hat dealer's.

Wright Air-Flow Hats $5.00 *and* $6.50
Wright Mirakal Hats $5.00

THE WRIGHT HAT
ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT CO.
Since 1859
ST. LOUIS ***Manufacturers*** **CHICAGO**

hotel could actually get along very well without the outside world. A bake shop bakes and an ice plant freezes twenty-four hours a day; carpentry, upholstery, sheet metal, electrical and plumbing shops take care of other needs of the hotel.

Prices are high, but one can get a charming small room for as little as four dollars a day. The owner, Vincent Astor, insists on this, not only because it is good business, but also because he has friends who can't afford to pay more.

The caves have nearly half a million dollars worth of fine wines and liqueurs. The scientifically maintained cellars, conceived by Lauryssen, are insulated with thick layers of cork from the workshops which take up four floors, deep underground, directly beneath Fifth Avenue. The laundry is situated down here, but sixty people who work in it are unaware that they are next to a special room containing the massive gold service for fifty guests—cover charge twenty-five dollars per head if used.

While all this work goes on day and night "below deck" in immense boiler rooms and engine rooms that look like a submarine's inside, and in electrical shops that look like power houses, up above the guests are made to feel that they are members of a very pleasant house party in a sumptuous country mansion. And if high class adventurers do get in some bills are never redeemed. On such occasions the St. Regis shuts its eyes. Wasn't the place named after a hospitable monk? Besides the motto is: no scandal of any kind. Honest debtors generally come back and pay up.

The easy-going, elegant and homey atmosphere at the St. Regis is due to the personality of two men—Vincent Astor, the owner and the incomparable Serge Obolensky, who was promoted to a captaincy in the U. S. armies a little while ago. Obolensky is a member of the council managing Astor's vast properties, and he is the veritable pillar of the St. Regis. The atmosphere was strained when Astor took over the hotel six years ago; the help was ill at ease. But the first day Astor lunched there with Lauryssen, he said to the latter while the waiters looked on—when a good waiter looks on, you can be sure he hears every word—"Let's see who pays for the lunch, you or I? Head or tails?" And the friendly boss tossed a coin. The waiters grinned, and they've been grinning ever since, respectfully of course.

Vincent Astor acquired the hotel from the tobacco-wealthy Dukes, who had lost heavily on it. Astor, a sentimentalist, who always does things he thinks would have pleased his father, invested one million dollars to rejuvenate the hotel. Like most ventures under Astor's supervision, this one blossomed too.

Many an afternoon you may see Vincent Astor sitting in the hotel's King Cole Bar, under a not too good painting that his father liked. He is smoking a specially manufactured cigarette with a penguin's picture on it, and in front of him there is a Barbados cocktail—made of Barbados rum, fresh lime, powdered sugar, and a dash of Falernum—his favorite drink. He is a simple eater, but likes his food well prepared, and they say he has an excellent table at home, thanks to his wife, who is vitally interested in gastronomy. His favorite dishes are crab Ravigote, steamed clams, corned beef hash, and cheese. And a soup, called "Billy By," which is the essence of Moules Marinière, and which is made to perfection by Monsieur Moreau, St. Regis chef.

POTAGE "BILLY BY"
(For Four)

Take a quart and a half fresh mussels, wash them; also two onions, chopped, a little parsley, and some freshly ground pepper. Add a bottle of good dry white wine and put on a high flame for fifteen minutes.

In a deep bowl beat eight egg yolks with a good pint of thick cream and a generous piece of sweet butter. Add to this the strained liquid in which the mussels cooked. Now remove the mussels from their shells and mash the meat firmly, adding this to the rest. Cook on a low fire, constantly stirring with a wooden spoon. When the concoction begins to stick to the spoon—just before boiling—strain once more through a cloth, throw in another piece of butter, season to taste, and serve very hot.

CRAB MEAT RAVIGOTE

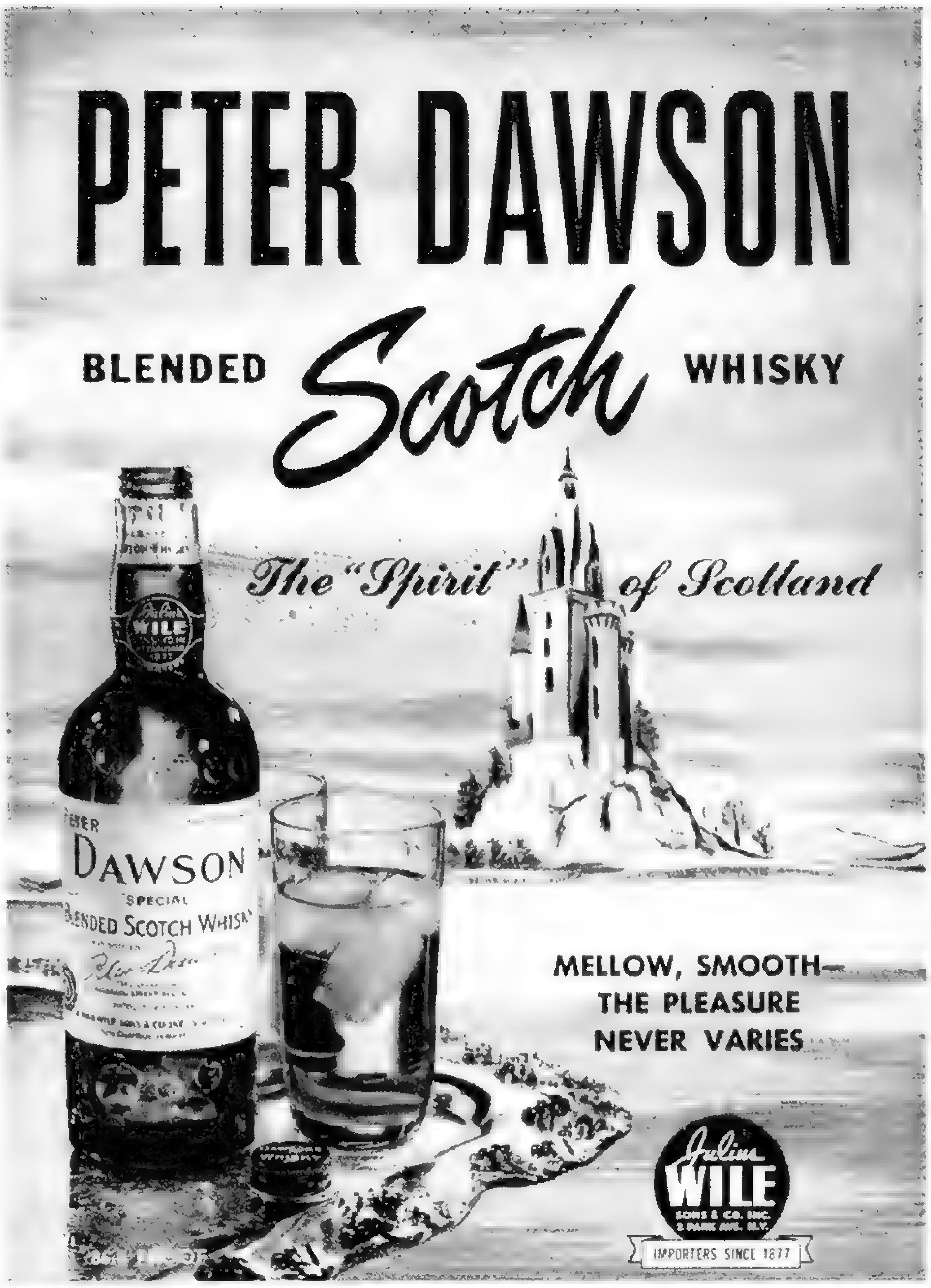
Mix the fresh crab meat with cold Ravigote sauce, made the following way: Add finely chopped chives, tarragon, chervil and parsley to a half cup of mayonnaise. Stir in a little spinach juice for coloring, add a little garlic and capers.

CORNED BEEF HASH

Mix two parts chopped meat with one part chopped boiled potatoes and a little chopped onions if wanted. Salt carefully, particularly in the case of corned beef. Add a little pepper. Cook it in a frying pan with butter until well browned, and roll as you do an omelette. Decorate with a poached egg on top, and serve very hot. ⫲

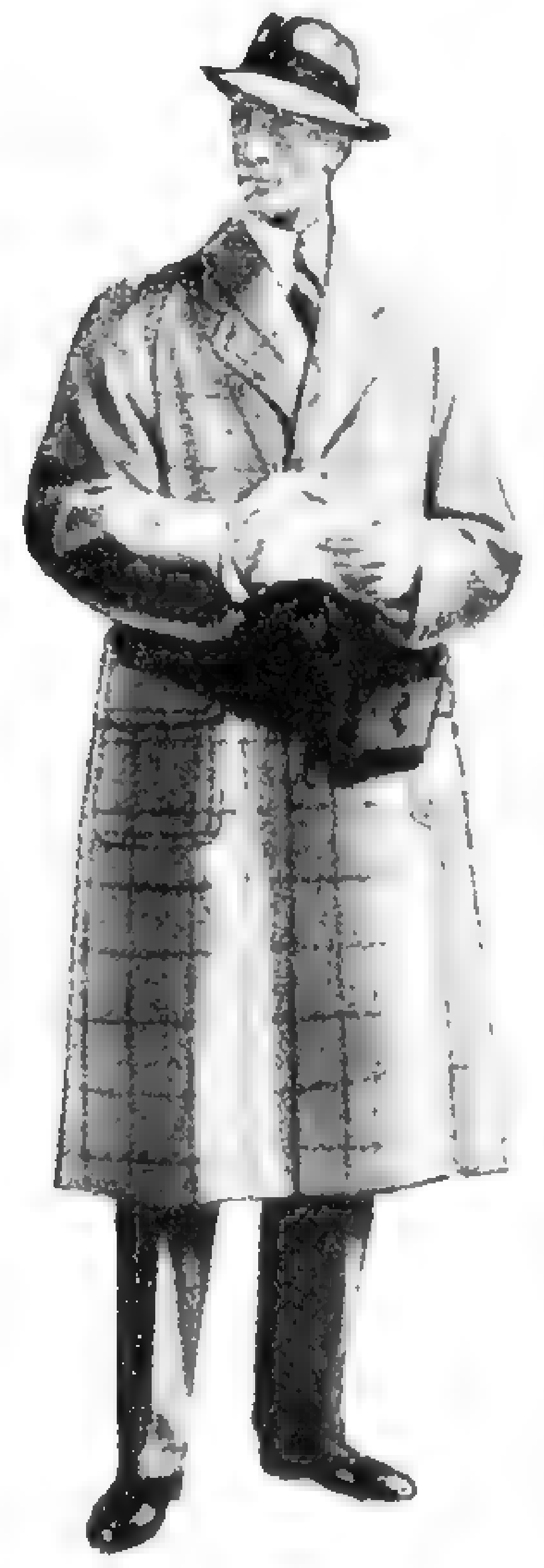
Familiar Bottlenecks

Soda jerkers who swap gossip with the blonde on the first stool . . . The average radio commercial when you're waiting to hear the news . . . Sunday drivers who loll at 15 m.p.h. on narrow roads . . . The delicatessen customer who orders her week-end supply of food when you're waiting to get a quarter of a pound of butter . . . Any newsreel you've seen for the third time in eight days . . . The person who promises to lend you that book as soon as he finishes reading it.



JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., SOLE U. S. AGENTS, 2 PARK AVE., N. Y.

BROTHERS
under the
BURBERRY



Men on Haymarket and Fifth Avenue have much in common, including a high regard for the Burberry Topcoat.

Freedom of action is provided by its generously cut woolens, so famous for warmth without cumbersome weight. Practical good taste is amply satisfied by its conservative fashioning for proper business-dress-sports wear; by the longevity of superb tailoring and of wear-resistant fabrics.

In sum, the current importations embody everything that has made Burberry the topcoat favourite of generations, everywhere.

For the convenience of patrons, selected merchants in principal cities of the United States and Canada are franchised to sell Burberrys. An enquiry to Burberry Ltd., 16 E. 38th St., New York, will bring prompt apprisal of the dealer nearest you.

BURBERRYS
of London

Step Out with Phantom Prints

..AND LEAD THE EASTER PARADE OF TIE FASHION

Stride along this Easter with America's most luxurious all-silk foulard. The Carholm Phantom Print takes the lead with sparkling new Spring color combinations of soft blues, greens, reds, browns and pastels in distinctive patterns of classic inspiration.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

Phantom Prints

At better department and men's stores

$1.50

CARTER & HOLMES MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Loomed in America by Carholm, America's Exclusive Cravat Stylists

STYLED BY
Scott Barrie
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The RIGHT Sport Coat for your "off-duty" leisure!

The Hollywood flair for casual, colorful, comfortable clothing is eminently reflected in the "Regent" Sport Coat, a triumph of tailoring and design. The fabric now featured is an exclusive Worsted Shetland, soft and supple, ruggedly handsome. Write now for name of nearest dealer and useful style chart.

"Style with the Big-Town Touch"

EAGLE CLOTHES
79 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Free! Print your name and address on the margin of this ad and mail to Eagle Clothes . . . you will receive a handsome patriotic Lapel Pin with our compliments.

The Last Year of the Great War

Continued from page 27

ages, had abdicated—become "a private citizen." Most of the world now believed that Germany itself would straight away fall with him - but this proved to be far from the actual case. The German General Staff, taking full command, gathered its forces for a last final try of world-shaking dimensions.

Late in August—indeed almost upon the third anniversary of the Great War—Germany launched *another* gigantic offensive against the Soviet. The Germans had already to considerable degree compensated the vast losses of war material of the previous twelvemonth, and were ready with new troops, tanks, and much faster fighting planes. It appeared too, as if the German General Staff had devised a brand new military technique—the very one now so industriously studied in our military schools—and for a time they made a very formidable appearance indeed.

We—the United Powers—answered back. Germany had withdrawn important troops from the coastal regions of Holland, Belgium and Northern France—and she had left all but a merest portion of Norway devoid of sufficient troops—she needed every man against Russia, and to guard the Mediterranean fronts against the great and growing United Powers' Near Eastern armies of some 1,700,000 men. Therefore, and at this most appropriate moment, we invaded the western coast of Europe itself—*Germany's Europe!* Norway was taken, wholesale. In Holland, Belgium and Northern France sufficient beach-heads had been established, and the ferrying of our troops to the mainland was never to cease until the war was actually over.

Simultaneously, the flow of the long expected American war material began at long last—tens of thousands of tanks, planes, guns—and vast stores of gasoline and munitions. And with this the first A.E.F. of "World War II."

Italy itself was now to be invaded. It was right here—in the "boot" of Italy and upon the island of Sicily—that our American A. E. F. first made substantial entry upon European territory, although substantial units of our troops were also engaged in heavy fighting in the north of France, like their fathers before them.

The Frankenstein monster, hard-bitten in his rear, paused in his second great invasion of Russia. Pausing, he stopped entirely. It was now late October, and the snow occasionally flurried over the Russian steppes. Looking at these first few flakes of whiteness, most of the German veterans of the previous Russian winter shivered in apprehension.

Crete was recaptured by Greco-Czech parachute troops—long in training for this special event. . . .

The Germans threw vast new reinforcements into Greece.

Winter commenced to fall upon a bleeding and utterly hungry Europe—but a Europe *still* mostly under the heel of a still-strong completely heartless conqueror.

However, in America, as the snow fell upon a rather chill but cheery Thanksgiving Day, we heard the incredible news—*Japan had fallen straight upon its face!* No one had expected it, for a long time to come.

From then until New Year's Day, 1943, one might have almost heard a pin drop—but for one thing.

That thing—although unimportant in itself—was a welcome Christmas present for many an anti-Axis family throughout the world; upon Christmas Eve, 1942, Adolf Hitler, now "private citizen" of Germany—but once the potential ruler of perhaps half the civilized globe—died. Suddenly, and without witnesses, but of a fit of violent temper, during which he had broken every article in his room.

* * *

1943 began slowly, painfully.

The typhus plague had long been rampant in Europe, and it made no distinction between Axis or United *uniform—although it did* do its worst damage inside Germany. However, our armies were now converging upon Germany itself! The Russian armies suddenly struck back and launched a new and better prepared counteroffensive and for a time it looked as if the Russians would put an end to the war all by themselves—just as it had seemed during the previous year. But some original and primitive force was lacking in the new Russian drive—their previous losses in manpower had been almost unheard-of—and as their new drive uncoiled itself, it became apparent that this in itself would be far from sufficient to finish the task. Our own armies also seemed to lack just a bit of their original punch—but at this moment the French, secretly rearmed by us, arose as one man, and by the end of February, 1943, it could be said that no one in Germany any longer had the slightest illusion about the final outcome of the Great War. Once again we had all started forward, the English, the newly freed French, the Czechs, Poles, Americans, Russians, and Greeks. The noose had been laid—now we were pulling it tight in preparation to spring the trap. The German monster was caught at last. Beyond doubt!

The German General Staff now put out feelers for an "armistice."

* * *

The armistice feelers were ignored. Early in March, 1943, Germany was penetrated on all sides—Wavell having scored a decisive victory in Greece and lower Bulgaria upon March 10, 1943. Wavell instantly continued his march northward and relaxed German pressure upon the southern Russian armies, permitting them to

HOLD HIM!

He's a PRIZE WINNER

IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST 1942 SPORTS EVENT!

THE 7TH ANNUAL METROPOLITAN MIAMI $10,000 FISHING TOURNAMENT

There's still plenty of time for you to enter YOUR catch . . . Winter Contest closes April 19 . . . Come on down . . . You'll have the time-of-your-life fishing, AND, it will give you an opportunity to get away from the bitter northern cold—

You'll also—

Want To Participate in the
3RD ANNUAL
METROPOLITAN MIAMI
SUMMER FISHING TOURNAMENT
JULY 4 THROUGH SEPTEMBER 7

Thirty species of fish are eligible for prizes . . . It is not necessary to register to enter either tournament until catch is weighed in . . . Fish must be taken within Tournament Boundaries . . . Both contests open to everyone FREE!

Write Today—

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THE MIAMI HERALD'S
HANDY POCKET SIZE
FISHING GUIDE

The Miami Herald
Fishing Guide

Contains everything you need to know about Florida's Salt and Fresh Water Fishing, with complete Tournament Information.

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The Miami Herald

Story, Brooks & Finley—National Representatives
Greater Miami—"A National Market"

drive through Eastern Prussia on the north.

Upon the 15th of March, 1943, American forces marched into Rome, and Mussolini surrendered formally at 4:30 P.M. European Central Time. Poor Mussolini—not even death, nor madness had had compassion upon him!

At this moment a veritable frenzy took the Germans. Realizing, at last, that they were never to be accorded another "armistice"—the other had been all too truly a mere "armistice"—they suddenly threw their thousands of reserve pilots and fighting planes into their desperate offensive. Whatever they hoped to accomplish by this is not certain—but they did it just the same. They fought splendidly, heroically, back-to-back, without fuming, swearing at fate, or losing courage. In a way—to give the devil his due—it was magnificent. Many a mother's son on both sides died during these final and most horrible days of April, 1943!

Upon May 6th, 1943, the German General Staff offered to capitulate *conditionally*. One half hour after the message was received, the planes of the United Powers sailed over Berlin in endless formation, leveling *exactly* forty city blocks square inside the heart of the great German city. (Three years previously, Rotterdam had surrendered; one half an hour later the Germans had bombed out exactly forty blocks of Rotterdam.)

Upon May 7th, 1943, German citizens counted out the number of bombed-out blocks and realized that there were exactly forty. Thereupon, and forever after, they had the good sense never to protest the matter. This was a language perfectly clear to them.

Upon May 13th, Goering, Goebbels, and Himmler escaped to Switzerland—without avail, however, for the Swiss made no difficulties about turning them over to us immediately.

* * *

The remaining German army, now almost blinded by our superior airpower, nevertheless fought every inch of German soil our United Powers sought to penetrate. Nevertheless, too, they did go backwards. The slaughter was murderous—beyond all historical precedent—but the Germans suffered ten times the United Powers' losses. The final moment came at Spandau—May 24th, at 3:03 P.M. The German General Staff came out waving a white flag, and light Russian tank units brought them into camp. Suddenly, the entire German force ceased firing.

Its heart—and evil genius—was gone. Junker Germany—the cat with nine lives—had given up its ninth life. There was no wild rejoicing this time. The entire world fell upon its knees. . . . ⵌ

There's No Place Like Home

Continued from page 31

genius figgers out a schedule that will land these transients in here before instid of after supper."

"Why don't you write up your troubles and send 'em in to some one of these here confession magazines?" said Smoot sarcastically. "We're hungry, been on a damn train two days."

"None o' yer lip, Sergeant," said the mess sergeant. "I'll jist snap me fingers and me cooks will come up with a feast fit fer a Chinese mandolin."

What they were given was army ham sandwiches and coffee.

Smoot barely touched the food, anxious to get back and pick up his release. He was waiting to wrap himself around a thick porterhouse steak smothered in pork chops. New York City, here I come, he hummed to himself.

The commandant of the recruit depot had other ideas. "Your special detail orders say you are entitled to liberty in town, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

"Unfortunately, we'll have to put your leave off until next time. I've got eleven men here who've been assigned to a regiment in your post, and I've been wondering who I could spare to send them out with. Duty before pleasure, Sergeant—the fate of the military man. You'll pick up these boys at five-thirty sharp in the morning. Train leaves from Penn Station at seven-two."

Now Sergeant Smoot was back in his home barracks, his head propped up against the pillow on his bunk. Corky Smith sat on the opposite bunk, the corners of his lips curved in an innocent smile.

"Ever since you returned this mornin' from that trip to the Big Town you ain't said ary a word to nobody," Corky observed.

"Yeah," said Corporal Ortwingle who came over to join the group. "You look like you jist excaped from a mousetrap, Smooty."

"What do you expect me to do, get up on the roof and do a Highland fling?" Smoot mumbled.

"It seems to me like you got back awful soon from that nice assignment," Corky said. "What's the matter? Couldn't you git in to see them strip tease shows at half price?"

"Maybe," said Ortwingle, "maybe New York ain't such a hot place after all."

"New York's all right," said Smoot. "One town is practically similar to another. Take away the big buildings and the people, and what have you got left?"

Corky and Ortwingle exchanged glances. "I guess it's good to be back in God's open places after all the bustle and hustle of them big cities," said Corky.

"Me, I figger maybe there is no place like home," said Ortwingle. "Be it ever so humiliating."

Smoot shook his head. "How come you two guys to inlist up in the army I don't know, because never in all my life did I ever come acrost two guys that they would have made such good undertakers." ⵌ

WEBSTER
FANCY TALES

From the far outposts of this "bomber ferry"

they cabled for WEBSTERS

Over solitudes of ocean, coast-line and jungle, Pan American Airways pilot plane after plane destined for the war fronts. Comforts for those who man the lonely air stations are liberally provided. Special requests are thoughtfully met. *In cigars the brand specifically asked for has been WEBSTER.*

So rapidly is the popularity of Webster spreading that U. S. Revenue statistics show its 1941 *rate of gain 86.7% greater than that of the entire cigar industry's 10-to-15c brands as a whole.*

The honor is well merited. Webster's CERTIFIED 100% choice, time-seasoned long Havana filler, specially selected light-claro wrapper, and superb craftsmanship make it one of the most unusual quality cigars in all the world.

WEBSTER

FANCY TALES 15c

Golden Wedding 10c
Kings 10c
Queens . . . . 2 for 25c

Wherever fine cigars are sold

First in the Social Register

Brighten Up
YOUR
Loaf-Life
WITH A
MARLY
CORDUROY JACKET

CORDUROYAL ARISTOCRAT OF CORDUROYS AN Impan FABRIC MADE BY HOCKMEYER

You'll get a fresh slant on life, love, and loafing the moment you slip into your MARLY! And even though it's obviously a member of the leisure class, it's one of the hardest working coats you'll ever own. For not only is its rich, pliant CORDUROYAL one of the most durable of fabrics, but you can wear MARLY to so many places, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. At cocktails, the club, on campus, in the country—wherever the top is down, you'll find Marly. It's carefree, colorful, comfortable, and correct for the well-dressed man of any age! Plenty of roomy pockets, leather buttons, fully-lined with EARL-GLO, and Cravenetted for rain protection, too! Adds just the style tonic your spring wardrobe needs, whether you prefer the fashionable SAND, the horsey Saddle Brown, or the fresh new Lovat Green. Get yours today.

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Please send (postage prepaid) . . . Marly Jackets at $13.50 each, with the understanding that my money will be returned if I am not completely satisfied (providing jacket has not been worn).

☐ Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.
Add 17c postal charge for C.O.D. Shipment
SIZE: (34-35-36-37-38-39-40-44-42-46).........
COLOR: ☐ Sand ☐ Saddle Brown ☐ Lovat Green
MODEL: ☐ Regular ☐ Long ☐ Short

Name.......................................

Address....................................

City.......................State..........

BEEF FROM A MOUSE

by PHIL STACK

Now look at me! You'd never guess
That I am in the dumps,
But my heart is full of yearning
And my throat is full of lumps;
Six days a week I tap the keys
With oodles of ambition
But my boss has chronic asthma
And a nasty disposition;
I never meet a glamour boy,
I'm strictly on my own,
The only calls I ever get
Are on the Ediphone,
And wistfully I wonder
When my daily tasks are done
Why heaven protects the working girl
From having any Fun!

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 68

formed so well in the famed case of the Snite boy, and for other polio victims.

Scanlan is so expert at promotional finance he even won a judgment for $82,000 from La Henie, which the Golden Girl appealed. After Denny had shown Sonia the way around, the maiden returned the education by showing Denny her own transcendental genius in squeezing the eagle until it screamed Mammy. The showdown between Scanlan's irresistible force and Sonja's immovable body has been one of those things that keep lawyers from starvation.

Sonja was sensational in her American pro debut under Wirtz' auspices. But so was the rest of the show sensational. It is said by those in that 1936 show that when Bess Ehrhardt (Mrs. Roy Shipstad) caused palms to be brought together in applause as vehement as those accorded La Henie, Sonja took such rating as an affront and proclaimed her determination to be Empress above competition.

With her conquest of Hollywood Sonja made good her declared ambition. She established ice carnivals as big business by adding the Hollywood touch.

This, little playmates, is a glimpse of the scenery behind the newest of popular American sports; the one that has gorgeous gammed and hammed damosels, lithe and lean lads, and colt-legged kids, whirling and slashing geometrical motifs on ice in exquisite exhibitions of skill.

* * *

Pete Resier at the age of twenty-two was the youngest player to win a National League batting championship. Bill Dudley at nineteen, and on all authoritative 1941 All-American football teams, was the youngest backfield man to be so honored, according to extensive record research.

* * *

This year certainly should see an increase in low-price or free admission of youngsters to major sports events. Last year there were almost 500,000 kids passed into National League baseball games. The Giants admitted more than 200,000 free.

Tulane University sells season tickets to grammar school children for sixty-six cents, high school students buy Tulane tickets at forty-four cents per game.

* * *

Joe DiMaggio with hits in 57 consecutive games (including the All-Star game), Ben Hogan with money-winning performances in 56 consecutive golf tournaments, and Joe Louis with his unequalled string of heavyweight title defenses, must share consistent performance honors with two great horses.

Greyhound, world's champion trotter, retired at the age of eight after being undefeated since he was a two-year-old. Greyhound held 17 world's records.

Sensation, an eight-year-old chestnut mare, has won 28 consecutive victories in two years of competition against other five-gaited saddle horses.

* * *

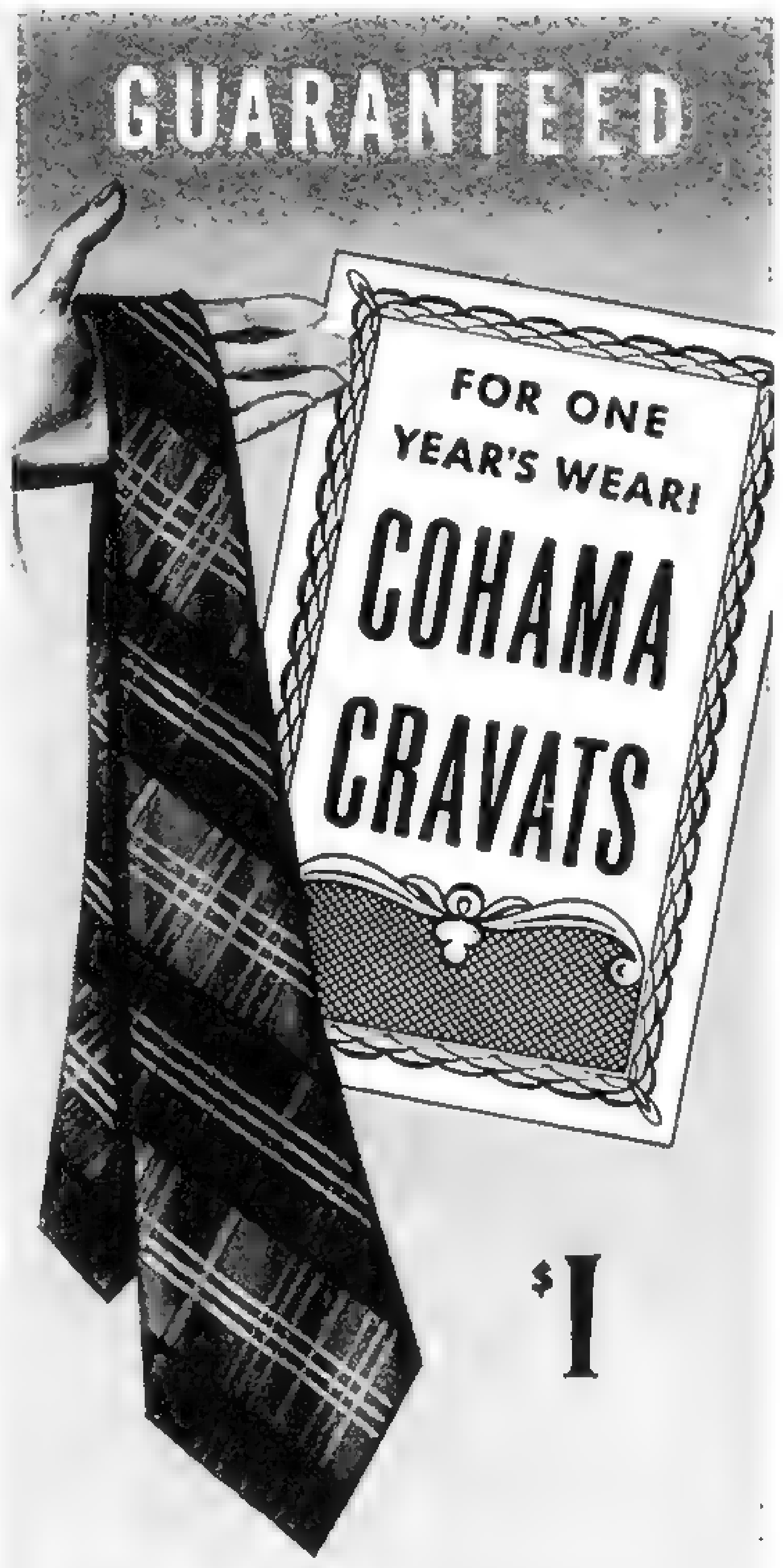
Henry Edwards, veteran publicist of the American League, discovered shortly prior to his retirement that 39 per cent of the junior league's players were collegians.

Henry's hunch was that collegians probably showed best as catchers and in the fielding statistics, with the league's talent of no campus experience having the edge in pitching and batting.

Not having been able to go into the exact figures before he went to his southern home for a well-earned rest, Henry leaves this interesting subject of research and argument open.

* * *

Behind Army, Navy and Marine examiners' discovery that a shocking per cent of American boys physically aren't up to standard, there is a story of an unrecognized



Besides providing fine fashion, every Cohama Cravat carries a Wear-Insurance Policy that guarantees a full year's wear! So for Easter 1942, get the ties guaranteed to last till 1943! Look for the Cohama label.

At better stores, or write
COHAMA CRAVATS • 1412 Broadway, N. Y.

PARAGON PETE SAYS:
A GOOD HAT IS BOUND TO GET AHEAD —TRY A PARAGON
Leisure Lite $4.50
Tissue Lite $5.50

• Paragon's Lite weight models are so cool and comfortable—you scarcely feel them on your head. They will add that smart up-to-the minute look to your appearance. Crush weight with narrow band and narrow binding in sparkling new colors.

Featured in better stores everywhere—
See your nearest dealer

Paragon
316 S. Franklin St. CHICAGO, ILL.

shortage of physical educators.

The P. E. instructor, if a woman, has been vaguely identified by the public as an energetic and leathery dame who does her damnedest with the fair coeds during that brief interval between blushing maidenhood and the permanent pew at a bridge table.

Although the physically illiterate female of the species has not been made aware of her deficiencies by service examinations, designers of bar stools provided a test revealing that women should have had more P. E. attention in formative years.

It is appalling to note the number of women in their twenties and thirties who slop over the edges of a bar stool as mailbags hung over the ribs of a Pony Express steed. They are females physical educators might have streamlined.

An interesting detail of this situation is that the female P. E. teachers generally are pretty good exhibits of their specialty. Instead of being, as erroneously suspected, a group of Amazonian-appearing troopers, they are young women who, if they had the pay and the time to give the modistes and beauty parlors more of a play, might incite extra-curricular impulses in male faculty members.

The male P. E. instructor is too often regarded as a football player who took a course a cretin couldn't flunk. Although available records fail to reveal a case in which a P. E. student was scholastically ineligible to play for the varsity, the public's usual opinion of the pushover nature of the P. E. course is wholly unwarranted.

The result of public ignorance of the physical educators' required qualifications and the importance of the physical educators' job is apparent in the selectee examiners' statistics. Now the public, that great group that thinks it knows everything about everything, learns to its confusion that it takes longer to build a competent physical educator than it does to build a battleship.

An emergency measure to partially offset the shortage of physical educators is proposed by Joe Deinhart, director of athletics at one of Indiana's numerous smaller colleges, St. Joseph's.

Joe suggests that the teachers of the usual academic courses in high schools and colleges be given a war-time assignment of an hour after school in promoting and supervising extended intramural sports programs. Regardless of pay arrangements, the teachers would benefit with the kids in improved physical condition.

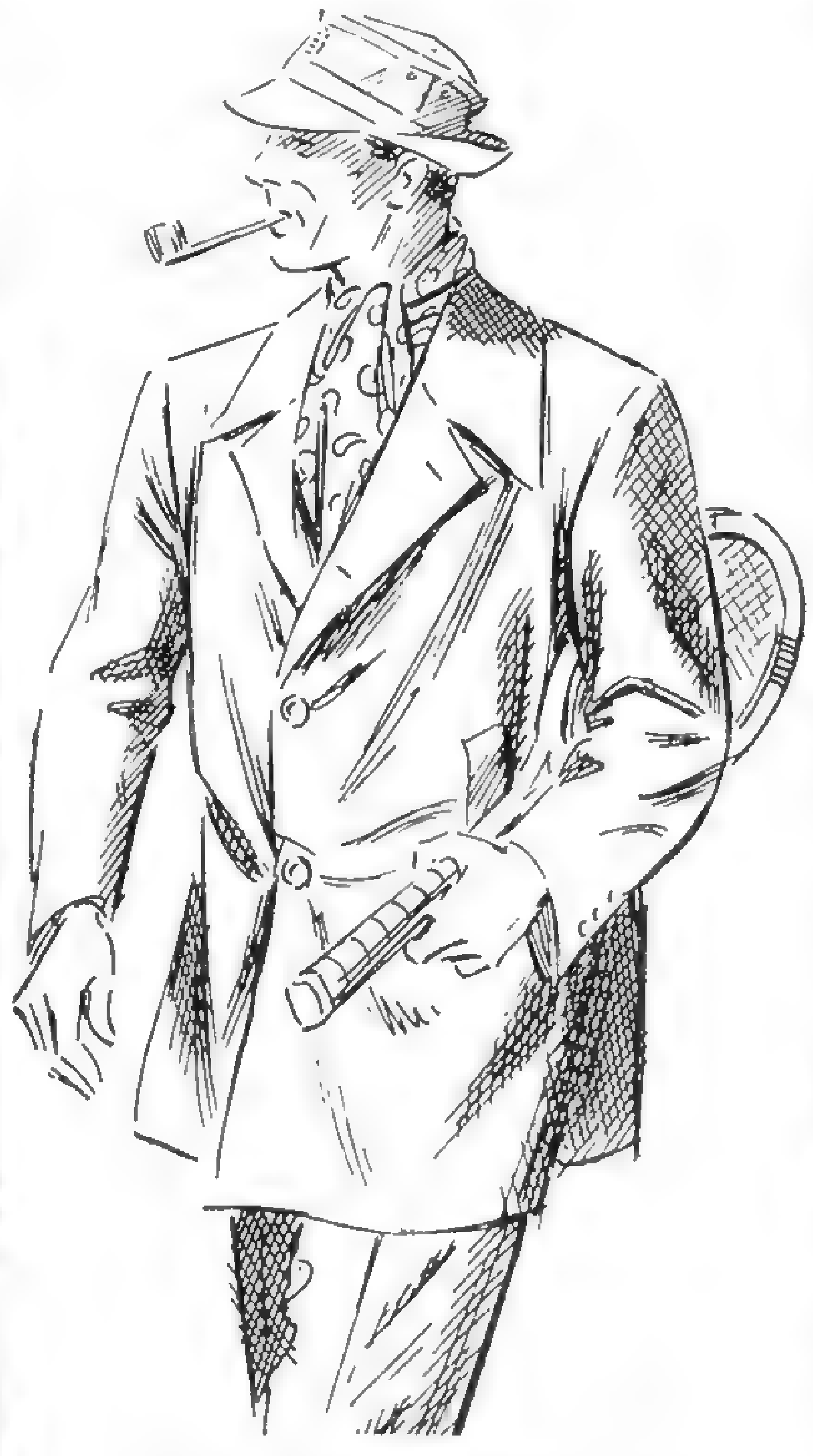
P. E. staffs at most schools are far too small to care for physical education requirements of the entire student body. Deinhart believes that by the P. E. staff conducting intensified training sessions for other faculty members not too old or sub-normal physically, the urgent need of expanding physical education could be met fairly satisfactorily.

Deinhart is confident that the added hour nationally publicized as the Fighting Trim Hour would score with the kids as well as with academic instructors eager to fit into the nation's war service plans.

He points out that college freshmen's physical examinations show that neglect of youngsters' physi-

Continued on page 172

The sandwich stripe Shetland jacket is gaining with young men. Fair Hill, Md.



The tennis blazer of the Racquet Club, Palm Springs, California, is this long leisure jacket in dark blue gabardine. The white flannel bucket hat has a narrow brim and carries the club insignia.

"D" stands for DIFFERENT

...and "different" is the word for

86 PROOF

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 68-171

cal condition is seriously apparent.

He cites the statement of Dr. William H. McCastline, university medical officer, who found 80 per cent of the Columbia College freshman class fit to pass requirements for military duty. Dr. McCastline reported the 1945 class "one of the healthiest in the school's 188-year history."

If 20 per cent physical deficients is considered an excellent showing, Joe considers high school physical education inadequate.

Deinhart is a successful practical authority. He was a member of Notre Dame's football squad in the Four Horsemen years, a member of its basketball team for three years and the team's captain in 1925. Prior to his engagement at St. Joseph's where he had an undefeated football team last season, Joe was head of the physical education department at Cathedral High School, Indianapolis.

He is a strong advocate of football as the one popular vigorous contact game that blends the natural play instinct into a toughening and smartening education in the first principles of successful combat. His coaching staff for St. Joseph's 450 students is himself and two assistants.

To provide athletic competition for youngsters who aren't on the football squad Joe has an autumn baseball schedule of six games home and six games away. Although some of the games are with teams uniformed in overalls, lack of the formal trimmings has not diminished keen interest in the schedule and lads fight for places on the fall team.

* * *

Free play for life on any German golf course is offered by the German Golf Association to the inventor of a satisfactory ersatz golf ball.

U. S. golf ball shortage caused by rubber rationing probably will curtail activities at golf's "stop and sock" ranges more than it will reduce play on the public and private courses. Golfers will play more rounds per ball, and discarded balls that have been repaired for practice range use will be comparatively hard to get.

At least three years ago experiments in making a synthetic rubber golf ball were conducted. At that time research did not have its present incentive. The experimenters hoped for either a ball that would be longer and more durable than the present type of ball, or for a satisfactory low-priced ball that could be made for less than the twenty-five cent retail ball, on which ball manufacturers lost money.

Results of the limited research were not especially encouraging according to the golf ball standards of that time. It may be that what was not highly regarded as a golf ball then may be welcomed by the game as something to follow around a meadow in relieving the war strain a year hence.

For reasons that you don't have to guess, the U.S.G.A. has discontinued its effort to determine golf ball specifications that would "freeze" the distance of the ball.

* * *

Elmer Baumgarten, secretary of the American Bowling Congress, estimates that bowlers in six months will account for the sale of at least $10,000,000 in war bonds and stamps. More than $300,000 of the fighting paper will be paid as prize money at the ABC tournament at Columbus.

Glenn Morris, managing director of the National Golf Foundation, figures that golf clubs will distribute a minimum of $5,000,000 in defense bonds and stamps. The bonds will be used as major event prizes, a practice introduced at golf clubs last year without arousing U.S.G.A. fear that its strict amateur rulings would be mocked. Golf clubs plan extensive distribution of defense stamps as currency in golf wagering.

Undoubtedly the horse tracks that continue to operate will tie into the war bond and stamp campaign. Last year there was $517,382,107 bet at tracks in sixteen states. The cut of those states took $20,863,946.67, according to the Associated Press survey.

Pony players may blast the old adage that they die broke, if the bond idea is put across to them.

* * *

Major Bernie Bierman of the Marines, former Minnesota football coach, says a boy has about 250 split-second decisions to make in a football game. That's a tutoring aspect of sports in the nation's effort to develop a victorious fighting force. ⌗

Esquire on the Record: Campus Choice

"Doane's Charcoal Grill" and "The Sugar Bowl"
COLGATE UNIVERSITY
Hamilton, New York

Take the "A" Train:	Delta Rhythm Boys	Decca 8578
Two in Love:	Tommy Dorsey	Victor 37611
The Man in the Moon:	Glenn Miller	Bluebird 11299
I'm Trusting in You:	Bob Crosby	Decca 4027
Blues in the Night:	Woody Herman	Decca 4030
Tonight We Love:	Freddy Martin	Bluebird 11320
I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire:	Mitchel Ayres	Bluebird 11275
Stop the Red Lights On:	Gene Krupa	Okeh 6411
Elmer's Tune:	Benny Goodman	Columbia 36359
Modern Design:	Sammy Kaye	Victor 27610

It Will Grow On You

Continued from page 97

visible. As he heard that same muffled twittering the hairs rose along his forearms.

"What was that?" he asked.

"What was what?" said the stranger.

"That sound?"

"I heard nothing—nothing except a fly buzzing around—"

The doctor put his spray-pump aside; but he was positive that twice he had heard an indefinable sound.

"Yes, it must have been the fly," he agreed. "Now, what did you say your trouble was?"

The stranger began to unbutton the swagger coat. "I must warn you to prepare yourself."

"I am always prepared," said the doctor a trifle coldly.

"I mean you must be prepared for a shock, perhaps a very great shock. When Dr. Kelman advised me you had no equals—"

"Dr. Kelman? Who's he?"

"He was the ship's surgeon of the *S. S. Maracaibo.*"

"I see. You landed recently?"

"This very afternoon."

"I believe you said you intend to board ship again tomorrow?"

"It is imperative that I do so. But a different vessel, of course."

"Hmm. If your trouble is really serious—" He broke off, with a feeling of suffocation as though he had swallowed his tongue.

The visitor tossed his coat aside. Underneath, he wore a white suit. The jacket was wrinkled, and sweat soaked. The left trouser leg was cut off near the hip, just below the pocket; the seam open to his waist and crudely fastened with a couple of safety pins.

Between crotch and knee in mid-thigh stood an enormous bandage. It was this bandage that sent a sharp tingle of unease through him, for the covering shook and undulated as though something alive were inside, something that scurried round and 'round in search of a way out.

The movement ceased almost at once; he had the eerie feeling that whatever was within had sensed itself to be under observation. He reached out to unwind the tape, but the man settled himself in an office chair. He propped his bare leg on the footrest and unfastened a huge safety pin that secured the ends of the bandage.

"Permit me," he said. "I have had some experience with this. It is not entirely—safe."

"But this Dr. Kelman you mentioned—"

"The bandage is not his work. Even a ship's surgeon would not have done such a ragged job. I wound it on, and I will take it off."

"But surely Dr. Kelman—"

"Oh, he tried to help, but he—ah—injured his hands."

The stranger's thick fingers worked slowly, tensely, at unwinding the tape. He used both hands, but alternately, always leaving one hand free and half clenched. It was impossible to tell whether he was preparing to pounce, or to ward off a blow.

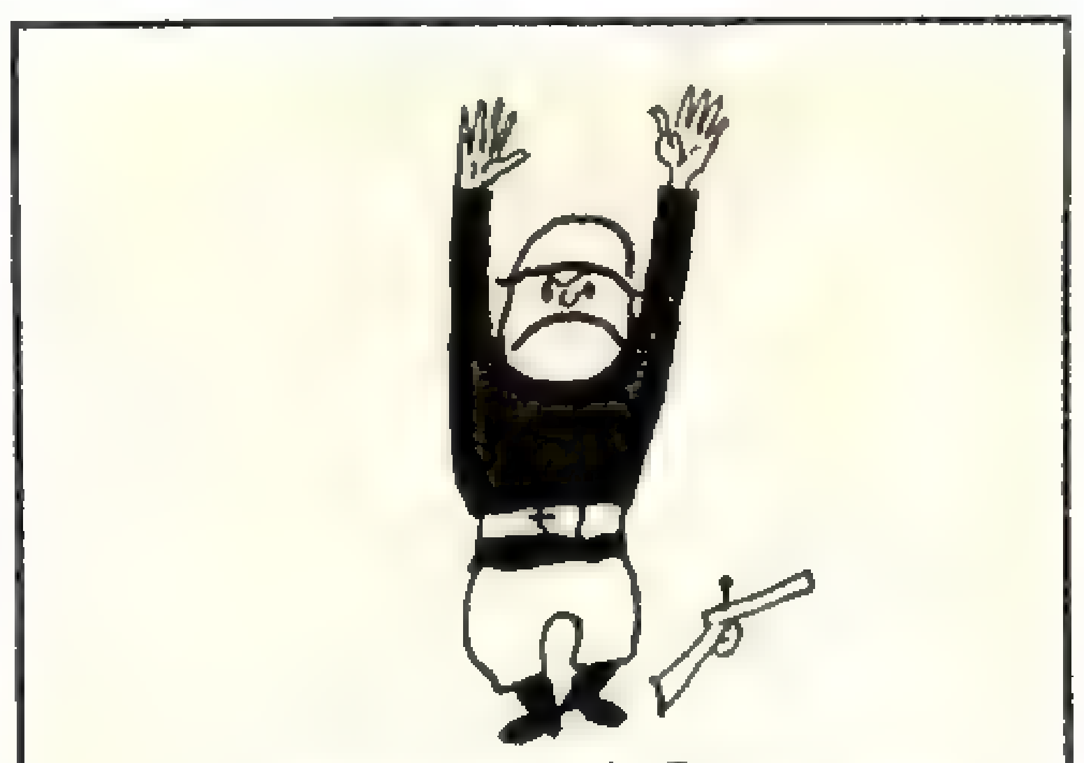
"The ship's doctor—Kelman—did not write out a diagnosis?"

"He intended to. But he disappeared."

"He—what?"

"It was a strange event." The patient worked more slowly now. He would pass the tape down under his thigh, snatch it swiftly with his free hand and just as swiftly jerk the released hand back, always expectantly poised, half offensive, half defensive.

"Kelman was a curious fellow. He claimed he suffered terribly from sinus trouble when on land. But he developed a chronic state of indigestion which would clear up only when he set foot on land. The sinus trouble affected him most, so he took his sensitive stomach out to sea permanently, and became a ship's surgeon. He was a good one, though not for me.



Germany and Japan got off to a good start, but don't forget that among the nations working towards their eventual downfall are the United States, Britain, Russia, China, and Italy.

"I saw Kelman last night. He spent an hour or more working on me. At one point the knife slipped and he gashed his hand quite badly. He said he would think about the case overnight and write me a report or prescription this morning. But he seems to have vanished during the night."

"You are positive?"

"The ship was searched in every conceivable place."

"He left no message—no clue?"

"None. The captain will report that Kelman was lost overboard under circumstances unknown."

The doctor asked—and he was unable to keep the growing uneasiness out of his voice—"You think there may have been some connection between your trouble and Kelman's disappearance?"

"I do not know."

"Suppose you go back a little and tell me the symptoms, of this—this—whatever it is."

"I am not entirely sure about it myself," said the patient slowly, without raising his head. "I am afraid what I have to tell you will not help very greatly. For some time I have been on a mission of a most confidential nature."

"Where? You said you had just arrived by boat."

"I am not at liberty to tell," said the patient stiffly. "My work required me to visit many places.

"I have recently spent several months in a rather isolated locality. There was a native girl. We had an understanding—or so I thought. A man's needs are the same wherever he is."

"I can imagine," said the doctor dryly.

"A couple of weeks ago I told her I must leave. She wanted to go with me. That was of course impossible. She had gotten herself pregnant. She was very unreasonable, fought like a wild one. She had a knife in her hand suddenly, and before I could seize it she had slashed both of us.

"She kept screaming something in her own tongue to the effect that her blood was mine, that she was now part of me, and that she would go with me always. Then she broke loose and ran out, but when I got to the door she had already sped into the jungle.

"My worst cut was on the upper thigh. After bandaging it, I got on my horse and rode toward the village, intending to have the wounds cleaned and dressed. I had not gone far when my horse shied at something I never saw. I received a blow from a branch overhead, felt myself falling.

"The next thing I knew, it was dark, and I lay on the floor of my house. I saw ashes of a fire at my feet, and smelled a pungent bittersweetness in the air. There were spots of fresh blood too. I found, also, that I had—changed.

"I could not consult the local doctor, for if word went around of what had happened to me, I would be an outcast. My usefulness would be ended. The same reason prevented me from moving on to my next assignment, which was also among rather primitive people. I took the first boat north, hoping that the ship's surgeon would be able to treat me in privacy, and at a safe distance to sea."

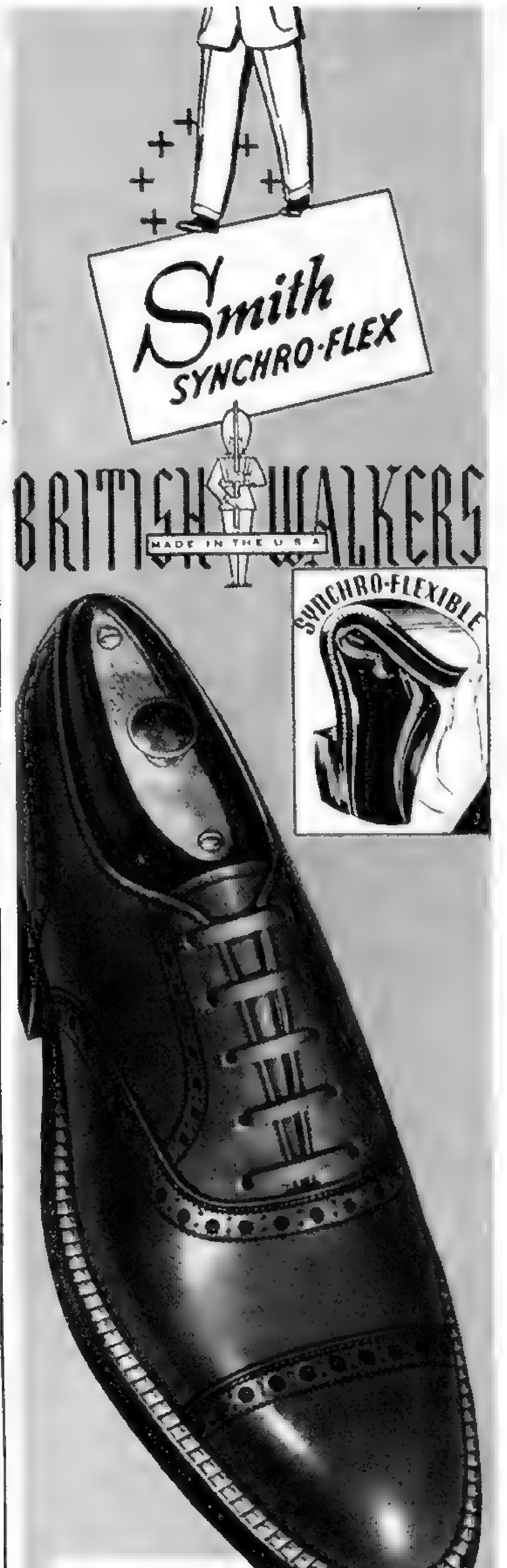
"That's a curious story," mused the doctor. "You'll pardon me if I say I hardly know what to believe."

"That is of no importance. All that I care about now is the operation. But it will not be easy."

He unwound the last of the tape. A pillow case lay underneath, twisted around the thigh. He loosed its corners and flung it aside with a jerky but practiced motion that left both hands cupped, veins bulging up.

There was a great purplish splotch on the skin. The ankles were rooted in its center, tiny ankles that flowed into the rudiments of feet that merged with the flesh. She could not have been more than a foot tall, a miniature and sinuous Venus, a perfect figurine, exquisitely formed in each minute detail, like a doll, but perilously alive. Her body seemed at moments nutbrown, then changing to a sort of metallic sheen, the color of old bronze overlain with a patina of verdigris. Her

Continued on page 174



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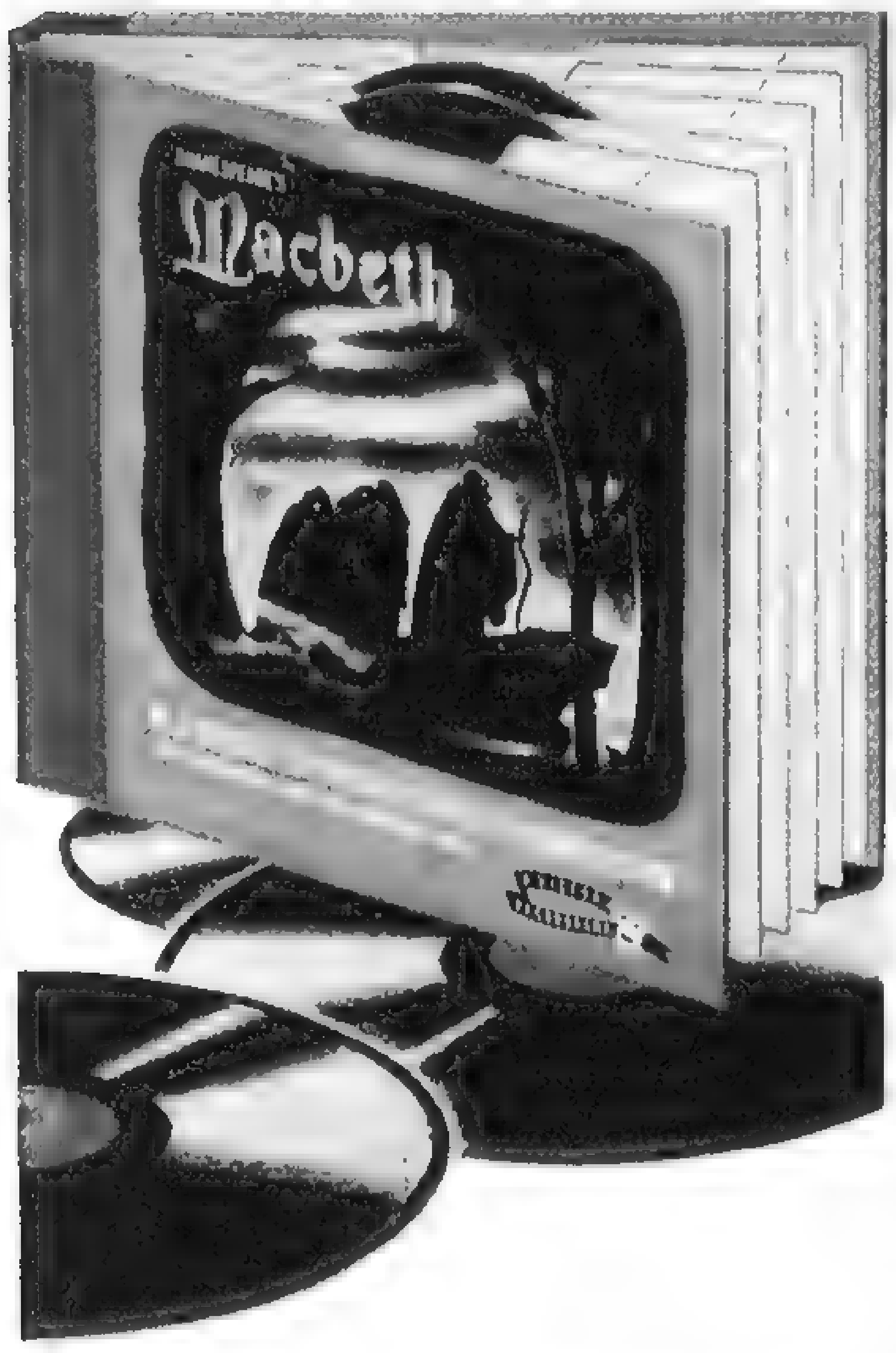

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It Will Grow On You

Continued from pages 97-173

eyes were closed. Her face had the vacant repose of an idiot child.

She opened her eyes and looked at the doctor.

He got up and walked over to the window. There came a foolish little twittering from behind. Some force stronger than his will turned him around. The small horror was talking in a language that he did not know. She was cooing upward at her host with mindless adoration, and straining tautly upon her rooted feet as though attempting to leap into his arms.

"What is she—what is it—saying?" he asked in a faraway tone.

"I do not hear anything."

"Do you know what dialect it is?"

"I do not hear anything." His eyes flickered briefly; the doctor had an impression of having looked—through a curtain momentarily drawn—upon great fires raging in some illimitable void. Sweat was pouring down his cheeks.

The doctor said, "Just stretch out on the table and relax." He washed his hands thoroughly and put on a smock, but decided against rubber gloves. His palms already felt warm and moist. "We'll have that—growth—taken off right now. It should be a fairly easy and almost painless operation." He laid out a row of scalpels and scissors, sutures, surgical thread, antiseptics. He sterilized the needle of a hypodermic syringe, tested the plunger, and filled the chamber with novocaine.

"Kelman tried everything." The man appeared to be talking to himself. "He couldn't get rid of her. I don't think anybody can—"

"Nonsense. I'll fix you up in no time," promised the doctor. He thought. That ass of a ship's surgeon probably couldn't treat a carbuncle, let alone remove an abnormal growth.

He became conscious of a buzz again. The bluebottle fly had returned. It circled over the man on the table, and sailed down past the tawny figurine. It got no farther. A small, supple arm swooped outward, the snared fly made a shriller hum. There was a flash of teeth as tiny as the points of an ivory comb, a dreadful smacking of the rosebud mouth.

He walked over to the table and swabbed the two areas of injection with alcohol. He did not glance directly at the alien thing; but its very nearness made him aware for the first time of its evil force, the exotic temptation that it combined with a singleness of purpose and a quality that he could not quite identify.

"This may give you a bit of a twinge," he warned, and lowered the needle. It never penetrated the skin. The whole figure whipped over as if snapped on the end of a lash. The hypodermic was knocked clear out of his grasp, smashed on the floor.

"I begin to see what you mean," said the doctor softly.

"I'm afraid it won't be possible to use an anesthetic," he admitted.

"No," said the patient. "Kelman tried ether. It put me asleep, but it had no effect on—that."

The primary need, the doctor decided, would be to make the creature impotent; reduce it to an inert state.

Surveying the office equipment, his eyes lighted on the glass shell that protected his microscope. This shell stood approximately two feet high and a foot in diameter.

He lifted the glass cover and warily approached. The patient should be able to hold the shell firmly over the living doll while he inserted a tube under the edge and turned on the gas.

Sports Simile

As regular and inevitable as a season studded with startling upsets, unprecedented occurrences and stunning surprises.

He dropped the glass casing in position. She stood erect within, barely quivering. "Quick now—hold this," he told the patient.

They almost succeeded. The man slid his hands around the container, and the doctor, releasing his grip, reached for the gas tubing. At that instant the imprisoned girl seemed weirdly beautiful; her features had the delicate clarity of a cameo; her hair looked softer and finer than cobwebs, of a lustrous mahogany hue. Her eyes were hot and glittering.

The patient's hands had not quite come to rest with a firm hold when she doubled up with the boneless and springy ease of live rubber. She curled her fingers under the rim and jerked. The glass container rose, tilted. The doctor sprang to push it back. The patient bobbled it. The shell tilted around between all hands, then spun free and smashed into countless fragments on the floor.

There was a hint of mockery in the poise of that small, naked, and apparently defenseless being.

The doctor did not stop to clean up the debris. He withdrew to his desk, opened the top right hand drawer, and took out the automatic.

He balanced the weapon as he spoke, but his eyes never left the passive figurine. "I am a good shot," he said quietly.

"No—put that down."

"I won't miss."

"That's what I'm afraid of," said the patient in a dull voice. He was lying motionless, staring at the ceiling. "You see, I, too, am an expert marksman. I have taken out my own .45 many times in the last two weeks. But I could not bring myself to pull the trigger."

"I have no scruples. I will accept full responsibility."

"Will you? Suppose you don't miss—suppose your bullet goes right through its heart—*but what will you do if it does not die?*"

Slowly, with a trancelike motion, the doctor replaced his automatic in the drawer.

A series of desperate expedients fleeted through his mind: of spraying the thing with liquid air till it froze solid and could be snapped off like an icicle; of heaping it with plaster of Paris till it was rigid in a solid block; of destroying it with X-ray therapy.

His eyes fell on the row of surgical tools laid out, the scalpels that he did not dare use so long as the figurine remained capable of violent opposition. But the sight of the scalpels gave him the clue to a new possibility.

He walked over to the table and strapped the leg down tight at ankle, knee, and waist. He padded the kneecap with cotton and taped it for maximum protection, then taped the entire upper leg as closely as he could approach to the rooted feet without interference. When he had finished, the thigh was covered except for the purplish area in which the living doll grew.

He took a square decanter of whiskey from his cabinet. "Here, drink as much of this as you can stand. You'll need it."

"Thank you, no. I wish to see the end of this—if there is an end."

"I'm going to operate. It will be quick and direct. It will hurt. If it fails, I am afraid there will be nothing more I can do for you. Will you drink? Or will you take an anesthetic?"

"Thank you, no. Proceed, please."

"I'll be back in a few moments."

He went out into the corridor. A feeling of emptiness gripped him; some basic part of him had been stolen beyond recovery.

Near the stairs, built into the wall, was a fire-alarm box and beside it hung a short-handled axe with a blade of almost surgical sharpness. He lifted the axe and returned to his office.

The patient did not seem to know or care what the doctor was doing. He had not touched the whiskey.

The doctor said, "Now, grip the sides of the table and hold on hard." He turned the adjustment crank until the table slanted at a forty-five degree angle.

The axe had a good balance. It was both light enough to be aimed well, and with a heavy enough head to give the bite of the blade a strong momentum.

As he tried out the axe in a tentative arc, a torrent of soft cooing and twittering issued from the tiny lips, a sound more dreadful than any cry or protest. She was looking up at her host in an ecstasy of adoration, and her voice was drooling love, the fawning, brainless love of a cretin. That love flowed over and glued the doctor in its mewing fulness. It was an endless well of pure, idiot love; it asked not even a gentle caress or an affectionate return.

The doctor's hands, which had been so uncomfortably warm, were cold and moist. A hammer began tapping at his temple.

He swung the blade.

The bright edge went through, streaked with red. There was a convulsion of movement from the severed figurine. Perhaps his foot slipped on crumbs of glass—perhaps the little creature somehow deflected the blow—perhaps the swing itself pulled him off balance—for the blade kept going, slashed through smock and trouser, lanced into the flesh alongside his own knee with a stab of fire. He stumbled, and the metal edge of the table made a thick, ugly sound against his forehead. He sat on the floor, and when he sagged limply backward, his skull bounced with a sodden thud.

It was very dark when he groaned and struggled up. Waves of nausea and pain made his head a bursting volcano. His leg ached with burning intensity. He looked toward the window. A faint reflection from the street-lights washed the building opposite, but all its apartments were blacked out. It must be midnight or later.

He pulled himself to the wall and pushed the switch.

The patient had gone.

A row of small, round spots like dried blood traversed the floor from the table to the area where he had regained consciousness.

The cloth of his suit had soaked up and caked around the deep gash at his knee.

She was standing there, in the wound, the little doll, firmly rooted, tiny ankles blending into the form of feet that merged with his flesh. Her eyes were watching him avidly.

He stretched out his hands with a sudden terrible impulse to seize the thing and tear it out. His hands faltered, wavered, and drew back. He could not imagine what it would be like to touch the creature; he could not bring himself to find out.

He began dragging himself across the floor until he was able to reach into the top right hand drawer of his desk.

* * *

The *Southern Cross* had made steady way since morning; the sea had been smooth, the day warm, but the occupant of cabin 39 had not come out for either the noon or evening meal.

He had bolted his door. He had lain in his berth all day with a fever, dozing for hours.

His left leg was swathed in the bandages that he had applied in the doctor's office. It was badly swollen and throbbed maddeningly.

After nightfall he got out the extra bandages that he had brought along. Perhaps he had drawn the first dressing too tight.

With a pocket knife he slit open the bandage along his side and gingerly lifted it away.

A tiny figurine, not yet fully formed, was growing out of the purple patch on his thigh. The figure of a woman blossomed, but with the pale hue of an unfinished foetus. He was beyond horror. He stared at the little living thing with a kind of deliberate finality. He turned toward the porthole and looked out across the dark waters; he seemed to see an infinite series of progressively diminishing creatures who vanished only at the point of eternity.

He measured the porthole with his eyes, but his shoulders were too broad. He put the long swagger coat on. It rippled near his knee even after he buttoned it and drew the belt tight. A thin cry, a high but stifled wail came from the blanketed shape, unearthly as the note of an elfin flute.

When he opened the door, a steward was hurrying past.

The steward paused. "Are you all right, sir?"

"Quite all right."

"If there is anything I can get you—"

"No. I just thought a short walk would do me good."

"Very good, sir. Good night."

"Good night."

He watched the steward vanish around a turn.

A short walk, he thought; yes, a very short walk. He thrust his hands deep into his coat pockets and began climbing the companionway to the open deck. ⌗

Polo figures in fashions because the people that attend the matches set the standard. At International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I.

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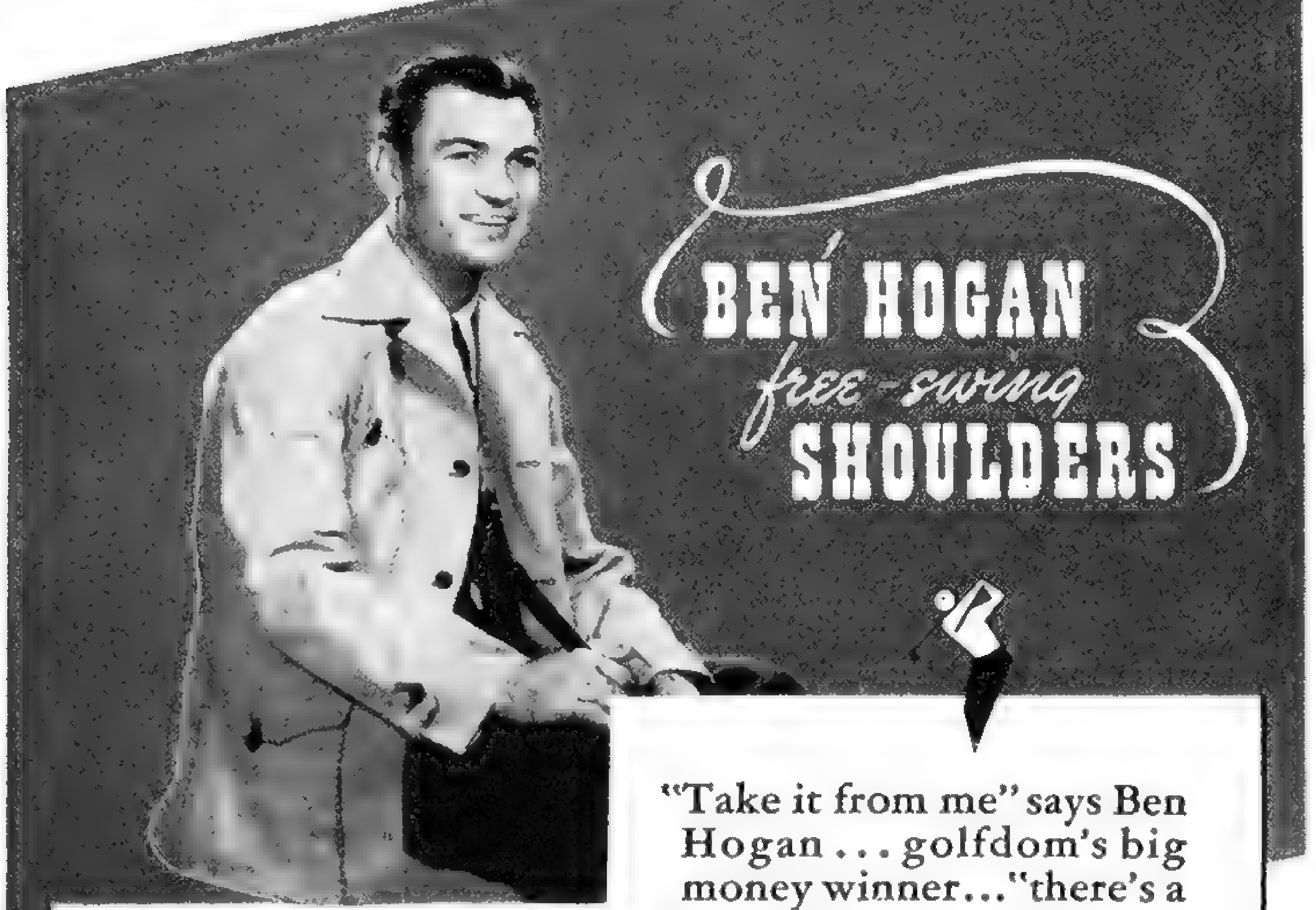

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	Let's Go Home; To Your Heart's Content; Charlie Spivak. Okeh 6366

Keep 'Em Perking

Continued from page 87

small abrasive particles find their way into the oil supply; and taking up a settled abode, they proceed to grind away at bearings and cylinder walls like microscopic Fifth Columnists. Water, fuel, acid, and other foreign and secret agents have means of linking their activities with the boring tactics of grit . . . sabotaging the lubricant and by-passing efficiency.

It is good practice to drain the crankcase every two or three thousand miles . . . whether you think it needs it or not. You may not see the water in the oil; nevertheless it very possibly is hard at work rusting every ferrous part it can get its molecules on; you may not eye the irritants, but they, the invisible streptococci of metallurgy, are none the less wending their virulent paths.

An interesting fact to keep in mind is that during the combustion of gas and air in the automotive engine, water is formed as a by-product . . . the hydrogen in the gas combining with the oxygen in the air. The figures on this reaction are slightly startling: slightly more than a gallon of water is formed with each gallon of gasoline burned.

Most of this H_2O is blown out of the exhaust pipe . . . as water vapor; but a certain percentage of it condenses and leaks down into the crankcase, mixing with the oil and forming a sludge. In winter this sludge is apt to freeze; and in summer, or during unfrozen moments, it corrodes whatever metal it comes in contact with and activates.

One word of caution: if and when you finally offset your psychological inertia, and set about draining the oil, wait until the engine is well warmed up. A great deal of the benefit of drainage will be lost if you catheterize a cold engine . . . for much of the sludge and foreign stuff will be found to have clung to the side of the oil pan, and will continue to stick there while the cold oil willingly and gracefully moves on to other hunting grounds.

Perhaps the greatest life-lengthener you can offer your car is a complete tuning and check-up every fifteen-hundred miles. And since a garage mechanic tends to be callous, if not modestly indifferent to the health of a customer's car, you had better stand over him with a check-list and a pitchfork while this process is in operation. See to it that the following routine is observed—and the results noted to everyone's satisfaction:

1. Test and adjust spark-plugs; and replace if necessary.
2. Check distributor contact points; file down, adjust, or replace, as conditions warrant.
3. Check ignition timing.
4. Clean and oil air cleaners.
5. Check carburetor adjustment, including float levels.
6. Check brakes; add fluid and adjust where necessary.
7. Tighten wheel-hub bolts and axle-shaft nuts.
8. Tighten cylinder head and manifolds.
9. Test battery; and add water if required.
10. Check operation of horn, windshield-wiper, and all of the lights.
11. Check generator operation; and adjust or replace brushes if necessary.

So much for the mechanical over-all. Lubrication is a field in itself. It might be a good plan to draw up a lubrication chart, plotted against mileage . . . and to stand by personally once again . . . to be sure that the indicated colonics are faithfully administered:

Every 1,000 Miles:

Lubricate all chassis points indicated on the chart supplied for your particular car.

Every 2,000 Miles:

Check transmission lubrication . . . and make sure that lubricant level is up to filler hole. Wash, in kerosene, filter element and oil filler-pipe air cleaner (if there is one in your car); dry thoroughly and oil with S.A.E. No. 50. Lubricate the water pump with special pump grease.

Every 6,000 Miles:

Clean and flush cooling system; add anti-freeze if winter is at hand—or drain it if the first cuckoo of spring is chirping. To prevent avoidable corrosion, use radiator rust-resister when refilling.

Rinse, in kerosene, filter element of carburetor air cleaner. Change your oil—if you haven't already done so under the plan suggested for self-discipline and hex hygiene. Clean and repack front-wheel bearings . . . and lubricate steering gear.

Every 8,000 Miles:

Replace oil filter. If you happen to live in the Dust Bowl, make the change at 4,000 miles.

Every 15,000 Miles:

Drain rear axle, flush with "flushing oil," and refill only with the particular grade of lubricant specified by the manufacturer for your car. It is unwise to leave this in the happy-go-lucky hands of the filling station attendant. Different brands of the new hypoid gear lubricants have queasy characteristics . . . and often mix unhealthily tragically with one another.

Drain and flush transmission and fill with the lubricant specified on manufacturer's chart. See that the rear-wheel bearings are lubricated.

Oil the rear springs with a lubricant containing a rust preventive. Disassemble the universal joints and lubricate all parts. Pack the joint body with heavy-fibre grease. It's best to have this procedure carried on by an authorized dealer of the particular car you are driving.

* * *

Well, that's the mechanical story. American cars today are built with greater precision, better metallurgy, and greater hardihood than most white-collared drivers realize. Most of us, at one time or another, have had unhappy experiences, which have jaundiced our eye and darkened our hopes where extreme longevity is concerned. But few of us have ever stopped to realize that no car is proof against mechanical ignorance, neglect, and undeserved infidelity.

Automobiles, for all their impersonal strength, are not so very far removed from that excellent horse who was gradually killed as the farmer added more and more sawdust to the feed. We think that with enough gas and an occasional quart of any handy grade of cheap oil, our machine will go on forever; we assume, *a priori*, that an engine has no soul, no heart, no hormones, no feeling.

But the humanitarians of the laboratory know better. Fatigue is just as much of a constant in metals as it is in love; and perhaps the only essential difference between the durability of a combustion engine and a love affair is that the engine requires a great deal more oil. ###

The Americanization of the British Warm is evident in this version. Its fabric is the Olive Drab woolen used for United States Army Officers' overcoats. Yankee embellishment is exemplified by the rows of stitching at the bottom. At Far Hills, New Jersey,

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J. Barleycorn, Draftee

Continued from page 79

these rotgut bordellos-on-wheels, but they owe their existence to it. And the joy of the open-palmed local cop and the small-time politician can well be imagined. Camp commanders are raising hell about it all, but their hands have been tied with white ribbon. Really, it's rude of these military men to point out evils in places which have been so sweetly "purified."

Great is the pity that in the midst of a world war which demands every ounce of our valiant energy and concerted guts, we are obliged to keep a constant eye on would-be thieves of our personal liberty, but without that watchfulness, beating them to every grab, we'd suddenly find ourselves back in the days of Al Capone, Wayne B. Wheeler, Legs Diamond, Inc., with new trimmings. If you think I'm dreaming, ask your Congressman how many pro-Dry letters he receives as compared with pro-Wet, and what sort of callers are the most diligent bedevilers. Indeed, these pressurists are in his hair from dewy morn till eve, and you could readily tell them from bartenders. Even newspaper publishers are confronted by deputations of embustled females shrieking imprecations against beverage ads which route dollars toward Uncle Sam's anxious cashbox.

The billion a year he thus receives is enough to buy fifteen aircraft carriers at 65 million dollars each, with three up-to-the-minute destroyers thrown in. What the state and local authorities collect in fees, licenses and state monopoly profits runs to 350 million dollars additional, which is devoted to old age assistance, education, and public welfare. In toto the industry pays one-twelfth of the taxes in the U. S. A., yet it represents considerably less than one per cent of the total manufactures.

Incidentally let me remark that the tax load per bottle has now reached the point where any more added on would mean fewer sales and a shrinkage of the total "take" by the government. I've just been looking at a chart of consumer income and liquor purchases; it shows how the national income of our 130 million people has risen and risen, yet of late, discouraged by mounting prices due to increased taxes, the liquor purchase line has practically leveled off. If Uncle Sam is looking for those liquor dollars that didn't materialize I'm afraid he won't get them by steepening the ante per gallon. In fact, he'll be short some that he now receives.

His fiscal harvest from farm prosperity would have a tremendous hole knocked in it if there were no brewers and distillers to utilize their hefty shares of the super-abundant crops we have on our hands, not only from bumper 1941 but also from previous years, stored against loans to the farmers by the government which can now gradually be liquidated. (Grain that wouldn't pass muster for good-branded whiskey will do service for munition alcohol.)

As for our persevering grape-growers whose proud handiwork is scattered over hills and valleys of the West Coast and favored regions of the Middle West and the East, there is nothing else they could effectively raise, even if one ordered them to. Prohibition proves this, to the tune of vineyard after vineyard left to return to Nature, each a sorry memento of somebody's back-breaking trouble for years. So when we drink American wines we're helping along the nation's wartime economy with the comfortable assurance that our enjoyment isn't tossing a single monkeywrench into all-out endeavor.

What we perhaps aren't aware of is that these wineries are playing a vital part in Defense. Wine is the sole source of cream of tartar, a substance which, aside from being used for baking powder, certain medicines, dyes, chemical tests, etc., is absolutely necessary for the making of smokeless powder. There's the finis of several Japs in every pint—collected in the form of crystalline argol from winery tanks and vats.

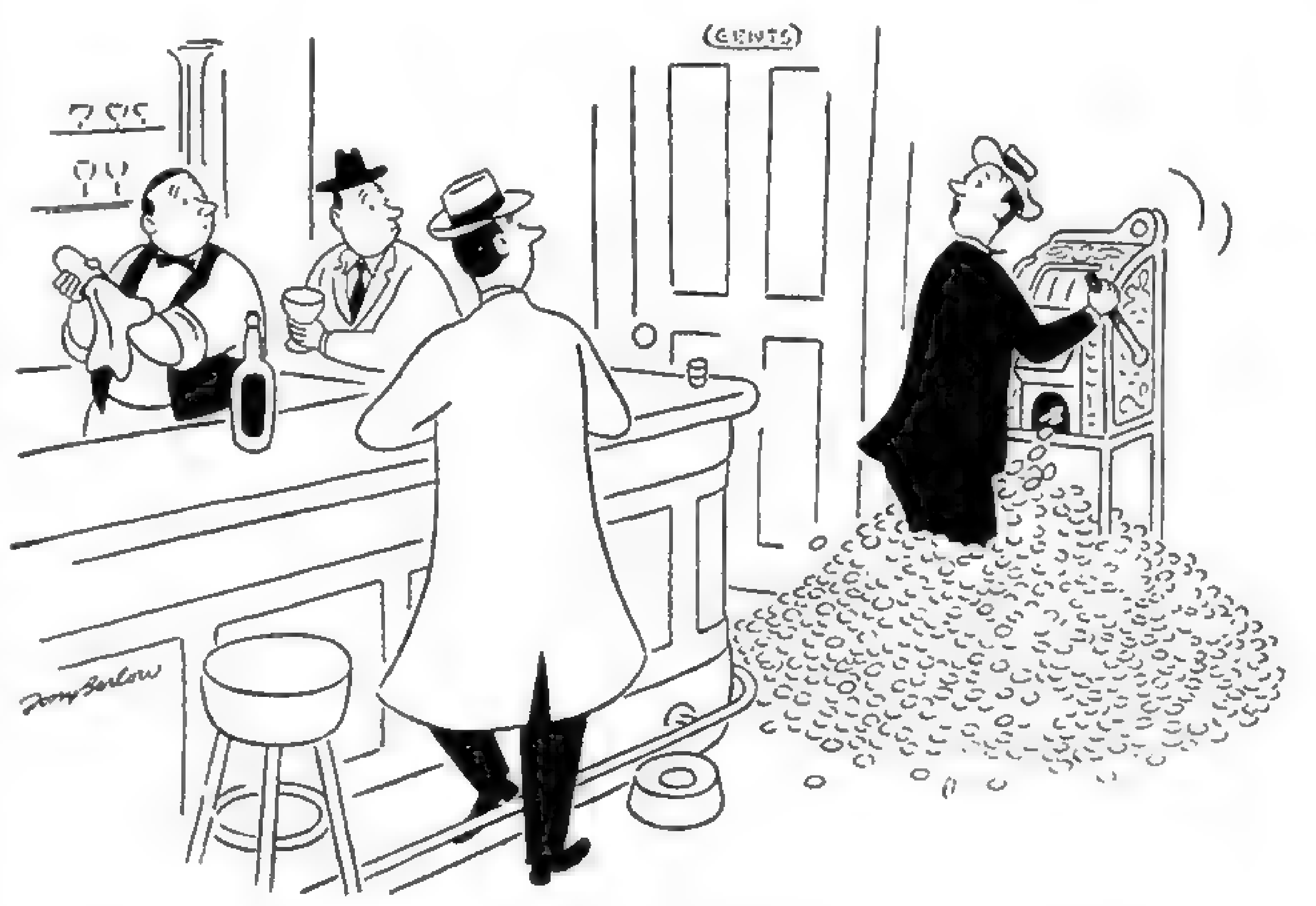
To the ability and resourcefulness of our wine industry we also owe brandy—whiskey's sister in the field of medicinal use. Stowed away in every U. S. bomber is an emergency kit which contains good American brandy. (A Jap plane shot down at Pearl Harbor carried among its first aid items a supply of chocolate paste impregnated with first-class American whiskey.) Needless to say, spirits of this kind are invaluable in the treatment of cases of exposure, shock, and so forth, as they have always been. And that brings up another angle of the importance of alcoholic beverages in the present conflict: they are essentials in times of need, and anybody who prates to the contrary is simply talking through her bonnet.

Scotland's smoky stamina-tonic has the special assignment of supporting the pound sterling and is doing so at the rate of $40,000,000 a year, all of it pre-war stuff, out of the warehouse, involving no manufacture, sent across to grateful American throats. British throats must feel no slight pang at the bon-voyaging of this much of their old and ripe accumulations which they could well use; it's their sacrifice and our gain. We're also getting British South African brandy and Canadian whiskey, both of them promotive of that feeling of solidarity among English sipping peoples. And what price aloofness when fingers of British West Indian rum circulate in thumbs-up rites?

We ourselves have done considerable sharing of our liquid assets, especially with Latin America whose peoples seem thrilled to discover the fragrant staples that make our palates tick. Rye, Bourbon, American champagne, California brandy—these in particular have won acclaim among our good neighbors to the South. We are mannerly enough to let the other fellow have his chance and choice at the flavor feast.

We can thank our stars (and I don't mean merely those on brandy labels) that Destiny has been so generous to our broad land in the matter of drinkables. I defy you to name a potion that our bartenders and package storemen can't come up with. We have Holland's gin and Dutch liqueurs in exile, Free French vermouth, unbowed Norwegian-Danish aquavits, vimful vodkas. Even Chinese rice wine. And the exciting thing about this mammoth melting pot of potables is that Yankee ingenuity is inserting sly improvements in tone and tingle. So we're going to be short of corks, are we? Well, the duPont folks have anticipated that, evolving a new and better cork substance out of nylon. If some gal's lovely gams have to go without in the interest of muzzle stopperage, I am sorry but I am not depressed about it.

Undoubtedly the rushing months will bring all sorts of changes. Your favorite brand of tipple may switch bottle shape for the sake of efficiency; fancy colored neck, cap, and bosom décor may go drabber to save lithographic zinc and snood metal. But what the hell—so long as the trusty brand name still blazons in full view, you've no occasion to cavil. ##



"I don't think this slot machine is on the level!"

Double-Dummy for Three

Continued from page 61

game bonuses as in duplicate would be a more feasible idea. What do you boys think?"

We batted the pros and cons around for awhile, and in the wind-up agreed on a 300-point bonus for game, with all overtricks as in the standard contract score, nonvulnerable. Partials to get a flat 50 points per man, regardless of the level of the bid. Since there was a chance of finding a fit with more than one hand we didn't expect there would be many partials.

That brought us to penalties. There was some discussion. It was decided to stick to the penalties of the regulation game, nonvulnerable. Where there were two defenders against a contract, they split the penalties between them. In double-dummy play the defender would collect full penalties.

Then Joe suggested we play a deal to see how it worked out. Henry brought the bridge deck and folded checkerboard out of his briefcase. The checkerboard had served as our bridge table all summer. A little shaky on curves, but satisfactory otherwise.

I dealt the cards. When I picked up my hand I found three little hearts; four spades to the Queen; four clubs to the King, Jack; and the Ace, small diamonds. I passed. Joe was second hand and he came up with a bid of a heart, which Henry overcalled with a spade. My hand meant something now. I could call a no-trump on the possibility of taking Joe's hand eventually at a game contract. Or I could raise to two spades and ride along with Henry. I decided for the no-trump overcall.

Joe rebid his hearts showing at least a five-suiter. Henry went two spades and that put it right up to me again. I could raise Henry, but as an overcaller he might not be strong enough to go game. Another no-trump was definitely too risky. I decided my best bet was to give Joe the boost and cut in as his partner. So I went three hearts which Joe took to four, and Henry passed.

That made Joe the declarer and he stuck to my hand as partner. Henry made his lead. My hand went down as dummy facing Joe. Then the blind hand was opened, but not until Joe had played a card from dummy. There was Joe with his double-dummy and I could see from his grin that he loved it.

He tore into the play with plenty of assurance, but it turned out to be a tough contract. He was down a trick when Henry pulled a nice unblock.

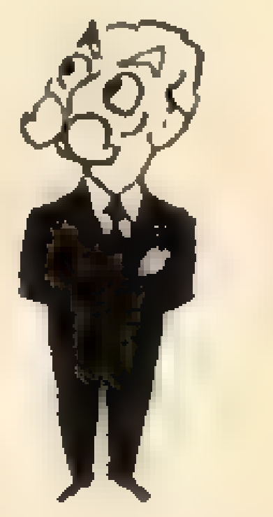
Joe looked sheepish. "And I had that one figured out."

The following morning Joe said, "My wife's brother was over to the house last night, and I made the mistake of telling him about our new three-handed game."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Plenty. After we played a couple of hands he suggested trying it for a tenth. So we started playing for a tenth, with the wife making a third. Then the fun began. That sharp-shooter came up with more twists than a pretzel salesman. He'd open with a bust, pass out after a round, and I'd wind up taking his hand for my dummy in no-trump, like a sucker. Once I had him dead to rights when he soloed and I cracked him a double. That didn't stump him. He insisted on playing my hand for his dummy, said there was no rule against it. Now what do you do in a case like that?"

Simile



As full of grief, frowns, tears, misery, despair, sobs, shrieks, and groans as the "funny" papers.

Henry said, "Bar the double."

Joe shook his head. "That's like taking the ham out of ham and eggs. What's bridge without a double?"

"Bar the declarer from taking the doubling hand," I suggested. And that's the way it was decided.

We got to play several more sessions before the summer season was over. It was like a jazzed up version of a classic, or a jam session. It was bridge, and something more. Three card monte, deuces wild, Battle Royal—and all of it pleasantly cut-throat.

We found that we had to establish a few rules, but made them as few as possible to keep the game streamlined. First of the rules was the one barring declarer from taking a doubling hand for his dummy. We also barred an opening lead from the blind hand. That shut out the possibility of a player seeing two hands before making his opening lead. And finally, if a third hand bids a suit already bid in partnership he becomes the declarer. That was to take care of a situation like the one that arose on a deal where Henry and I reached a contract of four spades between us. Joe blandly called five spades to jack us up.

Back in town we acted as missionaries for the new revelation. We named it "Double-Dummy." The response was good. Experts found plenty of angles to intrigue their interest, while lesser players got a chance in double-dummy play to try the expert's pet weapons—the squeeze, the coup, the end-play, the strip and throw-in.

It plowed under that bridge perennial, "If the two of us had only been partners on this deal."

Best of all it's a three-handed bridge game. Which can mean a great deal when three bridge hounds are marooned, with no fourth in sight. ⧺

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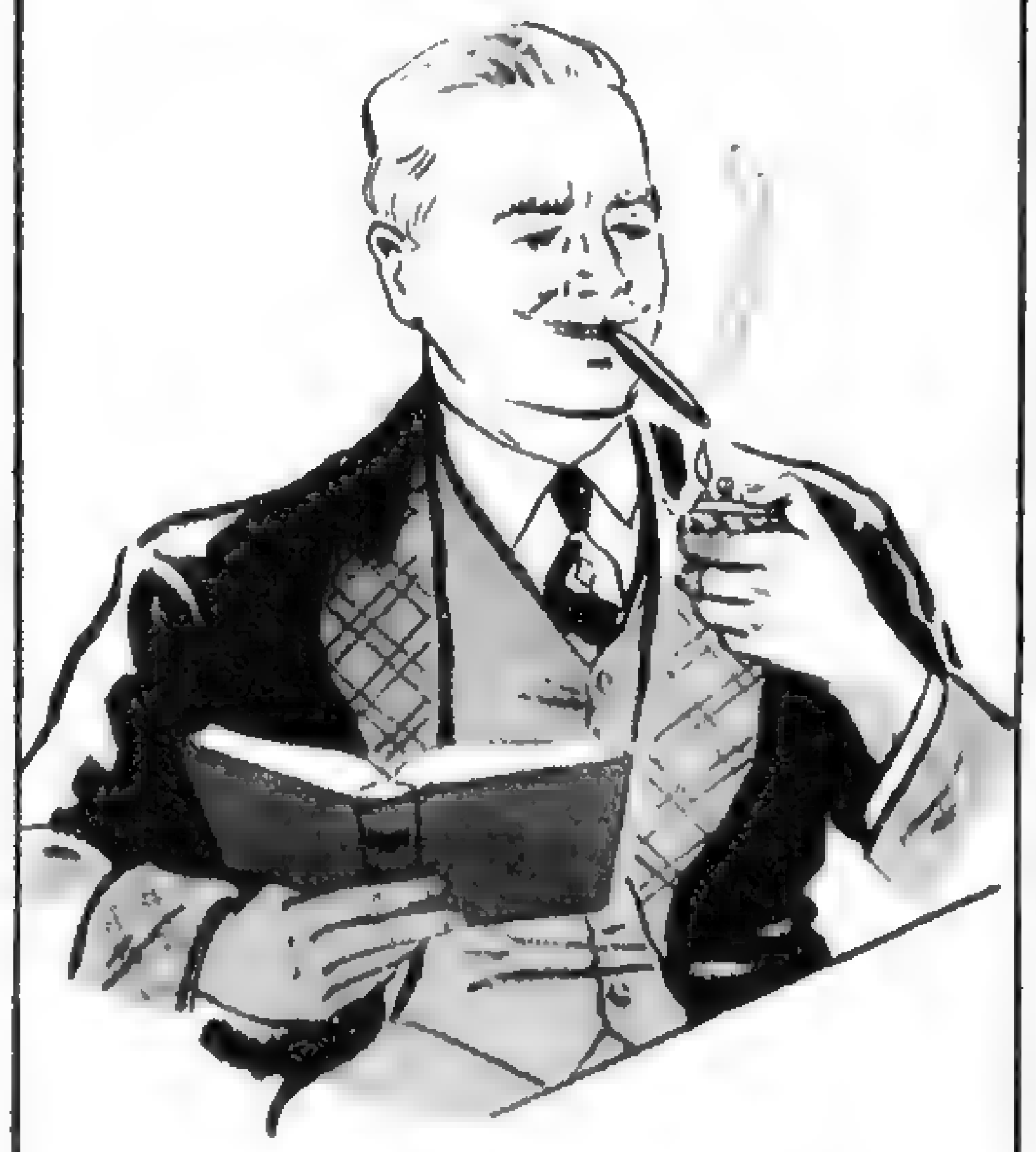

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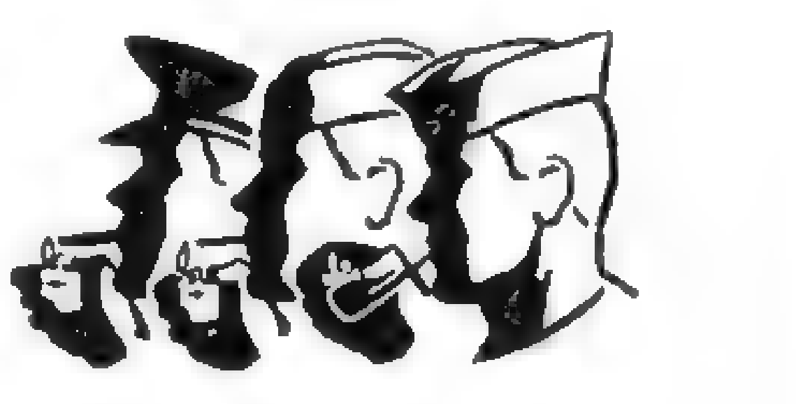

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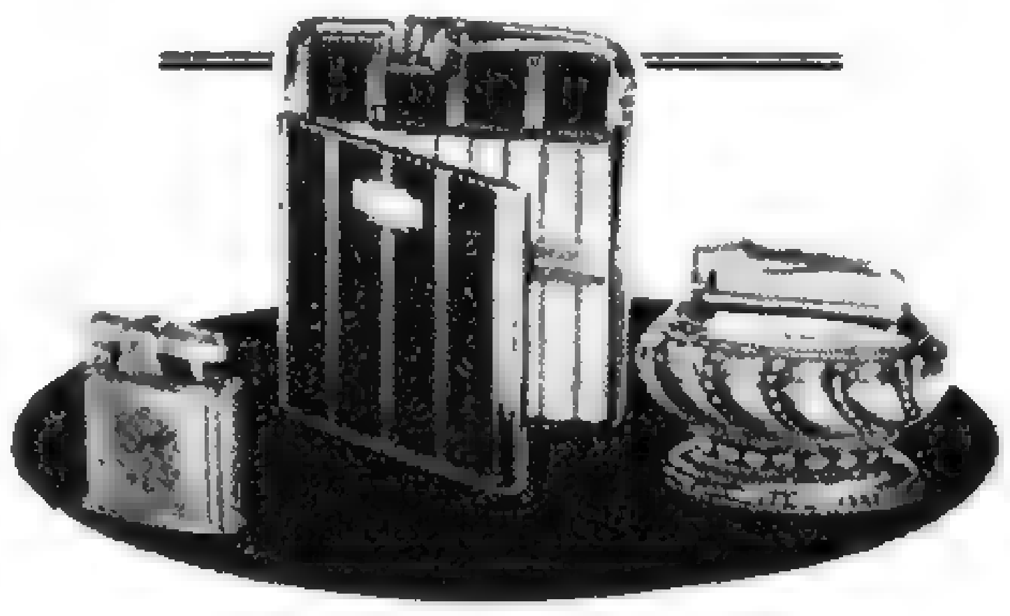

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Joe Hirsch: Painter of Men

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Philadelphia. Because he was such a bright boy with pencil and crayon, the city of Philadelphia awarded him a four-year scholarship to the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art, from which, in 1931, he was graduated with first prizes in life drawing and in illustration. One perceives in this form of commercial art education a definite hedge against starvation in a garret. Only for a brief period, within 1932, did Hirsch study and paint under a recognized master, when he took the train to New York and put himself under the tutelage of George Luks. Perhaps the most important lesson that Hirsch received from Luks was not in brushwork but in the recognition that out of the flesh and sweat of a steam bath attendant the right pair of eyes could see the point of departure for a painting.

Then came *Masseur Tom*, and during 1934-35 he studied at Provincetown, Massachusetts, with Henry Hensche, a painter in the tradition of Charles Hawthorne. Returning to Philadelphia, he painted a picture which, he hoped, would obtain for him a year's study in Rome. Something much more desirable came along. He was awarded the Woolley Fellowship by the Institute of International Education which gave him an eye-opening year in Europe and another six months east of Suez. This period was, to put it mildly, crucial in his life, his art and moral development.

BASIL BOTTS

"I forgot my blue!"

There was the Latin Quarter period in Paris, roughly divided between seeing the sights and painting. He played the piano in a Parisian cellar café and exhibited pictures in a gallery of no particular distinction. There were glimpses of him in the cathedrals and museums of Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, England and Holland. Paris and Europe might have weighed heavily in his aesthetic development had he turned his back on them and come home, like a good boy, at the termination of his fellowship. But when that time came, on the pretext that he was making for home, he took a freighter through the Mediterranean and other boats through the Far East, stopping off at Ceylon, Port Said, Singapore, Shanghai and Yokohama, and obtaining glimpses of more than sociological importance of how the other nine-tenths lived.

It was the sight of dumb coolie labor in the seaports between Port Said and Yokohama that fanned into flame the flicker of social consciousness that he had inherited from his liberal parents. He sketched feverishly and asked many questions through which ran the thread of outraged indignation and came home to the comparative placidity of Philadelphia with not only crammed notebooks but with an aroused social consciousness which he has since most ably transmitted onto canvas.

If you examine the range of Joseph Hirsch's work since his coming-of-age as an artist you will find that he has been irresistibly drawn toward men, toward masterful men and toward working men in particular. From the point of view of social consciousness he has been faithful to *Masseur Tom*. His sympathy with the working man is natural and sincere. There is in him more genuine feeling for the laborer and the disinherited than you will find in most of the professional proletarians for whom the individual man is lost somewhere in a capital letter stereotype entitled Labor. Living within a short walking distance of a Negro community, he found himself more and more deeply attracted to colored working men as models and points of departure for some of his best pictures. There is the proud stance of the welder, with the visor of his helmet up, declaring, by implication: What difference does my color make? When my visor's down you can't tell whether I'm black, white or yellow. There is *Winter*, depicting a Negro resting over a cold radiator, and *Lunch Hour*, a young colored man snatching a rest on the table. That painting of his with which most are familiar is *Two Men*, a triangular design showing a white man and a Negro talking politics in a relief office. This picture, like so many other "proletarian" themes by Hirsch, has not a single ingratiating element, yet when it was exhibited at the New York World's Fair in 1939, a majority of the 16,000 visitors who troubled to declare their choices voted it their favorite, and the Museum of Modern Art purchased it for its permanent collection.

His other pictures, almost all of them portraits of men whose trade and condition in life is integral to the portrait, have the same simplicity, directness, observation of essentials. The spacing of figures in *Lunch Counter*—five workingmen in various attitudes on a modern frieze—is particularly admirable. The three clowns in *Entr'Acte* make as animated and vigorous a design. Affirmation is

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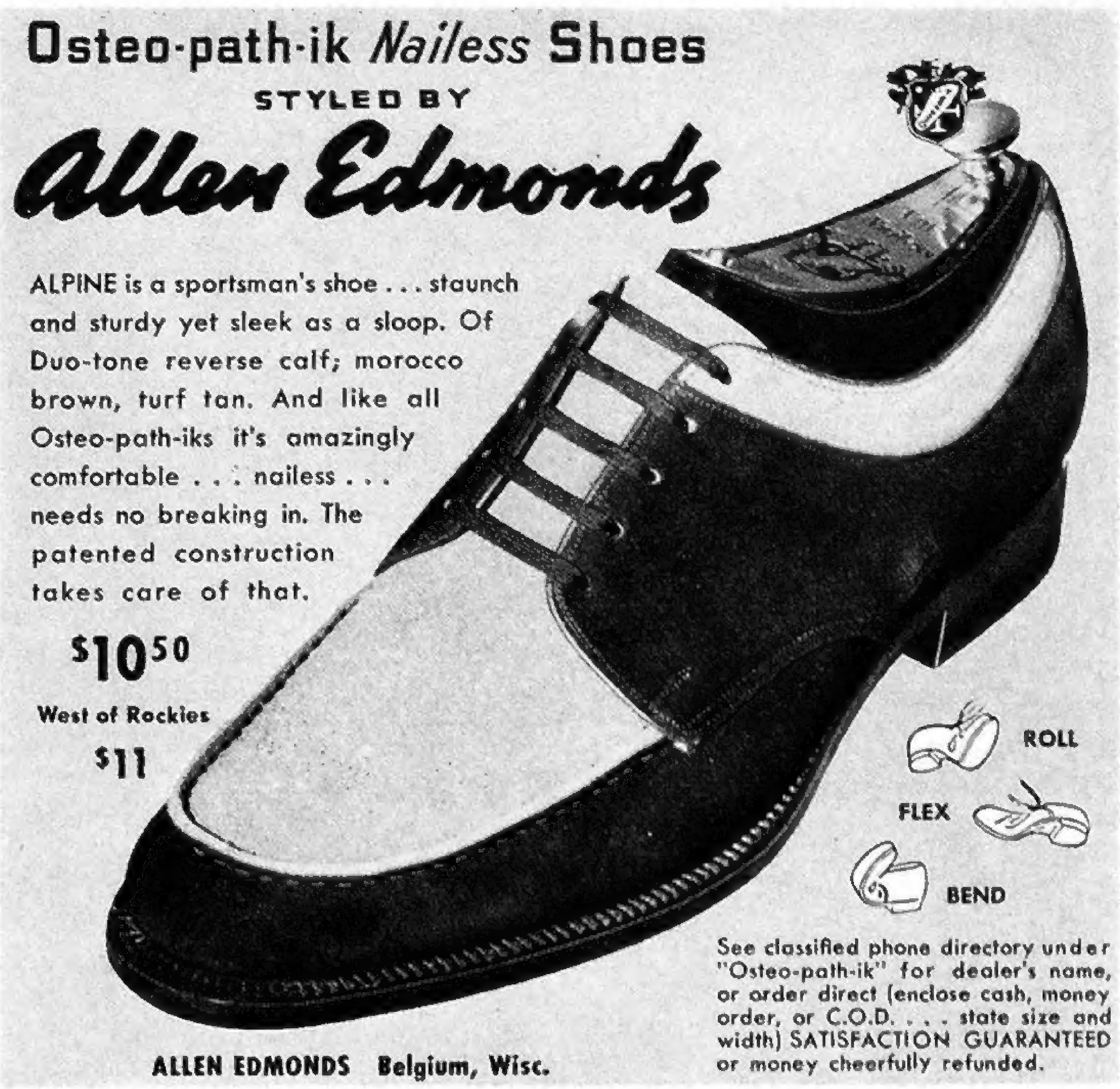
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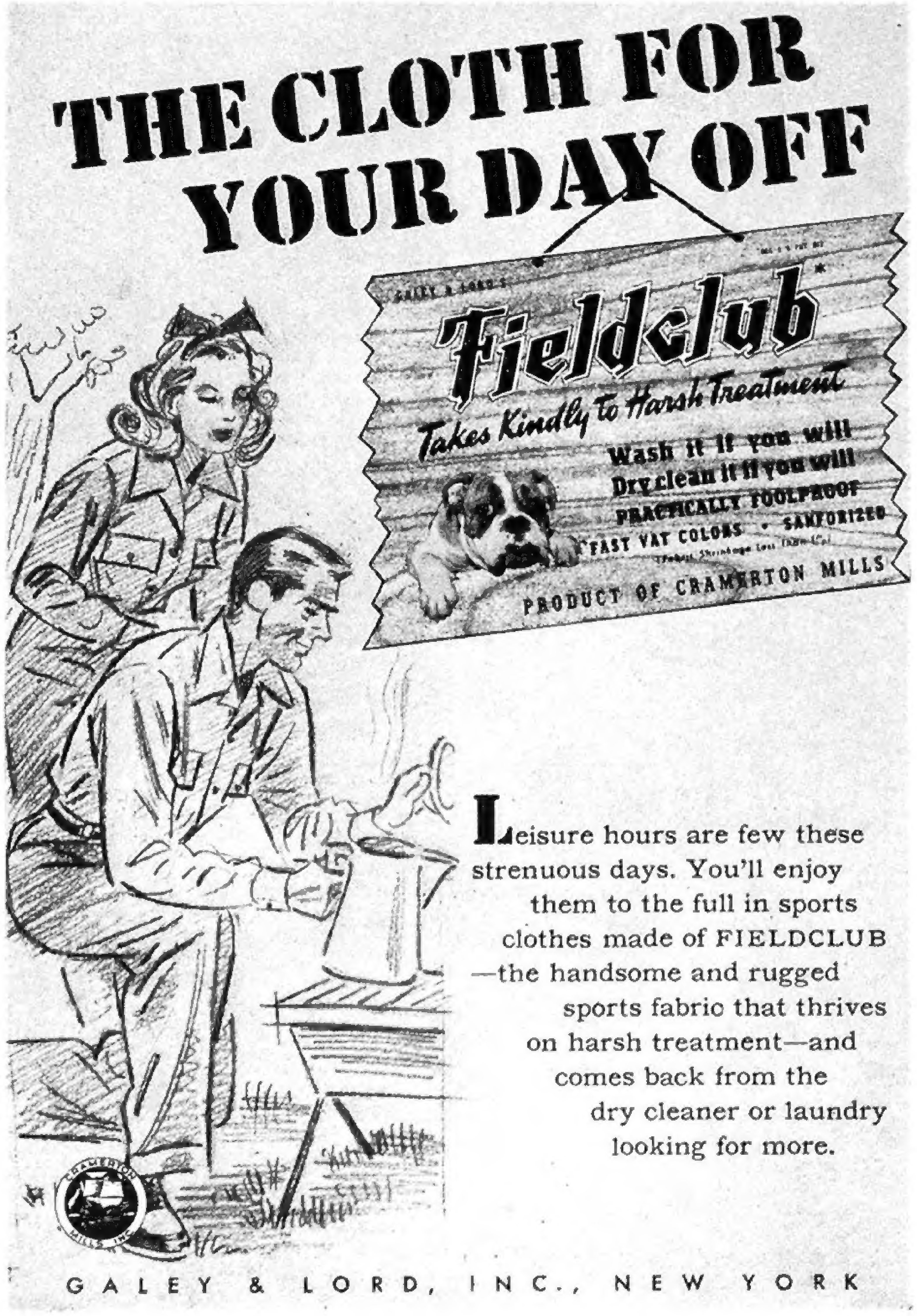
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Joe Hirsch: Painter of Men

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painted into almost every portrait. Even when the artist finds his themes among the propertied classes, as in *The Senator*, and *The Confidence*, there is the same stripping off of non-essentials. When Hirsch wants to do so, he can paint a better caricature than the professional caricaturists can draw. He is a superb draftsman and the changes he is capable of ringing on the human form without recourse to a model are greatly to be marvelled at. While his human curiosity persists, his art will have a wide appeal, and defects will be forgiven in him which would mar the work of another young artist who lacked Hirsch's wide-ranging human sympathy and observation. Humanity enters and vitalizes his abstract design. He is one of the few young artists in America whose work up to date constitutes both a promise and a performance. At least, I know, just by looking at his pictures, what he wants to say and what he's driving at.

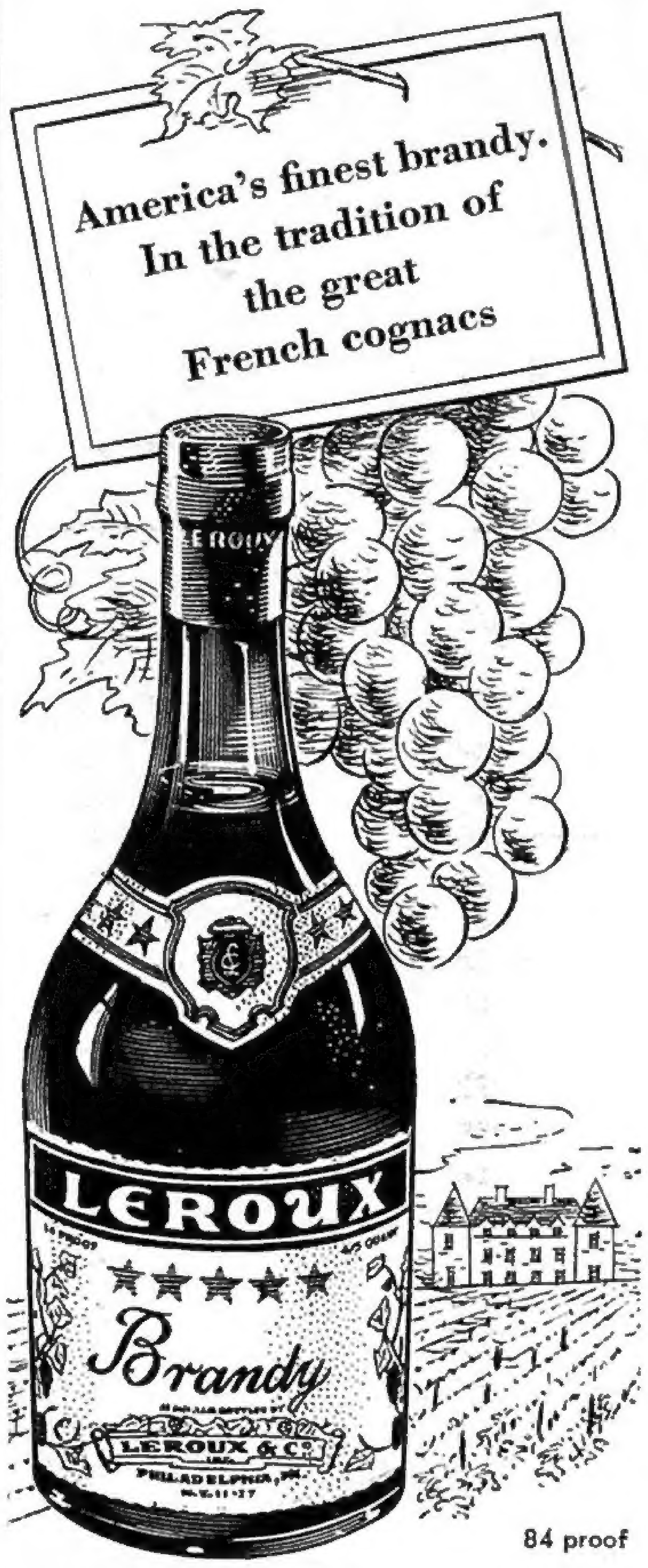
If the bulk of his easel performance does not seem impressive, or even extensive, for a young man of such skill and industry, that is because a lot of Joe Hirsch has gone into mural painting. He has covered enormous spaces in public and semi-public buildings. He has taken commissions wherever he has found them and, through them has kept his tools and technique sharpened. The clarity of his exposition and the note of story-telling in his easel pictures owe a great deal, I believe, to the requirements of the mural art. There is hardly an easel painting he has done that could not fill its space as a detail in a larger mural composition which those who run could read as easily as those who ponder. As Dorothy Grafly wrote in the *Philadelphia Record:* "His art is based on simplicity. It tells a straight story that a laborer may read as easily as the intelligentsia, and it comes as a welcome antidote of sanity to an era gone neurotic with the impact of new viewpoints and emotional stimuli."

The walls Hirsch has painted include those of a better beer tavern; a mathematics classroom of a high school, on a W.P.A. project, in which he was to show, in a football play, the moral virtues of team work; one of the court rooms of the new Philadelphia Municipal Court Building and a room of the Officers' Club of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. But his most ambitious mural job was for the Philadelphia home of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, for the meeting hall of which alone he projected in form and color, on a 710-square foot space, the development of the industry from immigrant sweat shop to industrial unionism. In addition, he painted for the cafeteria and recreation room of the building portraits, in comic vein, of typical needle workers and of the leaders of industrial unionism, including a winged John Lewis bearing a microphone before him. This job took years away from easel painting, but it served a purpose in bringing art home to those for whom it is intended. It is a curious fact, and it may or may not be significant, that although Hirsch's full-dress one-man shows in New York are still to come as this is being written, his first metropolitan show was held, in the absence of critics, in the hiring hall of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters of America, Local 625 of the American Federation of Labor, in one of the tougher sections of the city. If the Amalgamated Meat Cutters understood Joe Hirsch's paintings, then the people who are going to see those pictures at the Museum of Modern Art and at the galleries of the Associated American Artists should have almost no difficulty.

There is nothing in Hirsch to suggest either the tough workingman or the professional lover of labor. If he fits into any mold it is that of the young intellectual for whom the painting of pictures is still an end and a means to an end. He is not a proletarian either by upbringing or inclination. He lives fairly well and he is normally ambitious to succeed. Father, scholarships, sales and commissions have done fairly well by him up to this point. His social contacts are not with workingmen but rather with those who have made good in the conventional sense of the word, and yet he has a profound sympathy for labor which makes it impossible for him to regard the horny-handed as merely picturesque. After painting, the hobby in which he is most deeply interested—as is his father—is music, and he plays the piano fairly well, I have been informed. Almost since his birth in Philadelphia and even for a year after his marriage, he has lived under one roof, and it was not until recently that he left for his own studio-nest in New York. Joe Hirsch is in the tantalizing position of having as much of a future before him as a past behind him. At any event, he knows what it's all about. ⌗

Answers to Questions on Page 126

1. *Macbeth*
2. Clough's poem *Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth*
3. Same poem by Clough
4. Napoleon said, "From the sublime to the ridiculous."
5. Bible: *Ecclesiastes*
6. Milton's *Lycidas*
7. *Merchant of Venice*
8. Gray's *Elegy*—"Destiny Obscure"
9. *New Testament*
10. Bible: *Proverbs*
11. Henry Vaughan's poem, *Peace*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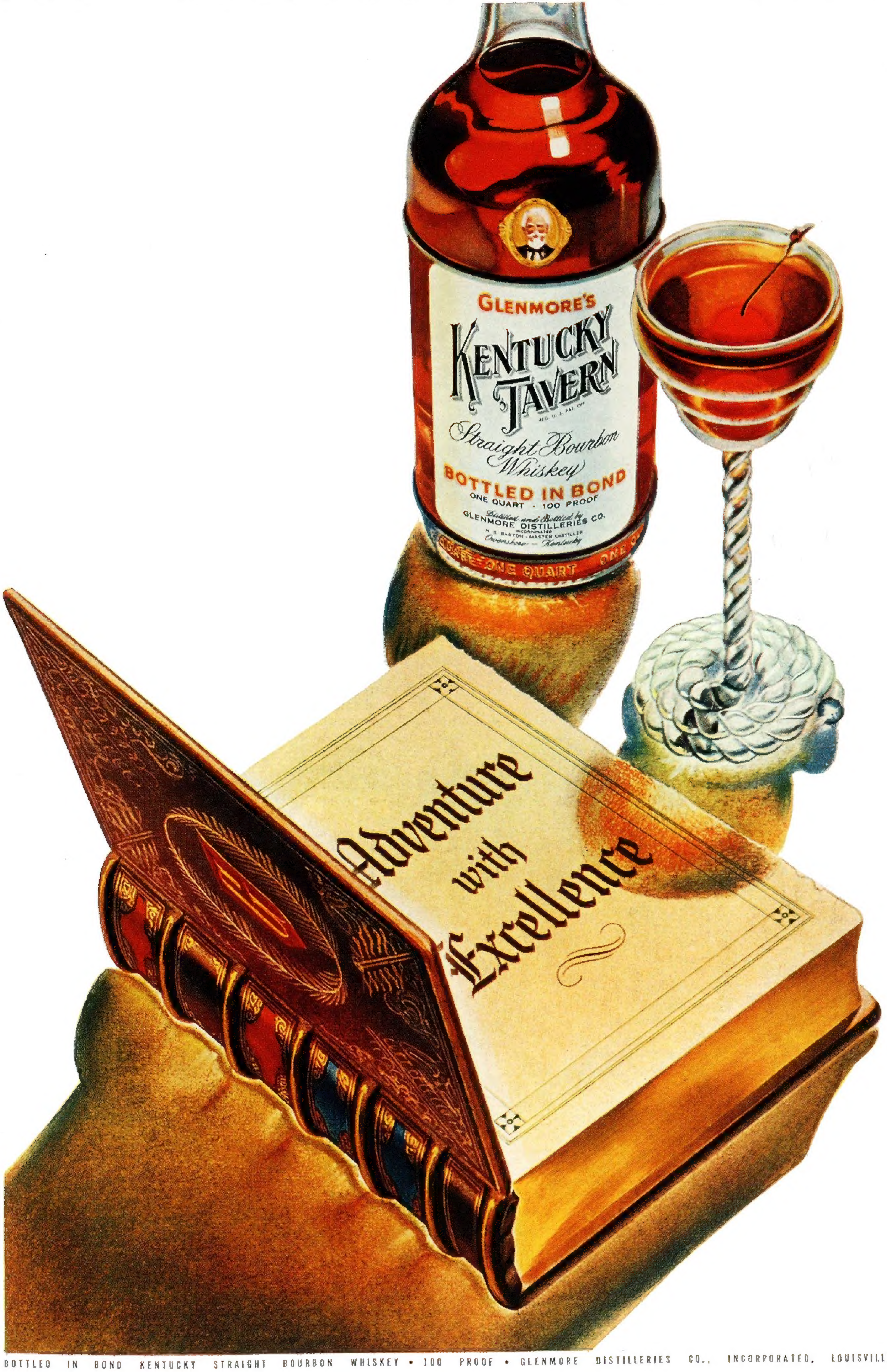
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